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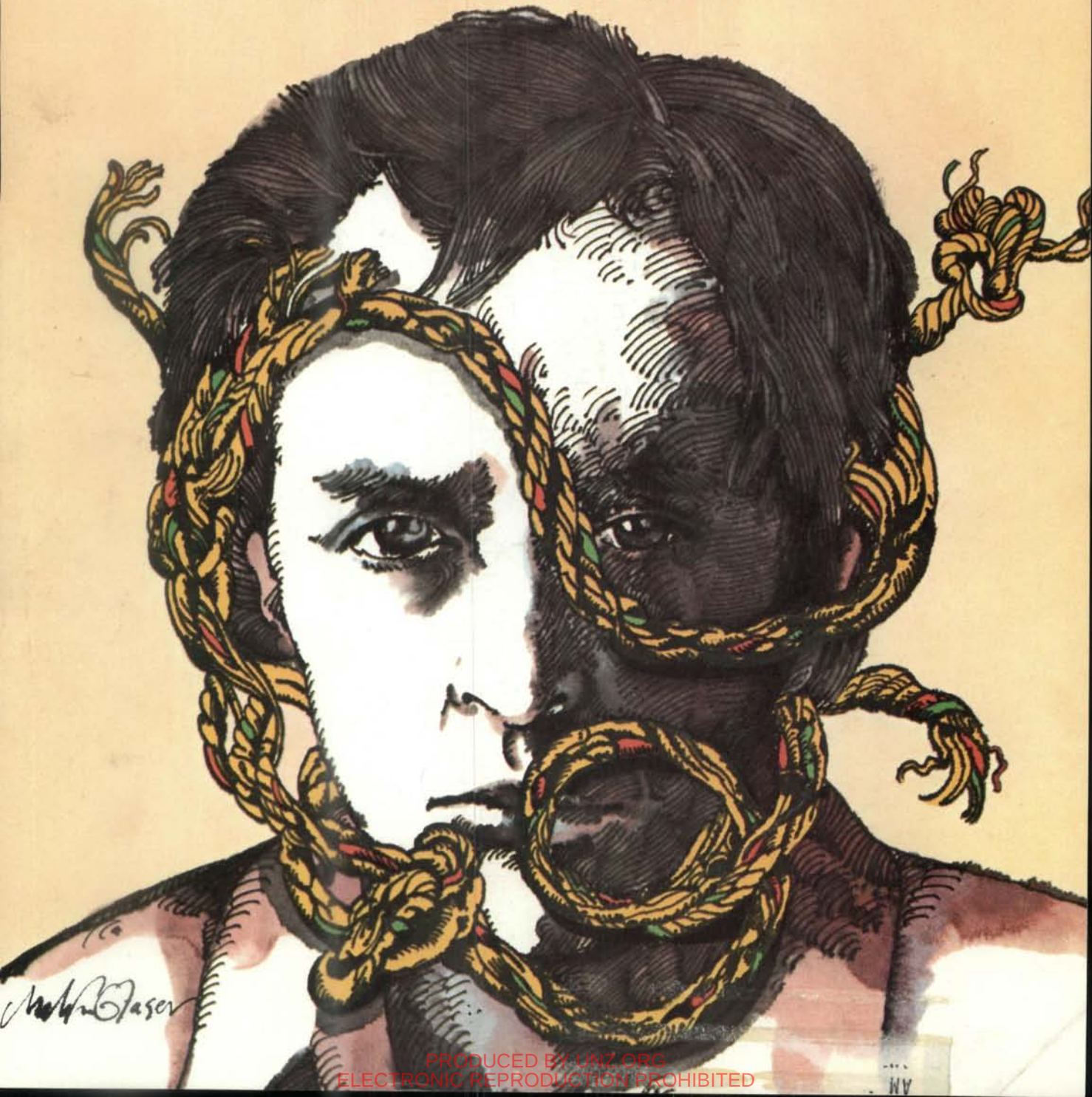
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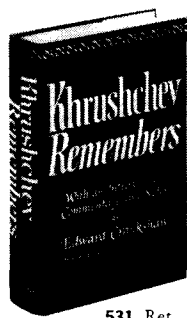


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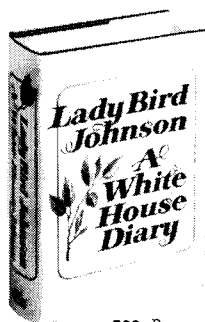
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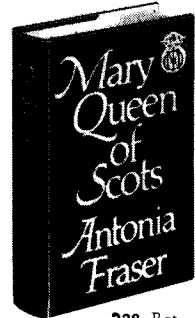
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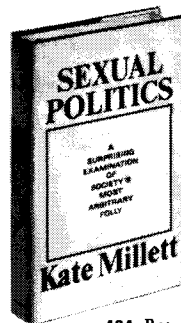
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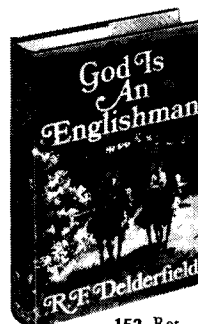
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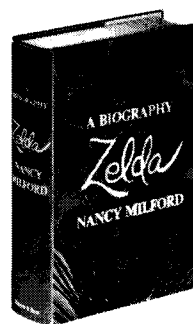
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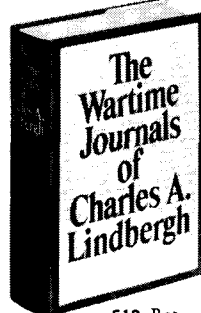
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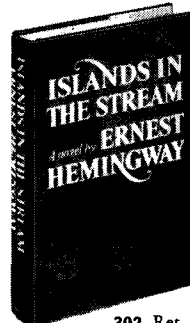
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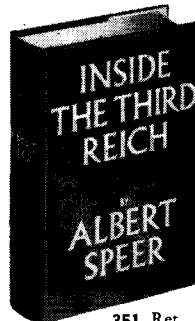
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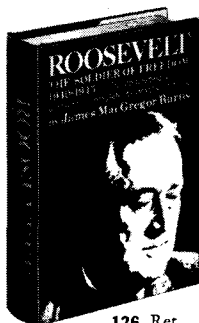
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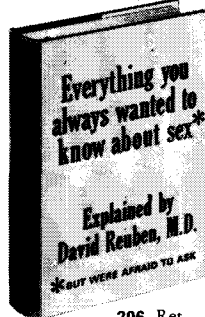


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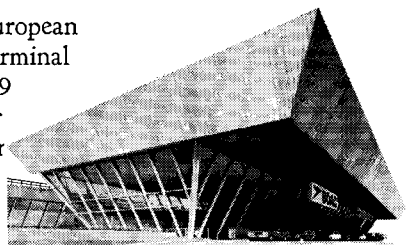
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Editorial and Business Offices: The Atlantic,
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

Subscriptions: 1 Year \$9.50, 2 years \$17.00,
3 Years \$24.00 in the United States, its posses-
sions, and Canada; \$10.00 a year elsewhere.
Address all subscription correspondence
to The Atlantic, Subscription Department,
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Advertising: Harper-Atlantic Sales, Inc.,
535 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.
Tel. 212-986-3344. Other offices in Boston,
Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco.

The Atlantic, January 1971, Vol. 227, No. 1.
Published monthly by the Atlantic Monthly
Company, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116.
Second-class postage paid at Boston, Mass., and
other offices. Postage paid at Montreal, port
payé à Montréal. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The death of Charles de Gaulle puts a punctuation mark to a lament frequently heard these days: where are great men to deal with the great issues and great problems of our time? The generation now moving on produced a sizable quota of public figures who rise up, as did De Gaulle in his interludes of majesty, to bring wisdom, strength, and a sense of command to the affairs of men. Only a big man could provoke among associates of even greater power and comparable grandeur the kind of grudging admiration that produced this exchange (perhaps, but not necessarily, apocryphal) between Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill:

"That De Gaulle!" FDR complained. "He thinks he's Joan of Arc."

"Yes," Churchill muttered. "And my bloody bishops won't let me burn him."

Perhaps it is only coincidence, but as the late, mostly atrocious, election campaign demonstrated, we are suffering also a severe decline in the quality of our discourse. The insult in particular has fallen on seedy times. As we are lacking in forceful figures, we are also suffering a paucity of the kinds of wags, rascals, and scoundrelly wits who (among others) people a new book edited by a regular

Atlantic contributor, the critic and essayist Louis Kronenberger. Its title is *The Cutting Edge*, and it is an anthology of "sharp-edged or caustic letters and other forms of writing; of slashing comments and homicidal repartees."

Compare the leaden invective of Spiro Agnew, for example, to the simple effectiveness of the Oxford don John Sparrow's dismissal of an antagonist: "If he'd only wash his neck, I'd wring it." Or Voltaire, when forced to pay tribute to someone he despised: "I have just been informed that M. ——— is dead. He was a staunch patriot, a talented writer, a loyal friend, a devoted husband and father—provided he is really dead." Or an unidentified widow's lament: "Tears cannot restore him, therefore I weep."

More than one high official has expressed concern that disillusionment about the Indochina War and preoccupation with domestic ills will bring on neo-isolationism in the United States. Danger there may be, but the betting here is that neither the country nor the world will allow that to happen. This month's magazine offers a con-

siderable dose of anti-neo-isolationist nourishment: two articles on Egypt and the Middle East situation, reports on Berlin, Canada, and China policy; as well as a lighthearted exercise in the ways of England, a visit to an imaginary territory "infested by apemen," and a discourse on Chinese cooking.

This month's cover features a young psychiatrist's study of R. D. Laing, the controversial British psychiatrist who is forcing a re-examination of traditional notions of madness and sanity. Working from a photograph of Laing, and the theme of Laing's latest book, *Knots* (see page 50), designer Milton Glaser created our cover, his first for the *Atlantic*.

Coming Events:

Modern Times Revisited: Life on the Auto Assembly line by William Serrin.

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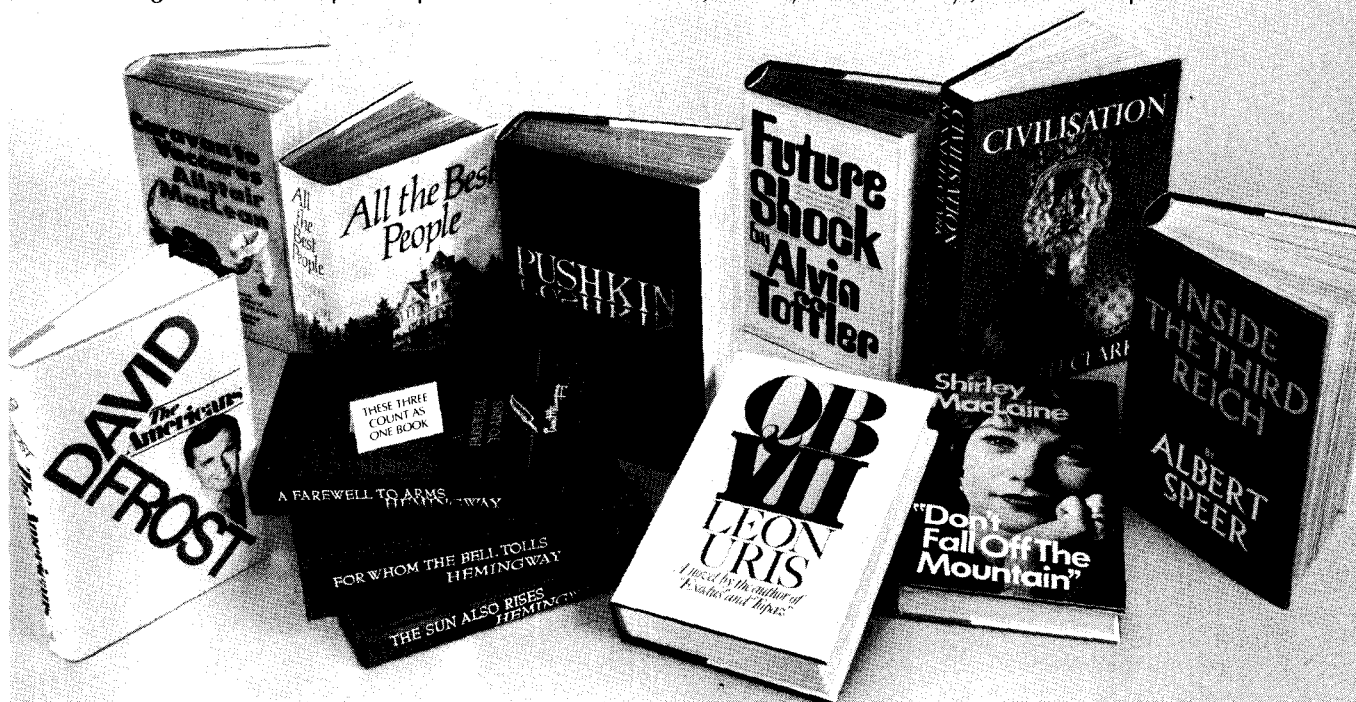
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REPORTS & COMMENT

BERLIN

After twenty-five years as the crisis center of the East-West power confrontation in Europe, Berlin is now the place and the problem which will determine whether it is going to be possible to achieve a stable pan-European political settlement. The Berlin negotiations have been under way since last April among the "Big Four" victors of World War II. If these talks finally produce an agreement (and despite the slow pace, there is no reason yet to predict failure), then the key piece in the European jigsaw will have fallen into place. With a Berlin agreement, Europe can go forward. But without a Berlin agreement the prospect is a continuation of the barren, sterile hostility between East and West which has been in effect since the end of World War II.

It is almost incredible that negotiations of such historic importance should be centered on such trivial questions as whether or not Willy Brandt, when he visits West Berlin, can divest himself of his office and responsibilities as Chancellor of West Germany and arrive in the city where he was mayor for ten years simply as a "private citizen." But even though hours are spent on such ridiculous matters, the political complexities which are feeding into the Berlin problem are enormous. It is as if a magnifying glass were taking a multi-colored beam of light and focusing it down to an intense point of heat and fire. Because the implications of a Berlin settlement are so wide, the negotiation proceeds very slowly. Both sides, the Russians as well as the three Western powers, are sifting and sort-

ing the simple decisions about access to Berlin, which can be codified without too much trouble. But they are also weighing the effect of a settlement on wider outside considerations intrinsically far more important than questions of access to Berlin.

"Crisis Benzadrine"

Willy Brandt's whole *Ostpolitik* is at stake in the Berlin negotiation, as is his political future in West Germany. Without a Berlin agreement, his friendship treaty with Moscow does not have the remotest chance of passing the West German Bundestag, even if he were ready to present it for ratification now. So there is pressure from Bonn on the Western Allies to get an agreement through. But this cuts both ways, for the Soviet Union also has a basic, fundamental interest in seeing the treaty ratified, else why would it have embarked on the negotiation in the first place? Russia's interest is machine tools, credits, capital goods, and trade with West Germany and Western capitalism, without which its economists do not see much future for healthy economic growth of the Communist system. A Berlin agreement, therefore, is an essential prerequisite for expansion of Soviet trade with the West. But the ideologues of the Communist world hold back, for they think in terms of conflict with the capitalist-imperialist West. At the same time, Walter Ulbricht's position as head of the East German Communist state is almost as much at stake in the *Ostpolitik* as Willy Brandt's, but in a reverse way. For twenty years, Ulbricht has staked his position on a Stalinist hard-line effort to force the Western Allies out

of Berlin and incorporate the city into the German Democratic Republic by one means or another. Is he now to be forced by his Russian allies to accept some permanent East-West settlement of the Berlin question which forecloses his ever getting his hands on this glittering political and economic prize? How will Ulbricht explain such a "sellout" to the Communist faithful in East Germany? Indeed, if the Soviet Union signals a relaxation of tension in Europe by agreeing to a Berlin settlement with the Western Allies, how will the hidden Dubceks of Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, East Germany, and the rest of the Communist world be kept in line?

Then there are the implications of a Berlin agreement for the NATO alliance. Naturally, NATO cannot be afraid of peace, but will the alliance maintain its cohesiveness and above all its effective military shield in conditions of détente? Does a Berlin agreement risk a letdown which one day would find Europe facing a terrible price of military or nuclear blackmail which it could not withstand? At the same time, the three Western Allies have become alive all over again to both the responsibilities and the advantages of their position in West Berlin, flowing from the tattered Potsdam Agreement of 1945. To accept any diminution of these Allied rights, to accept or permit the Russians suddenly to have a voice in the affairs of West Berlin after successfully defending the city against such intrusion for a quarter of a century, would be irresponsible folly now. Hence the West's extreme caution over small details. Meanwhile, within the Allied camp, the French see the Berlin negotiation as a diplomatic

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BERLIN

means of restoring themselves to the center of the stage after the disappearance of Charles de Gaulle and his own private *Ostpolitik*. Willy Brandt has run with the ball for the past year, but Berlin is an Allied and not a German negotiation.

Finally there is West Berlin itself, and the consideration of the life of a city of 2.2 million people. The last real eyeball-to-eyeball crisis in Berlin was the Checkpoint Charlie affair in September, 1962, when the three Western Allies forced the Russians to stop driving into West Berlin in armored cars with the daily change of guard for their victory memorial in the Tiergarten. They were told to use buses instead. Shortly afterward the Berlin crisis was swallowed up in the far more crucial Cuban missile crisis, and when this confrontation between the two superpowers was resolved, the Berlin problem faded like a radio station going off the air at midnight.

The two-mile traffic queues and four-hour waits on the Autobahn to get cleared by the East German Volkspolizei for the drive in and out of West Berlin are daily reminders for Berliners of how close at hand a crisis always is, if the Communist side decides it wants one. The Western Allies also get the occasional crisis warning. In early November, two days before the Big Four ambassadors were scheduled to hold their eighth negotiating session in Berlin, a Russian officer at the four-power Air Safety Center in West Berlin suddenly handed in a notice asking that aircraft keep clear of such-and-such map coordinates for a two-hour period in the early morning hours the following day, because of military flights. The coordinates proved to be the central air corridor from the West to the city. The British, American, and French commandants quickly conferred, protested, refused the request, and for good measure sent military cargo planes up the corridors to Berlin during the "prohibited hours."

The Russians came up with the excuse that the request had been the unauthorized act of a minor official whom they then disciplined, and of course there was no interference with the Allied cargo planes. But the affair was too precisely timed and planned an incident for the explanation to be

credited by the Allies. Had the Western commandants failed to act promptly, had the Russian request been allowed to slide through the Air Safety Center, another slice would have been taken off Western access rights to the city, just as the ambassadors were about to sit down and resume negotiations on permanent access arrangements.

For a quarter of a century, West Berlin has lived on this kind of "crisis Benzedrine." Crisis has kept the city in the headlines, brought journalists and cameramen flocking to the city to fill its hotels, produced subsidies from the West German government and investments from overseas, earned pledges of political support from leaders and governments around the world, and in general worked as a morale booster for Berliners, which was just the opposite, of course, of what the Communists always intended. Hence the saying in West Berlin that "the worst crisis will come when there is no crisis," when the city is forgotten and slips slowly into economic or political stagnation, cut off from, and no longer of much interest to, the West. Eight years without a major crisis has eased this fear in Berlin substantially, and Berliners now realize instinctively that they do not need "crisis Benzedrine" to keep the city alive and awake. These have been years of remarkable economic progress and activity in the city. It spins along with much the same rate of expansion as West Germany—a little cog on the edge of a big wheel.

"Old city"

This year, West Berlin has managed to *increase* its population for the first time since the wall between East and West Berlin went up nearly a decade ago, in August, 1961. Ever since the war, Berlin has been an "old city," with a far higher percentage of pensioners and people in their sixties than any other West German city. This condition became more acute in the 1950s and early 1960s as young people left Berlin for the better job opportunities in Hamburg, Stuttgart, and Munich. And despite an active campaign to get people to move to West Berlin, backed by generous subsidies from Bonn for resettlement, marriage, and children, Berlin's population dropped by a few thousand every year until 1970. The drop was

scarcely noticeable, and the percentage out of 2.2 million people is minute. But the trend was worrisome. The trend has been reversed in part because last year the city began welcoming foreign workers, easing a previous policy which viewed foreigners as a possible security problem in the isolated and exposed city.

Bonn's endless subsidies, totaling \$200 million a year, are still the margin which keeps the city expanding—the equivalent of \$1000 for couples married in Berlin, to be repaid in ten years, with 25 percent off for each child born in Berlin; a 10 percent reduction in income tax for Berliners; quick write-offs for companies investing in the city; tax rebates and transportation subsidies for goods made in Berlin and shipped to markets in West Germany; subsidies for the opera, the orchestra, and Berlin theater; subsidies for a new *stadtring* Autobahn system in the city and a new series of subway lines; subsidies for houses and low-rent apartments; subsidies on the air fare to Berlin; and inexpensive rates for conventions held in the city. All of this has had the cumulative effect of transforming Berlin from an old city full of political symbolism to a younger city of economic and social vitality of its own. Berlin now has traffic jams, parking problems, an impossible crush in its hotels, housing bottlenecks, student troubles, all the ills to which big cities are heir.

All of this means much greater political and economic self-confidence in the city's future. "All of our public opinion polls show that backing for Brandt's *Ostpolitik* is stronger in Berlin than anywhere else in Germany," a high city official says. "As for a Berlin agreement, it would be acceptable and welcome to Berliners assuming, of course, that the terms are right and our basic economic and political ties to West Germany are not impaired. We can get along without meetings of the Bundestag or the Bundesrat in West Berlin, or voting for the Federal President here as we have done since the Bonn constitution came into force. These have simply been demonstrations of our ties to West Germany, and if these ties are clearly recognized in a Berlin agreement, then we don't need to demonstrate. After all, the Bundestag doesn't meet in Munich or Hamburg."

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BERLIN

what these ties between Berlin and West Germany are going to be which is taking all the time and concentration and ingenuity of the negotiators. The Russians, in order to make a Berlin agreement palatable to Ulbricht and East Germany, are out to reduce these ties as far as possible. The Western Allies are negotiating not merely to preserve and protect West Berlin, but to *improve* its access to the outside world and *improve* the prospects for a stable, normal future. And at the same time the Allies are determined to deny the Russians any semblance of a permanent voice in the affairs of West Berlin. It is too early to see yet what the specific formulation of all this is going to be. It is simple to agree to halt Bundestag meetings in Berlin, and no problem on the Allied side, but how *can* Willy Brandt cease to be Chancellor of West Germany when he steps off an airplane at Tempelhof?

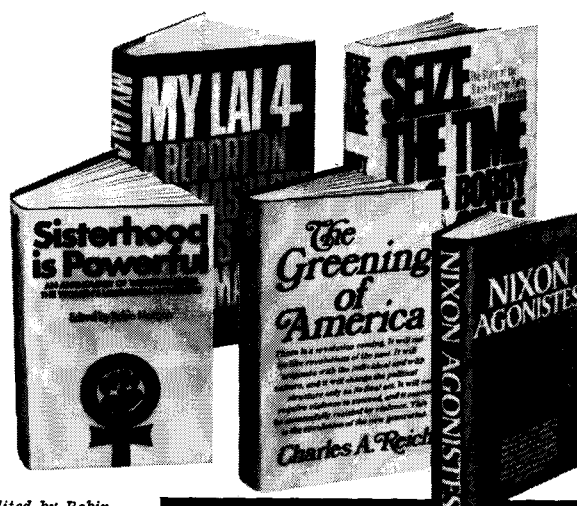
One of the interesting and significant aspects of the present negotiation is that the Russians, after years of denouncing the Potsdam four-power agreements and contending that they were dead, null, and void, now see some advantage in reviving the four-power framework. They have not, for example, even suggested that the German Democratic Republic should have a voice in these negotiations, and this is a very different Russian stance from that which the Western Allies encountered during the last Berlin negotiation in the summer of 1959 at Geneva. At that time the whole thrust of the Russian diplomatic effort was to try to force the Allies to deal with Ulbricht directly on the problems of West Berlin.

This time the Soviet Ambassador to East Germany, Pyotr Abrassimov, has even taken the unusual step of conferring directly on the problem with the mayor of West Berlin, Klaus Scheutz. On one occasion the two men spent five and a half hours alone with interpreters, a meeting which, it later became clear, caused some strong misgivings in the Ulbricht camp in East Berlin. The conversation centered almost entirely on two points. First, Abrassimov made a strong effort to persuade Scheutz as a good Social Democrat and friend of Willy Brandt's to get Brandt to drop the

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"linkage" in Bonn between ratification of the Soviet-German friendship treaty and solution of the Berlin problem. He got nowhere.

The rest of the time amounted to an endless argument about political ties between West Berlin and Bonn. The Russians insist the reduction of these to the vanishing point is the price which Berlin must pay for a guarantee of its physical access to the West. Abrassimov demanded, for example, that West German political parties halt all activities in West Berlin, and that no Bonn government ministries be allowed to operate in the city. Scheutz, in rebuttal at one point, pointed out to Abrassimov that West Berlin's hospitals are under the overall regulation and administration of the Ministry of Health in Bonn, and said to him: "Do you regard hospitals as political activity? You must be precise and practical. Some things are easy to define, like meetings of the Bundestag or the Bundesrat. We cannot indulge in generalities which can only lead to future difficulties."

The Western ambassadors have not, so far, fared much better than the mayor in trying to pin down the Russian ambassador. Both the West Germans and the Allies are prepared to give up and circumscribe a modest list of governmental and political activities in Berlin. (Already, for example, the West German military conscription law does not apply to young men living in Berlin.) But the Allies are insisting on several simple basic points. First, whatever is not specifically excluded by agreement is then automatically permitted. They insist that the Western commandants alone, and not the Russians, will control and interpret the agreement. And they insist that West Berlin's economic links to Bonn be fully recognized, and that Bonn continue to be fully responsible for West Berlin citizens in foreign countries, for passports and the like. But getting the Russians to accept this status quo arrangement, and getting them to force the East German regime to accept it, is proving to be a long and tiresome diplomatic operation.

Abrassimov himself told Scheutz flatly that he wants an agreement, and after eight years as Ambassador to East Germany he would like to get the situation tidied up, and move on to another job. As a member of the Central Committee in Moscow, he is a fairly important fellow. But whether

his counsel in Moscow is in support of progress in the negotiation which he professes to want to see succeed, or whether he takes an Ulbricht hard line in his advice to his superiors, is anybody's guess. If the ultimate Russian strategic goal is an overall normalization of diplomatic, trade, and economic relations with Western Europe, to be crowned in the months to come by a European Security Conference and a general political settlement, then the Berlin negotiation *has* to succeed. The Russians are confronted not merely by fundamental demands in Berlin from the three Western Allies and the West Germans. They are also confronted by the logical demands of their own policy. At this point they are poised somewhere between a reluctance to go back to the cold war and actual movement forward to the settlement which they certainly need and profess to want.

—DON COOK

CHINA POLICY

In the Eisenhower-Dulles days, when Clare Boothe Luce was American Ambassador to Italy, a variety of apocryphal stories pictured her, a convert, lecturing the Pope on the faith; the punch line was His Holiness' pained plea, "But Mrs. Luce, I already *am* a Catholic." Now that even the Vatican has decided to attempt a reconciliation with Communist China, the question arises whether the Nixon Administration, heir to the moralism that has plagued American foreign policy, intends to pursue a China policy that is indeed holier than the Pope's.

The Vatican, not to mention the hardheaded statesmen of Italy, Austria, Canada, Malaysia, and a number of other countries that have previously rejected official relations with Chairman Mao, has finally decided that it is neither sensible nor feasible to try to isolate the eight hundred million people of mainland China. Thus, the United States has found itself increasingly weakened in its efforts to keep Peking out of the UN and to minimize the number of countries that maintain diplomatic relations with the government of Mao Tse-tung rather than with that of Chiang Kai-shek on Taiwan.

That the United States cannot remain immune to events was recently

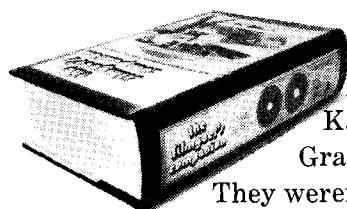
demonstrated when an adverse voting pattern at the UN forced it to drop its uncompromising opposition to Communist China's entry and to argue instead against the exclusion of Nationalist China. But this desperate gesture to keep Taipei in the world organization was designed neither to win friends in Peking nor to achieve Peking's entry into the UN, for the Communists have maintained, ever since the founding of the People's Republic in 1949, that they will not participate in the UN at the price of accepting a "two Chinas" policy.

The hard choices lie just ahead on China policy. What will the United States do in the General Assembly if, as appears likely, Peking continues to reject a compromise on the representation question and a solid majority of member-states come to support Peking's position? In the Security Council, where China's permanent seat as one of the five great powers is at stake, will the United States claim, as it has sometimes done in the past, that a negative American vote on representation constitutes a veto? Outside the UN, will Washington maintain the fiction that the Chiang Kai-shek regime is the legal government of all China, or will it follow most of its allies in establishing diplomatic relations with Peking, even though to do so requires breaking relations with Taipei? Finally, what position will we take with respect to the island of Taiwan itself—that it is Chinese territory, that it is independent, or that its status should be determined by a UN plebiscite or other means?

The signals emanating from Washington are ambiguous. On the one hand, the Nixon Administration has demonstrated more flexibility toward Peking than its Democratic predecessors would have dared. It has modified the long-standing prohibition against trade by permitting people in this country to import goods from the mainland for their personal use, by allowing foreign-based U.S. companies to enter the China market, and by relaxing restraints upon third-country transactions with Peking. It has rescinded regulations that prevented American citizens from visiting China, and has demonstrated its willingness to revive the Sino-American ambassadorial talks. And it has pointedly reduced the presence of the Seventh Fleet in the strait that sepa-

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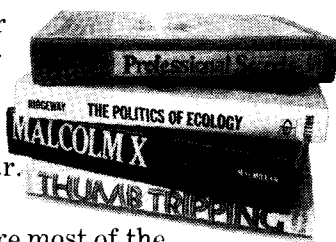
reading them.

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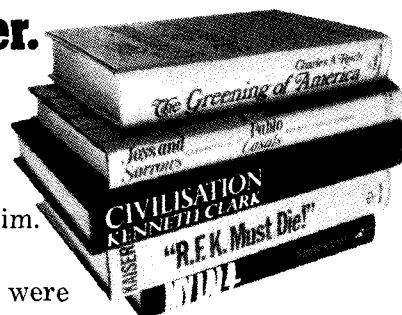
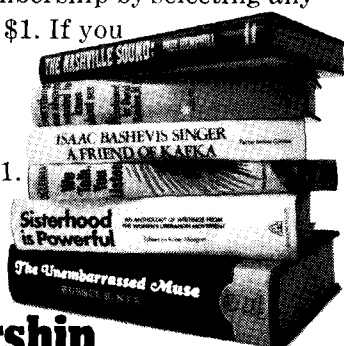


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CHINA POLICY

rates Taiwan from the mainland.

On the other hand, the Administration has repeatedly proclaimed its allegiance to Generalissimo Chiang, has sent Vice President Agnew to offer personal assurances, has given red-carpet receptions to both Chiang's son and the Nationalist Vice President, has shipped "surplus" military aircraft to Taiwan, and has decided to build an impressive new embassy in Taipei. Chiang plainly continues to exert considerable influence in Washington. This was dramatically demonstrated to the State Department yet again last year when the Nationalists persuaded the White House to reject a Department recommendation to establish diplomatic relations with Mongolia. And White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler's denial of a shift in our UN position provides a more recent illustration.

On the whole, the United States appears to be moving quietly away from its all-out support of the Nationalists. The glacial pace of change reflects many factors: Taiwan's short-run value to us as a refueling base for bombers heading for Vietnam, fear of stirring up right-wing feelings of old against an Administration that seeks accommodation with the Communists, and Peking's ambivalent responses to our modest gestures.

The Peng case

Perhaps the most intriguing recent move in this game of Chinese checkers is the Administration's decision to permit Peng Ming-min, a leader of the Taiwan independence movement, to take up residence in this country. Until 1964 Peng appeared to be a native Taiwanese who had "made it" in a society where political power was monopolized by Chinese who came to Taiwan after Chiang Kai-shek's defeat on the China mainland. Sometime chairman of the political science department and a law professor at National Taiwan University, Peng had been the "kept Taiwanese" displayed on Nationalist China's UN delegation. Nevertheless, just six years ago, the Nationalist regime announced that Peng and several of his students had been arrested on charges of "subversive activities." They had

advocated that the Nationalist regime be replaced by an independent Taiwanese government that would abandon the claim to be the government of all China and that would give political expression to the will of the Taiwanese people. The Taiwanese constitute 85 percent of the island's population of fourteen million. The defendants were held incommunicado by the secret police, and under the martial law that has prevailed for over two decades, they were ultimately convicted, not by the regular courts, but by an unpublicized summary trial before a military tribunal.

Peng was sentenced to eight years in prison but was released within thirteen months of his arrest, after the case began to arouse public opinion in this country. Still, he was kept under house arrest, and removed from his university post. Persistent efforts by American universities and by Amnesty International, a private organization for the relief of political prisoners, failed to persuade Peng's Nationalist captors to allow him to leave Taiwan. Then last January came the startling news that Peng had mysteriously escaped from the island and had turned up in Sweden. There, with the aid of Amnesty, he was awaiting permission to enter the United States so that he might accept the University of Michigan's long-standing offer of a position as research scholar.

Peng's visa application presented the State Department with a political hot potato. In order to placate Chiang Kai-shek, the United States had repeatedly refused to permit an earlier leader of the Taiwan independence movement, Thomas Liao, to come here from Japan; finally, severe Nationalist pressure upon Liao's family forced him to return to Taiwan. Would the United States now incur the wrath of our Nationalist ally by admitting a prominent Taiwanese who has been convicted of advocating its overthrow, and who, it is thought, would be a strong presidential candidate if free elections ever became possible in Taiwan?

The problem grew even more difficult in April when two members of the Taiwan independence movement were implicated in a New York assassination attempt against Chiang Kai-shek's son and heir apparent. Their organization had hailed Peng as its natural leader. And, although his own statements to the press indi-

cated that he thought of himself as a scholar rather than a political leader, Peng did not deny that he hoped to come to America to influence opinion in favor of an independent Formosa.

But Nationalist feelings were far from the only obstacle to Peng's admission to the United States. For a decade Communist China has steadfastly maintained that there can be no relaxation of Sino-American tensions until the United States recognizes the legitimacy not only of Mao Tse-tung's government but also of its claim to Taiwan. A State Department that has been flexibly hinting at its willingness to modify our hostile policy toward Communist China was aware that Peking would view Peng's admission here as dimly as Taipei would. Like the Nationalists, the Communists claim that the United States government engineered Peng's escape from Taiwan, although no evidence has been offered to support the claim, and Peng firmly denies it. Ever since the outbreak of the Korean War, when the United States reversed its earlier position that Taiwan was part of China and claimed that the legal status of the island was undecided, both sides in the Chinese civil war have suspected Washington of moving toward a "one China, one Taiwan" policy designed to detach the island from the mainland and to convert it to an American-Japanese puppet. Mao and Chiang, who are both old enough to recall the effective manner in which Sun Yat-sen barnstormed the United States to raise support for overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, may fear that Peng could become the galvanizing agent that the Taiwan independence movement has always lacked in this country.

Why, then, did the United States decide to let Peng in? The reasons for the decision are both ideological and practical. Despite many restrictions in recent decades, freedom of access to the United States is still part of the American heritage. In the absence of some compelling reason, we have traditionally found it repugnant to exclude foreigners from at least visiting this country. But our tradition of freedom of access and our guarantee of freedom of speech notwithstanding, our government has for many years refused to permit Taiwan independence leaders to come here to exchange ideas on the vital issues of

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

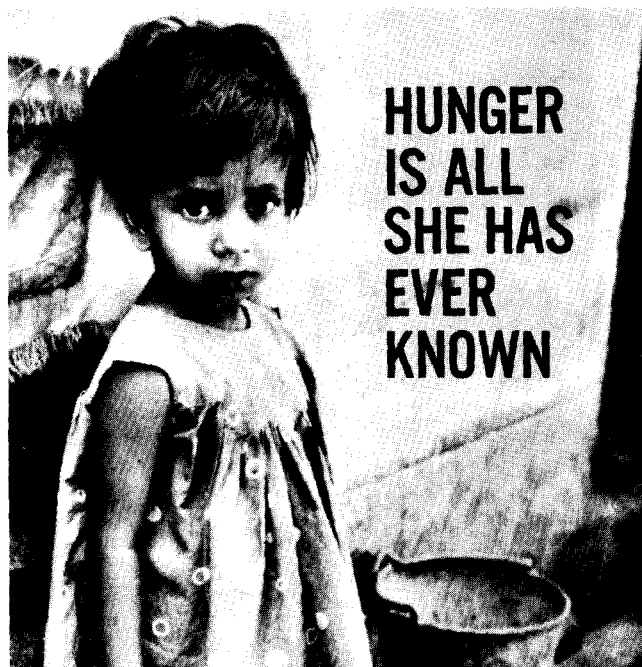
Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audited statement.



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters. Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

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So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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our China policy. Professor Peng is surely not a Communist. Convicted of a crime by the dictatorial regime on Taiwan, his "offense" was one that tends to make the American heart palpitate—the advocacy of self-determination for a long-suppressed people.

Moreover, there was a strong argument for Peng's admission as an outstanding scholar and teacher who has been invited to engage in important research at a major American university, and who is sure to contribute further to our understanding of Chinese law and government. Peng holds degrees from McGill University and the University of Paris, is an expert in international law, and took part in Henry Kissinger's summer seminar on world politics at Harvard some years ago. Recently, however, his enforced exposure to the Nationalist regime's administration of justice has led him to turn his attention to domestic legal affairs. His anonymously authored article in the December, 1967, issue of the *Progressive* magazine, entitled "Tyranny in 'Free' Formosa" and written while under house arrest, is a classic study of the realities of criminal justice under Chiang Kai-shek.

In addition to his academic contribution, Peng can also be expected to play a role in the public re-examination that our China policy must soon undergo if the United States is to contribute to reconciliation in Asia. The Communist regime never tires of reiterating that the problem of Taiwan is the principal obstacle to the improvement of relations between the United States and mainland China. As Canada discovered during the two years it negotiated with Peking, Taiwan is intimately involved with virtually all of the issues that will have to be dealt with in the normalization of contacts with China, especially the shift of our Embassy from Taipei to Peking, the representation of Peking in the UN Security Council and General Assembly, and the determination of the legal status of the island itself. Although not the only factor in a complex situation, the people on Taiwan cannot be regarded as pawns on the diplomatic chessboard, to be disposed of as the authorities in Peking, Taipei, and Washington see fit. Professor Peng can be counted upon to help us understand the viewpoint of an important but suppressed segment of Taiwanese opinion.

And if one adopts a long-range per-

spective, it is not inconceivable that Peng may someday be helpful in negotiating an accommodation on the Taiwan question. For example, it is sometimes suggested that a solution may lie in an agreement that acknowledges China's sovereignty over the island in principle, but that at least tacitly guarantees the islanders a substantial period of genuine autonomy—not the spurious type of autonomy that prevails in Tibet. Peng's presence here could facilitate the exploration and implementation of such ideas.

In these circumstances one can understand why our government decided that the benefits of admitting Peng are likely to outweigh the costs. Government China specialists, closer now than in the past to the academic community, were told that refusal to admit Peng would trigger protest in the universities which would be led not by the radical fringe but by highly respected scholar-diplomats like Edwin O. Reischauer.

Of course, Peng will have to behave discreetly while in the United States. Not only does the State Department expect him to spend most of his time in the scholarly pursuits for which he has been admitted, but Peng must also be acutely sensitive to the plight of his wife, two children, and close associates, who remain in Taiwan and who have experienced continuing interrogation and surveillance since his escape. Should he prove too energetic, the Nationalist government could easily apply the same kinds of pressures against them as those that previously caused Thomas Liao to give up the struggle and return to Taiwan from Japan.

—JEROME ALAN COHEN

VENICE

It was about four in the morning when the sirens began their rising and fading wail as for an air raid. Other guests in the small *albergo* must have reached for their phones too, because it took the night clerk some minutes to answer. It was, he said reassuringly, "just another warning for *acqua alta*."

"High water" is the name given by Venetians to the increasingly frequent occurrence when weather, tides, and other phenomena conspire to cause water to spill out of Venice's canals, flooding many parts of the city. In the past few years watchmen have been

employed, like those of a medieval walled town, to keep a constant vigil for signs of invasion, not *from* the sea, but *by* the sea. Sirens were installed three years ago after the problem became acute and are intended to alert people with ground-level (or rather, sea-level) apartments to move upstairs; they also enable shopkeepers to leave their beds and get merchandise out of range.

Seeping

From my hotel window I could look down on a tiny square. Worn flagstones were wet from lightly falling rain. A vague shadow cast by an ancient stone wellhead reached and receded in the bobbing light of a suspended lamp. It was not a scene that promised anything of interest. The sirens stopped. I took the night clerk's advice and went back to sleep.

A little while later the raucous wail again corkscrewed through slumber, and this time when I looked out the window it was at the first of that day's improbable scenes. The square was covered with several inches of water, and more was silently flowing in from a narrow lane, or *calle*, at the opposite end; it recalled nothing so much as a room with water seeping in over the doorsill from a carelessly forgotten bathtub. By sunrise the water had risen a good three feet, but by nine o'clock it began retreating, so that soon I was able to slog my way to Piazza San Marco in hip boots borrowed from a waiter who had worn them to work.

Along the route it was evident that many shopkeepers had gambled that the water would not reach their stores this time, or that they had arrived too late to beat the rising sea. Rich brocades and velvets hung limp and saturated in a window display. Salt water had etched a high-water mark on table and chair legs in a furniture store. A fleet of small boats was afloat in a toy shop along with some plastic dolls, but less buoyant playthings had sunk below the surface. A pseudo-antique shop stood deep in water made murky by colors which had run from an assortment of gilt chairs, ornate candlesticks, imitation icons, and globes of the fifteenth-century world when the power of the Serene Republic of Venice extended far beyond the Adriatic Sea.

St. Mark's Square was a lake of



The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," written in script proper to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned.

Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, there-

by providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

Examine the first portfolio without charge

You can study the first seminar by mailing the card facing this page to the Book-of-the-Month Club, which administers the program for the Museum. You will receive the first of the twelve portfolios, *What Is a Painting?*, for a two-week trial examination. Subsequent portfolios, sent at the rate of one a month, are devoted to realism, expressionism, abstraction, composition, painting techniques, and the role of the artist as social critic and visionary.

If you choose not to continue, simply return the portfolio and your subscription will be canceled. There is no further obligation. But if you are convinced of the program's worth, you pay only \$4.50, plus a small charge to cover mailing and handling expense, for this and for each of the remaining portfolios you accept.

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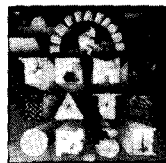
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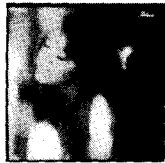
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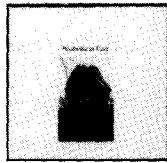
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33077 JOAN BAEZ—
One Day at a Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42693 KING CRIMSON
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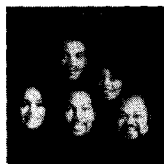
17263 GREGORIAN
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—If You Go Away
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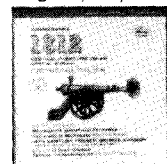
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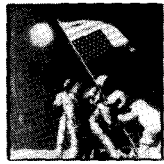
42673 LED ZEPPLIN
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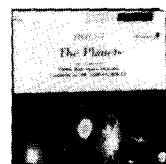
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Metro LP, 8TR, CASS



17008 HANDEL—
Messiah (3 records)
Phili LP



31787 MAMAS &
PAPAS—16 Greatest
Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



31979 JOHN COLTRANE
—Transition
Impul LP



66671 RARE EARTH
—Ecology
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



44758 FERRANTE &
TEICHER—Love Is
A Soft Touch
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



42770 IRON BUTTER-
FLY—Metamorphosis
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



42704 CROSBY,
STILLS, NASH &
YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlai LP, 8TR, CASS



38359 IKE & TINA
TURNER—Come
Together
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



44728 FERRANTE &
TEICHER—Play
Midnight Cowboy
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



43860 ERROLL GAR-
NER—Feeling Is
Believing
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



48794 BEVERLY
SILLS—Sings Mozart
& Strauss ABC LP

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Lettermen—Reflections	Capit	4.98 1.88
Bessie Smith—Any Woman's Blues	Colum	5.98 2.19
Neil Young—After Gold Rush	Repri	4.98 1.88
Mantovani—In Concert	Londo	4.98 1.88
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☐ cassette

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I enclose \$ covering my \$5.00 lifetime membership plus any Gift Memberships at \$5.00 each.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CHARGE IT to my credit card. I am charging \$ to cover my \$5.00 membership and any Gift Memberships at \$5.00 each (mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected by both me and the gift members will be added).

Check one: ☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard

Acct. # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

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VENICE

blue water rippled by a light wind. The rain had stopped, the sky was azure, and the water reflected the Byzantine beauty of the golden mosaics and the bubbly Oriental domes of St. Mark's Basilica.

Fewer than fifty people were in the enclosed piazza which Ruskin called "the most beautiful room in Europe." A group of boys poled about on a stout wooden door, and a lad paddled a rubber raft. A group of American college students cheerfully photographed each other on high ground provided by the basilica's column bases, and a pretty brunette in a very short skirt won applause from her friends by wading barefoot in the icy waters. (Through the gate grilles in the atrium of the church one might have noticed a vault mosaic of Noah releasing a dove over the flood from the Ark.)

By 11 A.M. the sea had returned to its intended boundaries. The *acqua alta* had run its usual six-hour course. The narrow streets and small squares of Venice's 120 islands filled with the normal pedestrian traffic.

The canals came to life: *vaporetto* bus boats picked up late-for-work passengers at Grand Canal landings that earlier had been inaccessible to pedestrians. Barges delivered sacks of potatoes, crates of beer, and all the other commodities that trucks carry in conventional communities. Canal-sweeping boats with a wire-net device scooped up pieces of floating junk. An occasional gondola glided past. Waiters busily hosed down restaurant floors, walls, and tables with fresh water. By one o'clock, the usual lunch hour, many restaurants, especially those with second-floor rooms, were serving meals as if nothing had disturbed the regular routine; where I ate, the tablecloth seemed a little damp, but the *fegato alla veneziana* was above reproach.

Dying a little

The most improbable thing about the entire episode was Venice's quick recovery. This was not only because Venetians are becoming expert in coping with deluge, but also because it was a "clean" flood. The Adriatic swept in and then swept out again without depositing a thick coating of

mud, as rivers often do, or spreading a smelly and defacing film of oil from burst storage tanks, as occurs when industrial areas are inundated. Within a few hours the only signs of the flood were some puddles, piles of water-logged garbage, and the carcasses of innumerable drowned rats. By the next day these evidences had disappeared too.

It was a flood devoid of intense human suffering. The main victim was Venice itself, which died a little during the hours it was awash. The pressure of the inrushing and outgoing water weakens foundations, buckles floors, erodes stone, and accelerates the general and alarming process of decay of the city that to Berenson was "man's most beautiful artifact" (but, it might be added, was "an abhorrent, green, slippery city" to D. H. Lawrence).

Acqua alta used to be a rarity, occurring only once every ten years or so. In the past half dozen years it has become so frequent that during November, December, and January planks and trestles are kept stacked near pedestrian thoroughfares ready to be put in place as elevated sidewalks, about two feet off the ground, so that people won't get their feet wet. When the water is really high, as on this particular morning, the sidewalks float away. More than one hundred times last winter (sometimes twice a day, with each tide) a substantial part of the ten square miles of island terrain that is Venice was under water; it ranged in depth from an inch or so to well above a tall man's waist.

Quite understandably, *acqua alta* is the chief preoccupation and subject of polemic of the Venetians. Nature is partly to blame for the increased frequency of the floods. The level of the Adriatic, like that of other seas, is rising because of the melting of glaciers and the polar ice caps. The consequences of this are compounded for Venice because the city is sinking. Estimates of the rate of subsidence vary, but a generally accepted figure is a quarter of an inch a year; this amounts to two and a half inches in ten years. Before long, it is feared, St. Mark's Square and other low-lying sections will be covered by seawater at all times. Some responsible scientists predict that Venice will be so submerged within seventy years as to be uninhabitable.

The mindlessness of industrial interests is held responsible. The prev-

alent theory is that the sinking results from the pumping out of great quantities of fresh underground water, from deep beneath Venice, by nearby mainland industries at Marghera. Marghera ranks after Milan and Turin as a main Italian industrial center.

Waste from Marghera's factories and refineries dumped into the lagoon was blamed for a scare last summer which Venetians still talk about with agitation. "For almost a week," recalled Ida Tonnini, a secretary, "the smell of sulphur and rot was almost unbearable. The air brought tears to your eyes. The water in the canals turned dark brown. There were pictures in the paper of thousands of dead fish floating in the lagoon. Most astonishing of all was that everyone's silverware tarnished in a matter of a few hours—it turned a copper color."

A leading Venice preservationist, Countess Anna Maria Cicogna Volpi, who combines inbred elegance with a down-to-earth quality that probably helped her forebears win a fortune in the Orient trade, sees some benefit from the episode. "People here thought it was the end of the world, Venice would no longer be habitable. The whole population was scared stiff. Their anger exploded a few weeks later when there was a meeting here of the *comitatone*." *Comitatone* is a derisive term meaning "great big committee," which Venetians apply to an unwieldy group of some seventy-five scientists, industrialists, and politicians under the Ministry of Public Works, which eight years ago was given the responsibility for finding ways to save Venice.

The countess smiled with satisfaction: "People who previously were completely unconcerned went to the palace where the *comitatone* was meeting and staged a noisy demonstration on land and from boats. They wanted the *comitatone* finally to do something decisive for Venice. It was wonderful."

Oddly enough this leader of the Venetian militants is the daughter of the man who fifty years ago founded the Marghera industrial zone. Countess Cicogna Volpi is president of the local Italia Nostra, a reputable national pressure group dedicated to the conservation of Italy's artistic and natural patrimony. Her olive-green town house just off the Grand Canal has a family crest over the door, with a stork (*cicogna* in Italian) and the

motto "I Still Hope." It accurately reflects her attitude toward saving the city. Erect in spite of her years, her hair impeccably arranged and of a slightly bluish hue (a poodle of matching shade is always nearby), she presides over a salon in the grand manner. She invites museum curators, preservation-minded city officials, and like-minded aristocracy.

At the now famous *comitatone* meeting, which narrowly missed degenerating into a riot, a Marghera politician accused Italia Nostra members of opposing plans for the expansion of the industrial and port areas because of their own devious commercial connections. The countess led a group of fourteen associates into court with a suit of defamation against the speaker. Venice is much titillated at the prospect of the actual trial.

Waiting

The rival pressures on Rome and the rapid turnover in Italian prime ministers have stalled any effective government action on Venice. A gentle chiding was delivered by René Maheu, the French Director-General of UNESCO, whose committee for Venice met a few months ago: "The stage of practical operations—the start of work on sites, the building of engineering projects—for which Venetians and their friends all over the world are waiting, has not yet been reached."

The engineering project most favored by UNESCO, Italia Nostra, and numerous scientists is the construction of giant movable gates. When *acqua alta* threatens, the gates could be placed across the three entrances in the ribbon-like sandbar barrier that separates the Adriatic from the thirty-mile-long lagoon in which lie the island city of Venice and the mainland's Marghera. It is not a new idea. Gates have been successfully used in Holland and elsewhere, but never to block off sea entrances so large (one mouth of the lagoon is nearly a mile wide). A Dutch firm has proposed a huge linear rubber tube that would lie at the bottom of each opening. The tubes could be inflated like fantastic sausages to block the openings when storms cause the Adriatic to surge toward Venice. There are various blueprints for metal gates as well to close the forty-foot-deep mouths.

The shipping interests at Marghera

are opposed to gates of any sort. Marghera is the country's third busiest port, and closing the lagoon entrances one hundred or so times a year for six hours or more each time would involve serious losses for shippers. The booming Marghera industry affects Venice in another way as well. Air pollution, says Professor Terisio Pignatti, vice director of the civic museums and one of the city's alarmed citizens, "is one of the greatest threats to Venice. A smog blows in from the mainland. This smog, together with the damp, salty atmosphere of Venice, creates a chemical mixture which destroys both bronze and marble. The loss of image in marble can be clearly seen, and we have calculated that it now amounts to 5 percent a year, which is really a terrible loss. Comparing photographs made twenty years ago of the marvelous, sculptured Gothic arches in St. Mark's Square, for example, we see that a large number of the noses, ears, and fingers of the figures have been eaten away by the smog and have fallen. Go to St. Mark's Basilica tomorrow morning and climb up to see the *cavalli*, the four magnificent bronze horses. These are third- or fourth-century B.C. Greek works brought to Venice from the conquest of Constantinople in 1204. They have survived a very long time almost intact. But now they are filled with holes. They are being destroyed by bronze 'cancer.'"

Dropping

Other evidences of Venice's degeneration are even more apparent. The facades of many *palazzi* have shed their marble facings to reveal crumbling brick. Some marble statues flake like talcum at the touch. Paintings, including masterpieces by Tintoretto and Tiepolo, are peeling and moldering. The foundation stones of numerous buildings are askew (this is blamed—mainly by gondoliers resentful of motorized competition—on the pounding of motorboat waves). There is scarcely a campanile in Venice that does not lean. The Church of Santa Maria della Salute, whose facade is frothed with baroque winged statues, has been closed, barriers keep visitors at a safe distance, and a warning sign is posted: "*Pericolo Caduta Angeli*" (in English, "Danger, Angels Dropping").

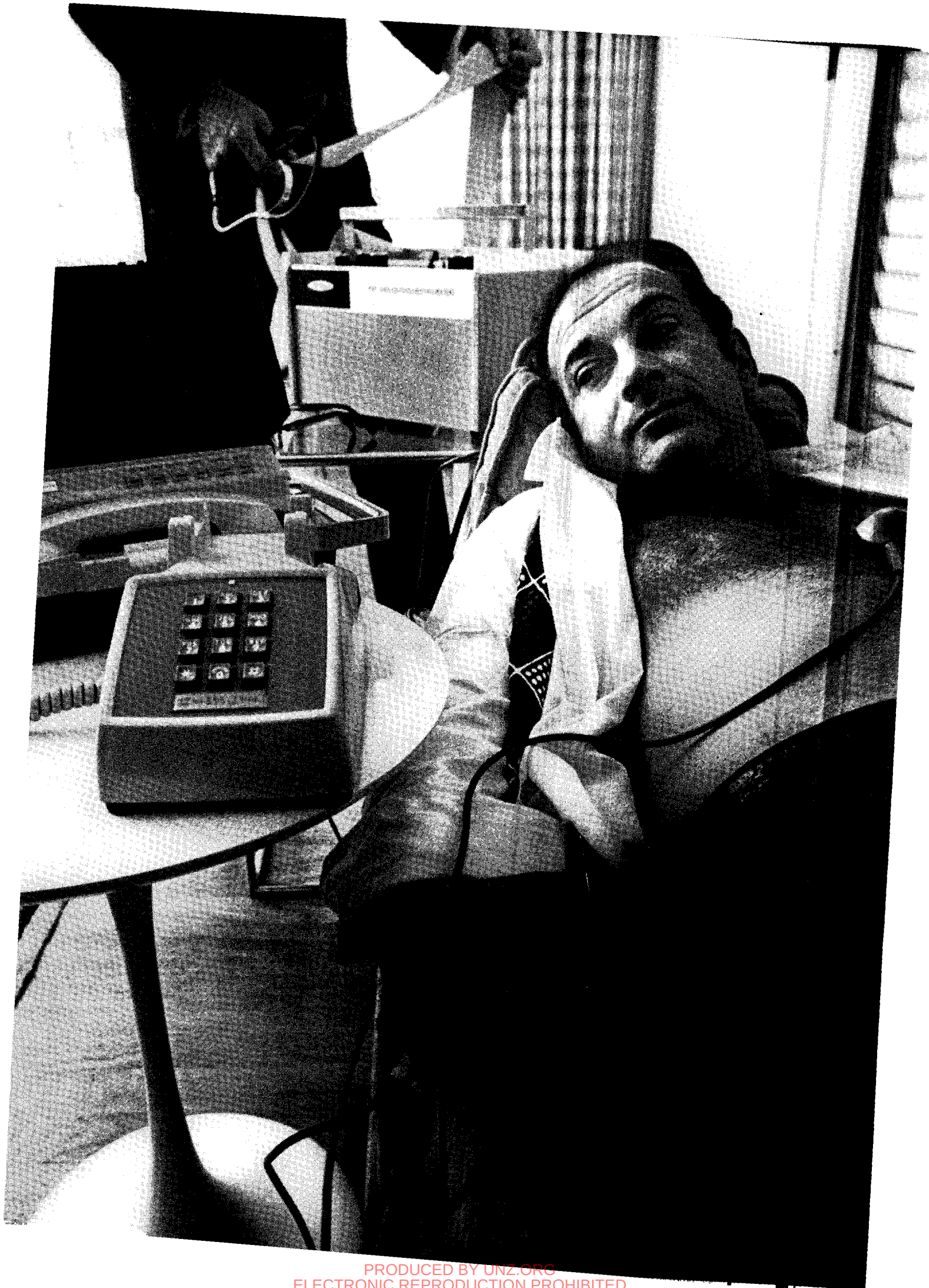
Projects such as the sea gates (which might cost \$75 million) obviously are impossible without government participation, but smaller tasks are being carried out. A number of churches and buildings where the works of famous artists are found, are being restored with money donated by friends of Venice organizations in the United States, Britain, France, West Germany, and other countries. A way has been found to arrest the pulverization of statues. UNESCO has just completed an intensive inventory of 14,000 paintings, 500 palaces, and 90 churches; teams of art experts and students carefully listed what repair work is needed in each case. The National Research Council, an independent, government-supported scientific agency, has set up a laboratory in Venice where an IBM 360/44 computer has been programmed with weather and tidal data in order to predict accurately the arrival and amplitude of *acqua alta*. To aid in forecasting, a manned oceanographic platform, something like an offshore oil rig, has been established outside of the lagoon in the open Adriatic.

The cost of saving Venice is anyone's guess. "It will certainly be many millions of dollars and will require an effort spread over twenty or thirty years," is the opinion of Professor Louis Jacques Rollet-Andriane, director of the UNESCO office for Venice. "If there were another city like Venice in the world, there might be a choice, but there is only one. Venice is unique."

Professor Rollet-Andriane and other enthusiasts for saving Venice dismiss as defeatists those who doubt that it is technically feasible. They draw the inevitable equation: man has gone to the moon, so surely he has the capacity to preserve a city on earth. The fact is that no one really *knows* at this point whether or not it is possible to prevent Venice from becoming the Atlantis of the Adriatic. What is important is that people have made a start at working on it.

—IRVING R. LEVINE

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS
Don Cook covers Europe for the Los Angeles Times. Jerome Alan Cohen, author of *The Criminal Process in the People's Republic of China*, is a professor at the Harvard Law School. Irving R. Levine, a correspondent for NBC News, is based in Italy.



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Electrocardiogram by telephone.

Now a heart beat can be transmitted instantly to a doctor hundreds of miles away.

When someone has heart trouble, he frequently needs a heart specialist.

Somebody who's highly trained in the reading and interpretation of electrocardiograms (EKG's).

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By telephone.

The doctor or visiting nurse who attends the patient brings special equipment along (it's standard in many medical centers and hospitals).

The specialist has similar equipment at his end.

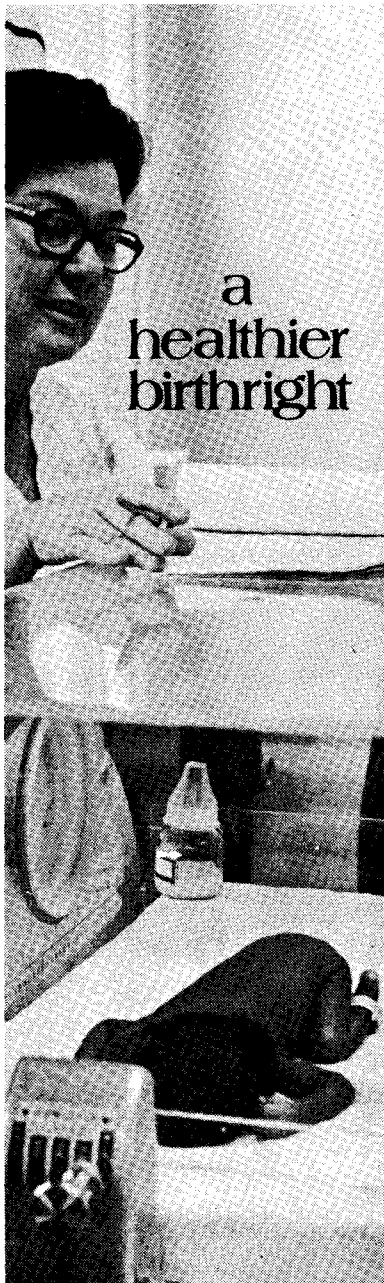
When the regular telephone connection is made, the specialist receives a duplicate EKG as it's being given.

He can then analyze the results on the spot. And without hanging up, confer with the doctor or nurse at the other end.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company work to make the telephone serve you as many ways as possible.

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prevent
birth defects

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THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

Innocent Bystander

by L.E. Sissman

"Let's start a magazine," wrote E. E. Cummings, ironically, for the first issue of *Contact* in 1932:

"let's start a magazine
to hell with literature
we want something redblooded
lousy with pure
reeking with stark
and fearlessly obscene
but really clean
get what I mean
let's not spoil it
let's make it serious

something authentic and delirious
you know something genuine like a mark
in a toilet

graced with guts and gutted
with grace"

squeeze your nuts and open your face

"Let's start a magazine," said my friend Albert Cook to me and a gaggle of other feckless undergraduates in a messy room at Harvard in the summer of 1947. (Come to think of it, I wasn't an undergraduate at the time; I had been thrown out of college to make way for returning veterans the summer before, and I would not be readmitted until the spring of 1948.) Among those present at the *accouchement*, besides Cook, who is now a professor of English at Buffalo, were Jonathan Peale Bishop (who now teaches English at Cornell), Thomas McFarland (who now teaches English at NYU), Aaron Rosen (then and now a teacher and poet), and Stanley Moss (now a poet and poetry editor of the *New American Review*).

Our ostensible (and only avowed) reason for enlisting our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor in a new publishing venture was, as the preface to the first issue stated, to "fight tooth and nail the prevailing

tendency among advance-guard quarterlies to become journals of current intellectual fashion," to be "predominantly a creative magazine." Our real reasons were, of course, that we wanted to see our own names in print, that we had time on our hands, and that we had discovered an angel (known, in the abstruse technical jargon of the publishing trade, as "a sucker") who would put up the necessary cash. We were also rather sneakily motivated by the local, but relatively dazzling, success of *Wake*, a postwar Cambridge literary magazine whose editors, being of another clique, would not publish our contributions. *Wake's* biggest hit had been an issue devoted almost exclusively to Cummings; we took grumpy note of this in our preface by proclaiming that "we will never publish a perfunctory article because its subject has wide current appeal. Nor will we collect testimonials, biographical fragments, and pictures of a single author in order to produce a lucrative collector's item."

"Halcyon"

"Never," in little-magazine publishing, is a highly relative term, like "lifetime guarantee" in advertising, and in our case "never" lasted for exactly two issues, after which our angel and our ambitions simultaneously died. *Halcyon*, the name we had chosen because, according to us, it suggested "flight—toward perception, not from life; freedom from fashion and bickering; the calm of austere critical standards; a leaning toward the classic and symbolic in art," was, of course, fun while it lasted. It was, for one thing, our ticket of admission to the Grand Theater of Postwar Literary Operations, that *Comédie Américaine* that Auden had delined and snubbed so lovingly in "Under Which Lyre," the 1946 Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard:

Lone scholars, sniping from the walls
Of learned periodicals,
Our facts defend,
Our intellectual marines,
Landing in little magazines
Capture a trend.

The founding of *Halcyon* enabled us to be—and not just think ourselves—active participants in the battle Auden so accurately described: the conflict, then just beginning, between the Apollonians, dull academics, ad-

ministrators, order-makers, exegetes, and the Hermetics, disorderly, idiosyncratic free creative spirits. We were, of course, in Hermes' army (no two uniforms alike), and we took second place to nobody in our broad and frequent snook-cocking at Apollo's fat Establishment. As we might not have acknowledged quite so quickly, we were also second to none in our haste to correspond and hobnob with our betters. While we were enjoined by our manifesto from publishing an Eliot issue or a Stevens issue, for example, there was nothing to prevent us from swamping the great and near-great with scores of letters beseeching them for samples of their work, and that's exactly what we did.

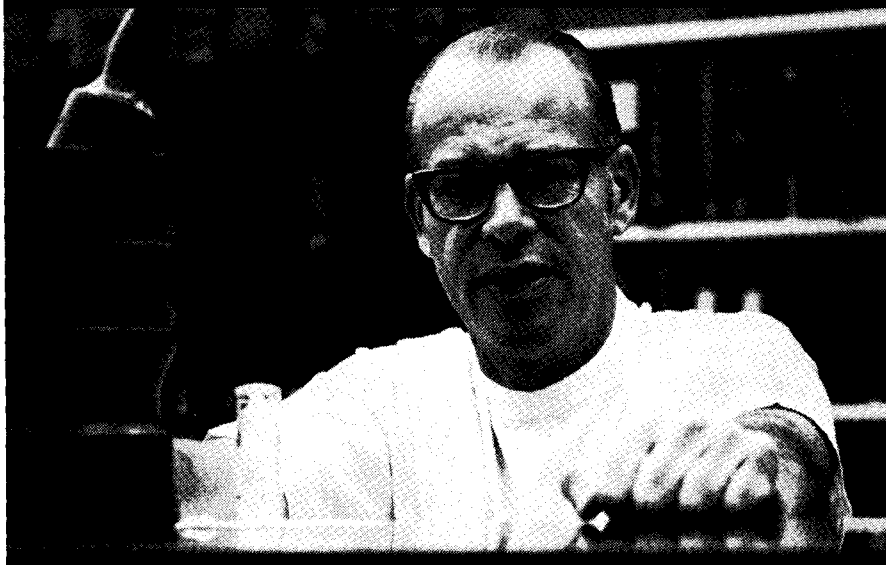
To our delight, those buttonholed, though presumably weary of being panhandled by literary street urchins, kicked through graciously, most of them, with poems and stories. As a result, our first issue, dated Winter, 1948, carried contributions by Cummings (take that, *Wake!*), Howard Nemerov, Richmond Lattimore, Marya Zaturenska, Oscar Williams, and Harry Brown, and our second added Stevens (two really first-rate poems), William Abrahams, and the painter Morris Graves to the list.

Wild surmise

It was great fun getting actual letters addressed to us from these people (I still have a rightfully exasperated note from Cummings, asking for author's proofs), but the headiest part—roughly equivalent to chugalugging a toothbrush glassful of vodka neat—was seeing our names cheek by jowl with theirs on the contents page. Sandwiched securely between James Merrill and Marya Zaturenska and set in the same size type as they, I was a happy man. And that was what it was really all about, publishing a little magazine: the sense of being part of a tradition, of carrying forward the serious and noble work of *The Exile*, *Hound & Horn*, *transition*, *The Double Dealer*, of becoming by fiat, by our own act of linking our names in print with theirs, the legitimate heirs of Cummings and Eliot and Stevens and Pound.

That was the major statement, the big orchestral motive of our ambitions. But there was an almost equally pleasant minor theme in the dash and

“You get more value for your dollar in prescription drugs today than ever before . . .



but try to tell someone.”

A pharmacist talks about the price of medicines and the price of health care.

Ask my customers about the prices of prescriptions and they'll usually say "they keep going up!"

True, after many years of a downward trend, the drug price index has gone up. But the rise is a modest one compared to the overall cost of health care and the sharp upswing in consumer prices. In the past year, the price index for prescriptions rose 1.7% . . . while the cost of living was climbing 6.0%.

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BYSTANDER

ease of the literary life. We were no longer rather grubby college boys beset by poverty, pimples, poor grades, and uncomplaisant girls; at a stroke of the press, so to speak, we became editors, creators, critics, *littérateurs*. We were of the company, instantly, of Allen Tate and Edmund Wilson; we were, inevitably, to be the Audens and Isherwoods of our generation, twenty years on. Every cup of cheap Chianti we drank was consecrated, every word we spoke was a fragment of oral autobiography, every halting word we wrote was secular writ. We were painting our self-portraits as future literary figures, and it was a full-time job.

For all the hours of ample and idle talk, for all the posturing and play-acting, though, there was something of value in *Halcyon* for each of us. We learned a lot about our limitations as writers, editors, and people (speaking for myself, I discovered that I was an unformed writer, an incredibly disorganized editor, and a potentially dishonorable person, since I misappropriated part of the magazine's remaining funds in a fit of fiscal desperation after *Halcyon* ceased publishing and suffered excruciating pangs of guilt for months afterward), but we also found there was at least a chance that we might be real writers and editors under all that makeup, that there might be a real literary face, quite different from the one we had imagined, beneath the mask. In short, it was, after all, a broadening and salutary experience, and I commend it without reservation to those beardless (or, rather, bearded) young who even now sit around littered college rooms smoking joints, drinking California red, and saying to each other, with a wild surmise, "Let's start a magazine."

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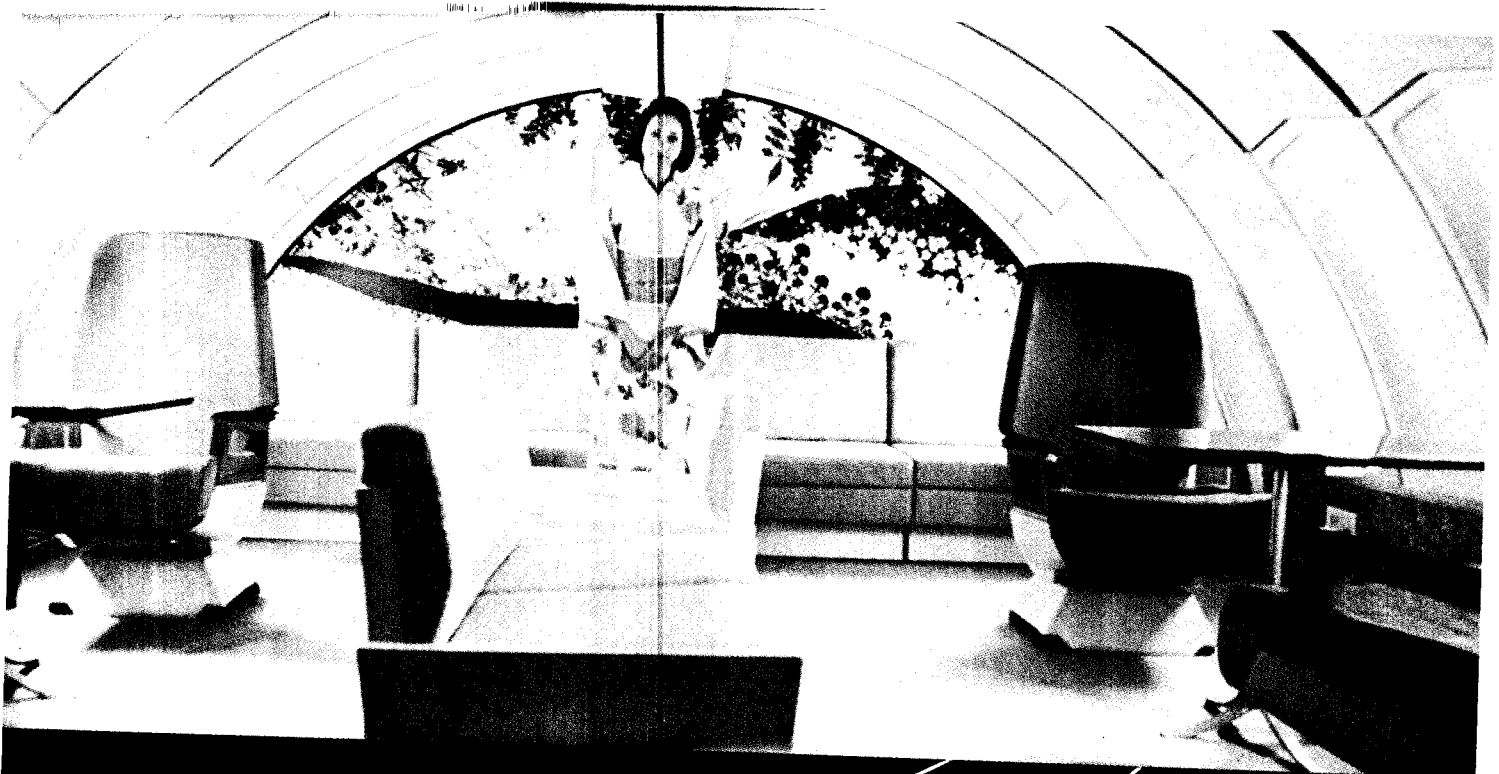
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THE MAIL

"Soldiers"

SIR: Ward Just's long article in the October *Atlantic*, "Soldiers," Part I (Part II appears in the November issue), is a remarkable piece of writing, combining authoritative and detailed reporting of a high order with a novelist's sensitivity to situation and mood. It uncovers a whole new dimension of the brooding discomfort that pervades our land in these years. It shows the Army, like other of our proud institutions, twisting and turning in a desperately poignant but vain effort to get off the impaling hook of Vietnam. Mr. Just has identified all the misconceptions and captured all of the ensuing anguish. It is really wonderful.

TOWNSEND HOOPES
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Ward Just says, "With few exceptions, Robert E. Lee among them, Southern graduates of West Point fought with the Union armies in the Civil War." In the face of the fact that more than a third of the Confederate general officers were West Pointers—approximately the same proportion as in the Union Army—the term *few exceptions* is hardly warranted. Of the 750 officers of the line in the Regular Army in 1860, nearly a third resigned in 1861 to join the Confederacy, and a tenth of those resigning were from the North.

Mr. Just concludes: "To a professional soldier (the more senior the grade, the more rigid the belief), the Army is seen as the agent of the state, and the loyalty is therefore indivisible." In actuality, the American Civil War brought forth a significant degree of divisibility, quite prevalent in the Army and exceptionally so in the case of graduates of West Point. It is true that a Southern major general—George H. Thomas of Virginia

(West Point, 1840)—remained with the Union forces, to serve with distinction. Yet it is true also that General Samuel Cooper of New Jersey (West Point, 1815) was the highest-ranking officer in the Confederate Army; that Lieutenant General John C. Pemberton of Pennsylvania (West Point, 1837) commanded large Confederate forces in the field; that Major General Martin Luther Smith of New York (West Point, 1842) was in charge of Confederate defenses at New Orleans, Mobile, and Vicksburg; and that Brigadier General Walter Husted Stevens of New York (West Point, 1848) was Chief Engineer, Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A.

The Southern Army had eight full generals, all of whom were graduates of West Point; fourteen of the seventeen lieutenant generals also were graduates.

This divisibility, moreover, was almost complete in one section of the nation. Officers from the South who continued to adhere to the Union were from what was then generally considered the border section. With only one exception, no Regular Army officer from the Deep South (below the 35th Parallel) failed to resign from the United States Army in 1861. The divisibility may be explained perhaps by the fact that prior to 1860, the idea of the indissolubility of the Union was by no means universally accepted in America—not even in the United States Military Academy; two Confederate generals, Beauregard and Lee, had served as superintendents of that institution. I am confident that at the present time the conclusion drawn by Mr. Just would apply without exception.

MARSHALL MOORE BRICE
Professor Emeritus of English
Mary Baldwin College
Staunton, Va.

SIR: Ward Just's article, "Soldiers," Part I, contains comments attributed to me. Despite his portrayal of our conversation as a verbatim account, what in fact occurred was a rather long and rambling conversation, containing solely the personal comments of several cadets. The only record of our meeting was a few notes taken by Just. In view of this, I must correct his attempt to use my comments as a critique of West Point by the entire Class of 1971.

Rather than an "underground" at West Point, my class presently leads the Corps of Cadets, setting and maintaining its standards. Further, I would not and did not characterize my classmates as professionally unmotivated and lacking dedication to a career in the U.S. Army. The majority of the Class of 1971, and all classes at the Academy, for that matter, are determined to make a career in the profession of arms. I will add that they are proud to do so. Just's characterization of the Class of 1971, based upon my personal indecision on this matter, is a false depiction of my friends and classmates as well.

Whatever my career decision, I am proud of the ideals of West Point, of Duty, Honor, Country. As for my classmates, I will not be cast in the role of a spokesman for their goals, a role which has been carelessly thrown upon me.

CADET PETER D. WEDDLE
USMA
Class of 1971
West Point, N.Y.

SIR: Having graduated from West Point with the Class of 1970, we were present at the Academy during the period which Mr. Just describes in his October article.

He states that "the class of '70, was down to 1050 from 1400," when, in fact, the Class of '70 entered with

a strength of 1021 and graduated 749. The 15-man squad which Mr. Just cites does not exist. Current programmed strength for a squad is 11 men; in actuality it is usually much less. A far more blatant error occurs in Just's description of the Koster Incident. Contrary to conducting a "mill-in" planned by colonels who calculated "the precise azimuth of his [Koster's] dishonor," the Corps of Cadets passed in review in front of the general's quarters during dinner formation as a show of respect. This action was initiated, planned, and executed solely by cadets.

2nd LIEUTS. SCOTT BAILEY,
JOHN FENILI,
JOSEPH MCKINNEY,
DAN SCHILLING
Columbus, Ga.

SIR: The first of Ward Just's two articles titled "Soldiers" is the best thing I have ever read concerning the Army. Just has really "told it like it is," and the general response of the officers here who have read the story is most favorable. There has been so much written of late either damning our profession or heaping praise that objective, honest insight is a rare gem.

RICHARD H. LAMB
LTC, Infantry
Fort Gordon, Ga.

SIR: I served in most enlisted ranks and all commissioned ranks from private to colonel in the course of two wars and finally retired from the Reserves a few years ago after a total of twenty-three years. My latest information comes from having a son in basic training.

The Army Ward Just writes about today is not the Army I knew, but what he says rings true.

What really concerns me for the mid-range future is that, because of the alienation of an entire generation from all things military, we will simply no longer be capable of fighting a conventional war involving large bodies of citizen soldiers even for such almost universally accepted goals as preserving the independence of Berlin.

ROBERT AMORY, JR.
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Ward Just says of the U.S. Army, "It doesn't have schools for the children, at least at bases in the

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United States it doesn't." Correct that to read that it (the Army) doesn't have schools in the United States at any base except Fort Knox, where 4954 dependents of military personnel are attending Fort Knox primary and secondary schools.

JAMES R. KIDD
Elizabethtown, Ky.

SIR: I have been in the Army for eighteen years and have never met anyone whose attitudes even resembled those Ward Just says are universal.

BARBARA J. SPARKS
LTC, U.S. Army
Fort Devens, Mass.

SIR: Ward Just has managed to capture the flavor of today's Army, the fresh and the stale, the sweet and the sour, better than anything else I have read in recent years.

ADAM YARMOLINSKY
Harvard University Law School
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Mr. Just writes about soldiers, but he will never understand a soldier's deeper motives—the aspiration to valor, the challenge of leadership in battle, the comradeship of danger, or the satisfaction of service to country.

A soldier believes in truths he considers self-evident. He finds it hard to explain them to an intellect which is basically agnostic; which finds the price of liberty inordinately high in view of other more fashionable priorities; which presumes to judge, as Soviet propaganda would have it do, between "just and unjust wars," disregarding our commitment to sustain the freedom of an ally, a commitment already sealed in blood.

Perhaps Mr. Just is not to blame. Perhaps it is a malaise of the times. Can it be that most of us no longer believe in fundamental truths, much less fundamental institutions? Could this be why some of our children consider these truths and institutions all phony and turn to violence to destroy them?

As for soldiers—be they Army, Navy, or Air Force—we would all do well to remember that when the country loses faith in its soldiers, the soldiers will lose faith in their country.

EDWIN F. BLACK
Bethesda, Md.

SIR: Ward Just's article is a significant step toward an overall examination of the values, goals, and validity of the Army as an American institution. His portrayal encompasses aspects of irrationality, futility, and authoritarianism, yet he seems to recognize that this institution's existence is both essential and inevitable. We too sense these notions and are profoundly disturbed by them.

We differ from the average reader because we are now involved and will soon be committed to the Army as career officers. We appreciate Mr. Just's observations, and we regard them as particularly penetrating and relevant to our vital concerns.

JOHN W. MOORE, EDWARD W. POGUE,
MICHAEL L. WAMSTED,
WILBUR R. SNYDER,
CHRISTOPHER P. TILLMAN,
WILLIAM D. JAMES,
CLIFFORD N. POWELL
USMA
West Point, N.Y.

Tennessee Williams

An Open Response to Tom Buckley:

And so, Mr. Buckley, you entered my house ("Tennessee Williams Survives, November *Atlantic*") as a guest behind the Uriah Heap smirk of your friend Loovis to sleuth and to eavesdrop on the terribly vulnerable privacy of a man fighting hard to recover from a mental and physical breakdown? You say that you entered with a tape recorder. If that is true, it must have been an extremely small one to have been totally concealed in a lighted room, 10' by 20', and if I were you, and you did, indeed, have a tape recorder, I would throw it into the nearest incinerator or garbage disposal unit, for it appears to be given to the most dangerous misquotations, distortions, and libel by venomous implication. It cannot even record the text of a poem with any accuracy nor the lines and the sections in any comprehensible sequence, with the result that the author seems not merely demented but also illiterate, which is far worse.

You say somewhere in the course of this "sympathetic" account of my "survival" that you were also recovering from "a difficult illness." Well, Mr. Buckley, I am afraid that you are not going to recover from your illness until you discover its true nature, which is a malignancy of the spirit. And by the way, Tom,

how closely are you related to that other Buckley called Bill?

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Singapore

Mr. Buckley replies:

Mr. Williams was well aware that I was going to write a piece about him. The article was as accurate and sympathetic as I could make it. My tape recorder was not concealed. No, I'm not related to the other Buckleys.

SIR: The probability that Tennessee Williams countenanced the tape recording of Mr. Tom Buckley's visits to his home in Key West in no way justifies the execrable taste employed in the editing of those tapes.

I am amazed that a magazine of the stature of the *Atlantic* would stoop to such deliberate and venomous vulgarity.

ALEC WILDER
New York City

SIR: There are two casual errors in your piece on Tennessee Williams. The principal character in *The Shanghai Gesture* is Mother Goddam, not God Damn. A play of Williams is referred to as *Gnaedische Fraulein*. It is *Gnadiges Fraulein*.

JAMES POWERS
Editor, *Hollywood Reporter*
Hollywood, Calif.

The King Wiretap

SIR: Victor Navasky's article "The Government and Martin Luther King" in your November issue is inaccurate in two items relating to my book *The King God Didn't Save*.

The first is a quote from *Time* magazine: "But, Williams reports, they [the FBI] did turn up an astonishing amount of information about King's extensive and vigorous sexual activities."

A simple reading of the book would reveal that (1) I reported no such thing, and (2) the description and fabrication of cold fact — the presence of wiretaps and/or bugs — was all *Time's* not unusual procedure for hatcheting. It is unfortunate — or was it deliberate? — that Navasky chose to publicize this much publicized *Time*-bomb, ill-befitting a man who calls himself a journalist.

Second, I did not "all but confirm" that Dr. King was engaged in interracial sex. Mr. Navasky's inter-



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pretation that I did indicate, however, that J. Edgar Hoover is not the only person who sees the proof of "moral degeneracy" in such a relationship. Obviously, Navasky read my book skimpily or not at all, and thus what is supposed to pass for responsible journalism comes out gilding *Time* magazine's sour lily, but lilies are white and so, etc. etc.

Navasky's piece manages to get everyone off the hook but Dr. King; Kennedy didn't know. He had to eavesdrop to be a conscientious AG who was protecting national security, and so on. By extension, Hoover, too, was just doing his job.

Nowhere is there mentioned the basic reason for the electronic surveillance of Dr. King, which was not to engage in voyeurism, not to protect King, not to discover Communists, not to oversee national security, but to compromise, by blackmailing King (see same *Time* issue, August 17, 1970), the black movement in the United States then in its non-violent phase. Until people like Navasky come to grips with truths like this, we will always be dealing, as we are with his piece, in bullshit.

JOHN A. WILLIAMS
New York City

Victor Navasky replies:

Of course the quote from *Time* was to demonstrate the general failure to distinguish tapping from bugging, not to endorse its interpretation of Mr. Williams' interesting but cryptic book. I admit it is difficult—given Mr. Williams' somewhat poetic device of italicizing dialogues relating to Dr. King's sex life without giving his source—to tell what he did or didn't confirm. But I refer readers with a curiosity for this sort of thing to page 185 and a quote he attributes to "person B."

Although I believe Mr. Williams' is as wrong about the "basic reason for the electronic surveillance of Dr. King" as he is in his interpretation of my article, I recognize that the subject is still open for debate. I regret that Mr. Williams doesn't agree.

Black Colleges

SIR: "Black Colleges," a Report by Jack Nelson in your September issue, includes a sentence, "Only fifteen black colleges have graduate programs . . ." and ending, ". . . one,

Howard University, regularly grants the Ph.D." I believe this information came from a booklet entitled "Federal Agencies and Black Colleges," published by the National Association for Equal Opportunity in Education, for the paragraph written in your article is almost word-for-word to a paragraph in that booklet.

Atlanta University devotes itself entirely to work on the graduate level. We have a graduate School of Arts and Sciences and four graduate professional schools: Library Service, Education, Social Work, and Business Administration. The School of Business Administration is the only graduate school in business which is predominantly black.

The University awards the Ph.D. degree in Guidance and Counseling (School of Education) and the Ph.D. degree in Biology (School of Arts and Sciences). The various schools offer the following degrees, in addition: M.A., M.S., M. in Ed., MSLS, MSW, and MBA. Also—and extremely important—Atlanta University is one of only six schools in the nation offering the Ed. S. degree, Education Specialist (in three areas: administration, supervision, and guidance counseling). It is the only predominantly black school offering the Ed.S.

NORAH MCNIVEN
Public Relations Director
Atlanta University
Atlanta, Ga.

Jack Nelson replies:

Miss McNiven is right about the source. It was the National Association for Equal Opportunity in Higher Education, which is composed of presidents of black colleges, including Atlanta University. The main points of the article are still that few black colleges offer advanced degrees, and most black colleges face serious financial problems.

An Alternative Drummer

SIR: I have a nit to pick with Richard Todd's fine article "Alternatives" in the November *Atlantic*, in which he makes reference to a newspaper called *A Different Drummer*. Unless I am mistaken, he meant to call it *A Distant Drummer*, the alternative paper published by Dom DeMaio in Philadelphia.

J. WANDRES
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. Todd replies:

Mr. Wandres is right, though the paper is now called neither *Different* nor *Distant* but *Thursday's Drummer*.

Advice and Consent

SIR: I have just seen Professor Richard Current's response, in your September Mail, to Mr. Alvin Josephy's article "Indians in History" (June, 1970), in which one of my works was cited at length. The response, therefore, is directed at both of us. It is astonishing to me that not once in this discussion has anyone thought to name the work which partially gave rise to it, so that interested persons might read it and decide for themselves the merits of the controversy regarding it. The title of my pamphlet which pleased Mr. Josephy and offended Professor Current is *The Indian in American History*, published by Integrated Education Associates, 343 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois, 60604.

VIRGIL J. VOGEL
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Now you've made me as inaccurate (in the October Mail) as I criticized Mr. Silberman (Charles Silberman, "Murder in the Schoolroom," summer issues) for being when he populated the town of Hoonah, Alaska, with Eskimos!

What you quoted me as saying was "We also have Indian groups in the Aleutian island chain to the southwest; and the Eskimos themselves, who live in the western and northern part of the state, have quite separate cultures and physical characteristics."

What I believe I said was "We also have Indian groups in the *Interior*" (and "in a few other places," or words to that effect). Stop. Period. Then: "*The Aleuts, on the Aleutian island chain to the southwest, and the Eskimos themselves, who live in . . .*" etc.

Eskimos, Indians, and Aleuts are three quite separate peoples in this large and varied state, just to keep the record straight.

ELIZABETH CLAUSON
Petersburg, Alas.

Atlantic gremlins, rather than Mrs. Clauson, placed Indians on the Aleutian Islands. We regret the error.

—The Editor

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WHERE EGYPT STANDS

by Hedrick Smith

The Middle East after Nasser remains a place of suppressed state of war, of uncertainty and alarm. Did he leave behind an Egypt with the strength to make continued war, or the greater strength to make peace? Two experts examine the state of the country Nasser led for eighteen years, and (page 45) Nasser's achievements.

After four years' absence, I flew back into Cairo wondering whether Egypt had been transformed into a militarized society, the landscape bristling with missiles, the economy stunted by the costly preparations for war, the people in a mental state of siege with Israel. Were the Russians now hailed as allies and champions? Did young men dream of liberating Sinai? In short, did the conflict with Israel dominate all other concerns?

Having lived for two years in Cairo, I should have known better. At heart, the Egyptians are not a warlike people, however belligerent-sounding their leaders. They are not as single-minded as their foes; they defy the discipline of any cause.

Nonetheless, the omens of unfinished conflict did intrude even before we landed. As seat belts were fastened, the stewardess warned that photographs

were forbidden during the descent to Cairo. Heads craned immediately to catch sight of a few military jets stationed, as always, on runways near the civilian airport.

On the ground, the shiny modern tanks of jet fuel that used to gleam in the unrelenting desert sun were now girdled up for combat with ancient Egyptian mud bricks. They looked rather like fat old Roman cisterns. In the vast expanse of desert by the highway to Cairo, a solitary platoon of soldiers in rumpled fatigues huddled around an officer for some simulated exercise of war. Suddenly, as if an imaginary shell had burst in their midst, they raced off in all directions to their dugouts.

Downtown Cairo bore a few more martial traces: splashes of blue paint on the windows of some government buildings for air-raid blackouts; unkempt sandbag positions, leaking sand, set up for the permanent guards at the Central Bank and the Radio-Television Tower; eight-foot-high blast walls at the entrances of major office buildings. Military censorship had been imposed on foreign correspondents. Aliens, though not Egyptians, were sharply restricted in their travel around the country.

But for the most part, Egyptian life seemed remarkably unchanged. Israel's charges that the United Arab Republic now possesses the world's most sophisticated air defense system conjure up the image of

a modern technological state. But progress has to compete with the inertia and disorder of centuries. (My first hours, and those of many diplomats and reporters who came for Nasser's funeral, were spent chasing my luggage, which had been swept off without warning to some unknown hotel in a gust of well-meaning Egyptian hospitality.)

Cairo offers a Westernized facade, but it is by no means a Western city. It is unruly, vibrant, fascinating, dirty, exotic, alive with the languorous sensualism of the Orient and the teeming poverty and jumble of underdevelopment. *Baladi* people, the villagers who have moved by the thousands to the metropolis but who still raise their farm animals and store grain on urban rooftops, swarm the streets. Here, a roly-poly peasant woman in black shrouds nursing an infant; there, an ancient male in a great cotton nightgown snatched up to his crotch, exposing spindly legs and dilapidated, third-hand shoes (no socks) as he races after a moving bus already packed with humanity.

Cars swerve wildly to avoid barefoot, pajama-clad boys wheeling pushcarts through the busiest downtown intersections. One catches a sad, fleeting glimpse of a milk-white cataract in a teenager's eye. The smells belong to another civilization: the sweet aroma of ripening mangoes laid out on the sidewalk for sale; the sudden fetid odor of sewage or urine; an intoxicating whiff of incense in a taxicab wildly decorated with gaudy yellow and green plastic flowers around a plaster bust of Nasser.

The little instinctive habits of people betray private adjustments to the persistent pinch of life. Bank clerks employ straight pins because staples are either unavailable or too expensive. Many a cabdriver cuts off his motor at a red light to conserve gas. Sudden electrical blackouts are so common that offices, which regularly operate in the evening after the long afternoon break, keep a ready supply of candles in top desk drawers.

Yet, paradoxically, one detects a minor boom among the middle class, a sense that the repressive weight of the nationalizations and sequestrations of the early sixties has now eased. The people strolling down Kasr el Nil, Cairo's most fashionable shopping district, look better dressed than in past years. There is only an occasional miniskirt or pantsuit, but the clothes generally seem more stylish and the shop windows brighter and better stocked with locally made shoes, purses, textiles.

Proudly, an Egyptian banker friend explained that it is now legal to buy imported appliances, TV sets, coffee percolators, and toilet articles in government-sponsored hard-currency shops. "Remember,

it used to be illegal to have foreign currency," he smiled. "Well, now, I can go to the dollar shop and buy whatever I want—no questions asked." With that he flourished an unmistakable status symbol, a twenty-dollar bill. "I could never do that before," he said, suggestively slitting his throat with the note.

As a safety valve for the upper-middle class, the government decided a couple of years ago to legalize much of the black market that used to flourish in the pushcarts of Cairo's side streets, and to tap the profits itself. There are now not only government dollar stores but a string of busy boutiques on Sharwabi Pasha Street as well, openly offering Parisian perfumes, German pantyhose, British woollens, Italian slacks and bras, American Techmatic razors, fancy French cravats, all at outrageous markups.

Those who benefit most from this tolerance are the old Cairenes who secretly nursed some of their wealth through earlier sieges of socialism, and the New Class: managers of nationalized enterprises, the trusted technocratic and political elite, and perhaps 40,000 Egyptians, mostly university-trained professionals, who have landed high-paying hard-currency jobs in Kuwait, Libya, and the Persian Gulf. It was surprising to see these people daring to drive their Mercedes' in public, or to invest in the modest four- and five-story apartment buildings that have been rising in suburbs like Dokki, Giza, and Maadi. Only a few years back, any form of conspicuous consumption or investment was sufficient to invite government seizure. The style was to lay low. Now it seems that private enterprise, though still a very junior partner to big state corporations, no longer feels stifled.

"People are less afraid now because the period of hard socialism is over," said a well-off Egyptian acquaintance. "There is some money in construction. I know people who keep small businesses going—a shoe factory, a medicinal plant, a woman with forty workers making extracts for perfume. Certainly there is corruption money for people at the point of contact between the public and private sectors, especially in foreign trade. When a government enterprise makes a contract with foreigners, someone can usually get a percentage for himself."

It would be wrong to conclude, however, that the great mass of Egyptians are better off or that the economy is generally gaining ground. The war has exacted a price (somewhat offset by rising oil production and good cotton and rice exports). Economic development has had to take second priority to the \$1.2 billion defense budget. The great rush to build new factories has slowed to a crawl. Now, the economic growth rate barely keeps pace with the .3 percent annual population growth.

The Soviets and others have helped ensure a steady supply of basic commodities which are subsidized. But taxes have increased and so has the cost of living. Hardest hit by this are tens of thousands of civil servants on pay scales frozen since the 1967 war.

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Nasser's successors acknowledged the need for coping with the civilian sector at their first cabinet meeting after his funeral, with an emergency allocation for what the press called "the water-supply problem," a euphemism for the periodic breakdowns in the sewage and water systems of Cairo and Alexandria. Later, on the eve of the holy month of Ramadan, the new leadership made an obvious bid for popular support by cutting prices on such popular items as tea, sugar, kerosene, radios, batteries, and shoes by 10 percent.

When I questioned an Egyptian economist about the political impact of the war and the latest political developments, he brushed me aside wearily. "The poverty of Egypt dissolves all those questions," he replied. "People forget those big issues. They have to find food or a flat or a place for their son in school or how to get ten pounds to lend some needy relative. Underdevelopment is the common denominator for everything."

In the day-to-day life of Cairenes, the war with Israel seemed secondary last fall, perhaps because the cease-fire was in effect. A year ago, during the deep penetration raids, the mood was different. The war had stark immediacy for Cairo when Israeli Phantoms were streaking over the capital to hit the industrial suburb of Helwan and other nearby targets. People were uneasy, morale low. But the deep raids have long since ended, and Cairenes, with their own peculiar provinciality, now treat the war as if it were distant, although the front is only 100 miles away.

In earlier days, the desert road from Cairo to Suez was a peaceful drive to the resort of Ain Sokhna on the Red Sea. The road now passes through what must be one of the busiest patches of desert in the world. New blacktop spurs dart off into the sand. The old gas station and teahouse halfway to Suez is now a military truck depot. Further on, military en-



A poster celebrating progress on the Aswan High Dam during the 1960s. The salute to President Nasser reads, "Allah sent him to help our country, and that is why he succeeded."

campments proliferate, the tops of tents, tanks, and trucks peeping up from deep dugouts in the desert.

To the untrained eye, the controversial Soviet-equipped missile sites are invisible, though truck tracks leading off into the desert to nowhere in particular hint at important installations just over the horizon. At one point, about fifteen miles west of Suez, nine huge trailer trucks towing SAM-2 missiles

were parked on the hard sand about a mile north of the highway.

The city of Suez is a sad wasteland of war. All but 10,000 of its 268,000 inhabitants have fled the artillery and air duels along the canal. For blocks, almost every building bears the scars of Israeli bombs or shrapnel. On one street, shop after shop had been decapitated and left looking like Pompeian ruins. Elsewhere, great gaping holes had been punched through apartment houses, schools, mosques, a convent, and a hospital. In one abandoned neighborhood, life stopped while the local cinema was showing *Goliath and the Barbarians*.

The Egyptian government spends \$90 million a year in special allowances to half a million evacuees of Suez, Port Said, Ismailia, and lesser towns. It has wisely dispersed them in villages outside Cairo rather than let them congregate and fester in the big city.

"These people are very unhappy," said an Egyptian friend. "My cousin was a lawyer in Suez. He is nearly sixty, so he has taken his pension. He gets twenty-five pounds [\$57.50] a month, and his wife still works for the Ministry of Education.

"But these are the privileged, the very privileged. The lower classes live very badly. They get two pounds a month [\$4.60]. Sometimes they live seven, eight, nine people in one room, in a very dirty place. And you have homosexuality, and young girls get pregnant. The people cannot get used to the peasant life because they are used to the sea. They like to eat fish and not what we eat. And they cannot find jobs. It is a very bad problem, but the government does not like to talk about it."

University students also pose a problem for Nasser's successors. Their restiveness, which has on occasion boiled over in demonstrations, is tame by Western standards. Egyptian youths may be unhappy, but they are not hippie. Long hair, beards, bohemian dress are virtually nonexistent. Friends told me there is only modest use of hashish, and limited stirrings of sexual promiscuity among university coeds.

The draft, though it reaches increasingly into the ranks of the educated middle class, is not controversial. A few families manage quietly to send sons to Canada to study. One hears murmurings about the length of service: if a man's skills are needed, he is in for the duration, however long that may be.

A minority of militants are impatient to settle the score with Israel. (One father confided that he was having trouble talking his nephew out of going off to fight with Palestinian commando groups who are trying to recruit among Egyptian university students.) But most young men accept conscription as a fact of life, once their deferments run out.

For Egyptian students, the primary problem is jobs. Many chafe at overcrowded classes or the prying eyes of intelligence agents spotted in their lecture halls. In private, some are critical of Nasser's successors, and a few will condemn the entire Nasserist system, especially the lack of political freedoms. But

what really grates on students year in and year out, and what has been the primary cause for the few student riots that have occurred since 1967, whatever the public rationale, is resentment that Egypt today does not offer its educated youth proper jobs.

Every year, Egyptian universities turn out about 50,000 graduates. There are only about 5000 meaningful jobs waiting for them, though they all are guaranteed work. The result is a swollen bureaucracy in government and industry, stultifying careers, and the relentless search for escape.

"The dream of 80 percent of the young students is to find work abroad," one university professor remarked. "This is the real danger. This is more dangerous for the government than Israeli occupation of Sinai.

"The weak ones cannot get out. The strong ones, who could help this country, will take a second-class job abroad rather than work to become an undersecretary to a minister here. Better pay, more psychic satisfaction, the feeling of being with the booming world, not with the underdeveloped world. Here, there is no expectation. The young get this static feeling: I will begin my career at seventy if I can hang on long enough, and I will end it at one hundred."

If his percentages are somewhat exaggerated, the gist of his comments are borne out by others. The government's starting pay for university graduates is eighteen pounds (\$41.40) a month, but many people spurn that. One typical young girl, an art major, preferred the pay (\$90 plus) and the social life of a hotel waitress. A young law graduate drove his own taxi and boasted of making \$20 a day.

Egyptian law forbids holding more than one job, but many people, young and old, do it to make ends meet. One enterprising young chemist makes ten times his government pay moonlighting as a drummer in a nightclub combo.

The real outlet, however, is living or working abroad. For years, the Nasser regime tried to restrict emigration, though it permitted a halfway house: educated Egyptians could accept contracts in Arab and African countries, provided they sent home part of their earnings. But underemployment became so severe that outright emigration for all but doctors and engineers is now sanctioned.

Canada and Australia get hundreds of immigrants each year. A smattering go to Europe. By far the most emigrate to the United States (10,000 apply a year, and about 2500 actually make it). "The young," commented an Egyptian working at the U.S. consulate, "want to go to the United States. They don't pick Germany or France. America attracts them. It hypnotizes them."

Egyptian attitudes toward the United States are a strange compound of love and hate, at least among the educated. Egyptians are quick to blame Washington for their political predicament, yet

they enjoy American movies, admire American technology, covet American goods, and receive American visitors warmly.

On a policy level, Egypt faces a dilemma. It depends on the Soviet Union for weaponry (a course settled in 1955 after the United States refused Nasser's request for American arms aid). Yet many in the government look to Washington as the only power capable of getting Israel to withdraw from captured Arab territory. Cairo's dilemma is that the closer it feels compelled to look to Moscow for military reasons, the more it alienates the United States politically.

I found numerous Egyptians, some of considerable influence, literally aching for American friendship and support for the Arabs. But they were offended that the United States had wanted Cairo to remove the missiles it had built up along the Suez Canal, regardless of whether the buildup violated terms of the standstill cease-fire in that zone.

"These are defensive missiles," a pro-American businessman bellowed at me in exasperation. "They are for defending our own territory against Israeli Phantoms. They are not for attacking Israel. You have given Israel the Phantoms to attack us. We are tired of the endless battle, and we want a settlement, but no Egyptian can think of pulling back the missiles. If the Americans do not understand that, they will push us more into the hands of the Russians."

Over scotch and soda in an elegant Cairo living room, a well-established lady voiced the hurt many Egyptians feel at what they take to be Washington's lack of interest in their fate. "You are letting yourselves be pushed out of the Middle East," she lamented. "Why don't you care? You have no policy except to parade the Sixth Fleet. The Soviets are not so clever. But they are patient. And they are here. And they help us."

A quantum change in the Soviet presence has taken place since the mid-sixties when the Russians were known primarily as the builders of the Aswan Dam. Each time Israel scored a victory or struck a big new blow, Soviet involvement in Egypt deepened. The first major change came after the stinging defeat of 1967 when the vast influx of Soviet weaponry, putting Egypt back on its feet, brought with it a sizable increase in Soviet military advisers. Egyptians date the next big influx to Israel's deep penetration raids a year ago. With reason, they argue that the Johnson Administration's decision to provide Israel with fifty Phantom jets gave Israel both the aircraft and the psychological encouragement for those offensive air strikes. The Soviet response (after a Russian general was reportedly killed in a raid at Helwan) was to provide Nasser with defense for his capital, and eventually for his eastern flank along the Suez Canal.

Now, there are 10,000 to 12,000 Soviet military advisers and technicians in Egypt. They are appreciated, but not loved. "We don't like foreigners in

our country," said an Egyptian official. "We swallowed the Russians because of the Israeli occupation of Sinai. It's a logical attitude, not an emotional one. The Russians don't endear themselves to our hearts. As individuals, Americans are liked much more. The common man likes their openness, their informality. But he knows the Russians are helping us, and we need help."

The Soviet advisers, civilian and military, are much less obtrusive than a similar number of Americans would be. One encounters small groups at the Egyptian Museum or in the Khan Khalili (the rambling Cairo bazaar that now languishes for lack of tourism), where they buy gold and silver trinkets. "That's their hard currency," one shopkeeper suggested impishly. The Russians have a reputation for hard bargaining and light tipping, but also for courtesy and knowledge of the Arabic tongue.

Egyptian friends report continuing frictions between their own army officers and Soviet advisers of the kind that plagues Americans in Vietnam. "The Russians are strict, and they want things done properly," said an Egyptian journalist. Then he smiled a confessional smile, "and you know, the Egyptians don't like discipline."

But there are contrary reports as well: that the army and air force officers admire Russian equipment and techniques, and that, during the heaviest Israeli bombardments last summer, the Egyptians and Russians developed a camaraderie under fire.

The irony for those Americans and Israelis who thought Nasser's departure would reduce Soviet influence is that most Cairenes expect that it will now increase. They feel that Nasser's successors are much weaker and much less able to stand up to Moscow than Nasser was. During the maneuvering after Nasser's death, the Soviets played their hand deftly. Many Egyptians expected them to push former Premier Ali Sabry, Moscow's most sympathetic friend among Cairo's top leaders, for the presidency. But evidently feeling, as many Egyptians felt, that Sabry's candidacy might provoke a popular backlash, especially among students who generally dislike him, the Soviets chose a more subtle course.

Their emphasis was on speed, continuity, solidarity—speed in settling the succession crisis; continuity for Nasser's policies; solidarity among his lieutenants. They wanted to keep the Army, with its bourgeois officers' corps, out of politics, and to build up the Arab Socialist Union, Egypt's one mass political movement. It is run largely by Sabry men, who dominate the left wing of Egyptian politics.

The regime which has emerged under Anwar Sadat does not project either strength or self-confidence. But it provided stability in the transitional period, and it turned back a surprising challenge to the whole Nasserist system of power by three of Nasser's oldest and once quite influential cronies, former Vice Presidents Zakaria Mohieddin, Abdel Latif Boghdadi, and Kamal Eddin Hussein. All had broken with Nasser

over the years, while Sadat, a loyal yes-man, hung on to the end.

Almost immediately after Nasser died, these three reportedly approached Sadat, then Acting President, with a plan for a provisional ruling collegium of Nasser's old senior associates (themselves included) leading to restoration of parliamentary democracy. They wanted a new constitution, new elections, a multiparty system, independent judiciary, and reduction of police state controls.

Though never made public, it was a program bound to appeal to segments of the middle class and students who complain about their political claustrophobia. To the men who inherited control when Nasser died, it was a clear menace, for it threatened their pyramid of power, the extensive security apparatus.

The man whose opposition counted most was Mohieddin, the most moderate and pro-Western of important Egyptian political figures. After the 1967 war he was Nasser's publicly announced replacement, though in 1968 he fell from grace and power. Nonetheless, he still commands support among the police, students, and the urban middle class.

Secret pollings of army sentiment right after Nasser's death by his close aides turned up substantial sentiment among army officers, especially colonels and majors, in favor of Mohieddin as President. But Sadat simply rejected the proposal of Mohieddin and Company, and General Mohammed Fawzi, the Defense Minister, lobbied among army officers in Sadat's behalf. Without any forceful attempt to rally support, Mohieddin withdrew to his village in the Nile Delta—some said, to bide his time.

Few Egyptians I encountered voiced any genuine enthusiasm for President Sadat and the political directorate that rules with him—the increasingly powerful Deputy Premier and Interior Minister Sharawi Goma, who runs the police; Sabry, now a Vice President and the most prestigious figure in the Arab Socialist Union; General Fawzi; and Sami Sharaf, who administered the presidential office for Nasser and now for Sadat, and operates a special presidential intelligence network.

These men hold the levers of power. Prime Minister Fawzi (no relative of the general) is a career diplomat in his seventies and serves at their pleasure. His selection symbolized the initial interest in pursuing a diplomatic approach to Israel among Nasser's successors. Sadat, at fifty-two the most senior of Nasser's old comrades-in-arms to remain in office, is the logical chairman of the board. But he is not a compelling figure in the Nasser mold. He heads a coalition in which power is diffuse rather than concentrated, as in Nasser's day.

The most crucial question facing the Sadat directorate is how long it can straddle the fence on the Israeli issue, for it appears to be too weak either to make significant compromises for

peace or to return to the policy of deliberate warfare.

The great unknown is the Army. It was purged more than once by Nasser since 1967, and its top slots are now filled by supposedly nonpolitical officers. Nonetheless, politicking (and arrests) continued even last summer. The Sadat group was concerned enough about the Army to put the armed forces on alert and schedule training exercises, a fairly standard procedure for preventing clandestine politics in the officers' ranks.

The military was most restive in recent years when Nasser was belaboring it, and dismissing or arresting officers for bad performance on the battlefield. The August 7 cease-fire brought relief from what one Egyptian general privately conceded were "very heavy" casualties during Israeli bombing raids along the Suez Canal last summer: about 5000 dead and wounded in the 100 days before the cease-fire. The buildup of the SAM-2 and SAM-3 installations along the Canal meanwhile helped improve military morale. Cairo newspapers proudly headlined Israel's charges in late October that the Soviets had provided Egypt with the world's most sophisticated air defenses, heady stuff for the battered Arab psyche.

The real test of army, as well as popular, support of the Sadat directorate is likely to come after several months, or a year, once the honeymoon period of "giving Sadat a chance" has run out.

Two issues could draw the Army forcefully into politics—the inability of civilian security services to maintain order (for example, in the face of student demonstrations or student-worker clashes, as occurred in 1968), or dissatisfaction with the Sadat group's handling of the Israeli issue. President Sadat and his aides have warned Americans that the Army cannot be forever restrained from battle unless negotiations with Israel show progress. Cairo proclaims its reluctance to prolong the cease-fire indefinitely for fear of legitimizing Israeli occupation of Sinai.

Yet there has been little indication that either the political leadership or the military high command is really eager to resume full-scale warfare across the canal. The Soviets presumably consider it too risky, too. The danger is that some local commander, anxious to demonstrate his militancy, or perhaps some new Nasser, eager to advance his political ambitions, may be tempted to launch a quick commando raid or an artillery barrage, or shoot down an Israeli reconnaissance plane. Once the cease-fire is shattered, fighting could escalate rapidly.

But the dominant mood I found among Egyptians was not militant, however insistent they were about regaining lost territory. After nearly two decades of Nasser's flaming pan-Arabism, his successors still pay it public lip service, to wit, the proposed federation with the Sudan and Libya. But this is a long-term, slow-moving project, and, in spite of it, one senses a widespread urge among Egyptians to turn inward.

"You must remember one thing," a friend told me in parting. "The great majority of Egyptians want a

settlement with Israel. They want peace. They are tired of this endless battle. They want it over. But understand this, too: they want Sinai back. They don't care so much about the Golan Heights, or the Syrians. They sense that Sinai is not a very big problem for the Israelis. And to Egypt, a settlement means getting Sinai back."

Support for the Palestinian cause is well nigh universal in Egypt, and Cairo could not contemplate a peace that did not give the Palestinians their due. Egyptian officials are hesitant to define precisely what that is. Nonetheless, there is outspoken opposition in Egypt to the Palestinian extremists' airplane hijackings, and more than a little sympathy for King

Hussein's refusal to permit the Palestinians to set up a state within a state in Jordan.

Probably the most profound, yet subtle, change that I sensed in Egypt was what seemed to be a genuine willingness to make peace with Israel. Before the 1967 war, even thoughtful and moderate Egyptians wanted to shut Israel out of their minds. The Arabs could not destroy it; they would acknowledge that much. But it was not to be accepted. This attitude has not softened as much as Israelis would like, but it has softened nonetheless. "If Israel wants peaceful coexistence with us without expansion," one government official remarked, "she can get it. We are ready for peaceful coexistence." □

WHAT NASSER DID

by Georgiana G. Stevens

The vast distance between Egypt in 1952 and now has come into focus with the death of Gamal Abdel Nasser. It is not a matter of new buildings and amenities. Disparities between poor and rich and between locals and foreigners have diminished visibly. No one calls Egyptians "wogs" anymore. The forced pace of modernization which the "revolution" set in motion makes Egypt the pacesetter and the clearinghouse for social and political ideas for its eastern and southern Arab neighbors.

Nasser's dream of Arab unity remained elusive. What he did achieve was a stronger sense of Arab community, with a habit of constant consultation which extends from North Africa to the Arabian Gulf. Arab labor leaders, students, welfare workers, teachers, and politicians converge on Cairo and draw on Egyptian institutions. Its four large universities are open to thousands of non-Egyptians from Kuwait to Gaza. Its Arab Petroleum Institute guides budding technicians from oil states. Its teacher-training institutes provide legions of graduates to teach abroad. The government-sponsored population-control program lends courage to other Arab govern-

ments with population problems. Egypt's computer centers set the pace too for others to follow in achieving its advanced technological standards.

This Egyptian leadership can be credited to the Nasser regime's attack on Levantine society and on the obscurantism of prerevolutionary Islam. The pragmatic, nonideological form of socialism which is evolving, and the attempt to break into the modern world through science, seem the most permanent legacies of the Nasser era. He was haunted by the technological lag in his country. In the last eleven years the government sent 6500 students abroad for advanced scientific training. Prime Minister Mahmoud Fawzi's first public statement on taking office in November echoed this need. "We are menaced by ignorance in a world where there is no dignity or power without scientific development . . . and no false pretensions of pride should close our eyes to this fact," he said in an interview with *Al Ahram*. Egypt faces a crisis in education, he went on. "Ultimately we shall be free from Israel's threat, and when we do that we will be facing up to a bigger threat—ignorance."

Dr. Fawzi was clearly talking about quality of education. Quantitatively the government made progress. In its first fifteen years 70 percent of school-age children began going to school. The number of students in technical schools grew from 21,000 in 1954 to 161,000 in 1968. By that time Egypt's student population added up to over 4 million. But it was just a beginning. In the same way, perhaps, that Sputnik woke up the United States to its educational deficiencies, Egypt's military defeats and its embarrassing dependence on the Soviet Union for military survival appear to have pointed up the same sort of need for educational reform.

Forty-five percent of Egypt's population is under sixteen. As its leadership looks ahead, it is obvious that the Wellsian race between education and catastrophe will be close. Already thousands of university graduates face unemployment. (See accompanying article.)

Overshadowing all these efforts and all future hopes is the long occupation of Sinai by Israeli forces. In economic terms alone the need to defend the country from Israel's overwhelming potential is diverting millions of pounds and much manpower. Four hundred and fifty thousand acres of land scheduled for reclamation is unavailable because of the Israeli occupation. Half a million evacuees from Canal cities are refugees in their own country. New oil discoveries in the western desert have more than made up for the temporary loss of wells in Sinai. Subsidies from Saudi Arabia, Libya, and Kuwait make up the \$300 million a year which Suez Canal tolls brought in.

Egypt's benefits from the completed Aswan High Dam also help. Perennial irrigation, made possible now, has already resulted in tripling rice production. Cotton crops are up 25 percent. The natural hot-house in the Nile Valley promises further increases. There are confident predictions by experienced outsiders that Egypt could feed itself within a decade. This could be accomplished by scientific methods of farming and by using the high-yield stocks of cereals, rice, and vegetables which have brought the famous green revolution in the Philippines.

The High Dam's greatest contribution to Egyptian progress may be its provision of cheap power. The power grid covers the entire country and assures adequate fuel for a large complex of industries just getting started. In the process Aswan has become a second and important industrial capital of the country. The ambitious planning for industries, which has been under way for fifteen years, has a chance of succeeding now that the power grid is ready. It is counted on to help solve the population problem by moving the growth rate for the country's economy up above the present 2.5 population growth rate.

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In the last three years Egypt's economy improved, but it has been hobbled by the exigencies of defense. It seems clear that this was one of the elements leading Nasser to try for a peace settlement with Israel. In spite of his talent for extravagant rhetoric he acted realistically in final issues affecting Egypt's internal welfare.

A second factor in his decision last summer was his ingrained resistance to foreign influence. He did not get the Western imperialists out in the fifties only to come under the domination of Moscow now. All through last year, when he must have realized his own physical powers were failing, he contrived to keep a back door open to the West.

The decision to accept Secretary of State Rogers' peace initiative came after he had faced the fact that his attempt to wear Israel down by a war of attrition was a failure. His aim was to prevent consolidation of the Israeli positions along the eastern banks of the Suez Canal. The Canal itself has a symbolic importance for Egyptians far beyond its tangible value. The war of attrition reached its fateful climax last winter when Israel demonstrated its newly acquired American Phantoms by bombing far inside Egypt. These attacks on Cairo and on industries drove Nasser to Moscow once more for help, putting him further at Russia's mercy. He secured the defenses needed for the canal zone and the cities, and then made one more appeal to the West. His May 1 speech carried a plea to President Nixon to take a stronger hand in guiding a political settlement along the lines laid down at the United Nations three years ago.

Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco's visit to Cairo and Jerusalem then took place, followed in June by public announcement of the Rogers peace initiative. By this time it had become clear in Washington that Israel was militarily secure and that U. S. interests were not served by exclusive attention to Israel's political aims.

The Arab reaction to the Rogers effort was so responsive that it seemed to signal an era of negotiation. Nasser took issue with the Arab extremists' position on Israel; he made the moderates see that compromise was essential, and he received many assurances of support from Palestinians, particularly those in occupied territories. He found that among them the majority is on the side of a fair peace. He deplored the tactics of the hijackers and the extremists in Jordan. He hoped to see the moderate resistance under Fatah become a political force which could speak for Palestinians. He was on their side, but he had swallowed the fact that Israel exists and must be recognized.

After agreeing to try a cease-fire, Nasser received a written promise from Washington stating that no new arms would be granted to Israel while talks were in progress. He did not accept the date of the cease-fire because it was moved up at Israeli insistence while Russian missiles were in transit to

Egyptian positions west of the Canal. The full story of the maneuvers on all sides in the affair is yet to be told, but some elements of it are known.

The Egyptian position following Nasser's death was that the missiles were defensive, with a range of only twenty miles; that they did not threaten Israeli frontiers 125 miles away from the canal; and that they were in place before the original date fixed for the cease-fire. Egypt still hoped to resume talks through Dr. Gunnar Jarring. It had taken a big step toward compromise. The government was ready to recognize Israel and to open Egyptian waterways to Israeli ships once Israel began to evacuate Arab territory. At the UN in October, Egypt asked why Israel had broken off talks with Jordan in the interim, since no new threat had arisen there.

Through all of this Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad and UN Ambassador Mohammed H. El Zayyat stressed that they were carrying forward a policy designed by Nasser. He had made it immensely easier for them by laying down the policy and taking the brunt of the first negative reactions. He had felt free to do this without open agreement with Syria and Iraq, whose leaders had talked of a great offensive against Israel, but avoided any fighting. He had King Hussein's cooperation, but time was running out on his effort to head off a general Palestinian insurrection against all Arab government; some progress had to be made toward ending the Israeli occupation. He had in fact literally died after a final exertion to stop the Arab fighting in Jordan.

Given this mandate by their leader, Nasser's successors were able to accept the cease-fire extension. They maintain it is their last cease-fire, and assert their right to defend the Canal and reclaim Sinai if diplomacy fails. They await new initiatives from the other side.

The most interesting suggestion for a new approach came from General Moshe Dayan, who hinted that a different sort of framework for peace in Sinai may be possible. This idea, supported in some Israeli papers, seems to fit into a revived interest on many sides in seeing the Suez Canal reopened. It is no longer true that its reopening would help the Soviet Union more than the United States. Changing energy demands in the West, and the cost and ecological hazards of supertankers, are making Suez seem more important again to world shipping. For Europe alone the cost of the Canal's closure can be measured at an extra \$600 million annually owing

to increased tanker rates for the Cape route, and post-1967 price rises for oil.

Egypt's normal losses of revenue from the canal have been made up by Arab subsidies. The Communist bloc has not suffered financially from its closure. Shipowning states in Scandinavia and Greece have benefited. Israel too has gained some \$30 million from tolls on its oil line from Eilat to the Mediterranean. In any reopening of the canal Israel will gain from use of it for shipping, but it may lose pipeline profits.

Egyptian plans for dredging the canal and deepening it have been under discussion with foreign businessmen and bankers for some time. The size and scope of the job would rival that of building the High Dam. If large cargo carriers can find it worthwhile to help with the financing, international interest in it would ease the current impasse. Reopening the canal would, in short, benefit all sides financially. Politically it would mean immediate de-escalation in Sinai without loss of face for either contender. Prime Minister Fawzi's diplomatic skill, evident at the time of the Suez crisis in 1956, could help ease the stalemate now. The changed attitude among American businessmen should at the least prevent another long political struggle over the Canal.

Gamal Abdel Nasser's place in history is assured. He outlasted and outclassed such third world pretenders as Sukarno and Nkrumah. His genuine patriotism, austerity, guile, and thirst for knowledge distinguished him. He shared the ambivalent attitude of many Eastern leaders about the West, an attitude compounded of curiosity, wistful admiration, and resistance to "neo-colonialism." He satisfied his curiosity about the West by reading, and to speed the process he had his own selections of books in English translated into Arabic and condensed to save time. The youth who gained ideas of revolt against tyranny from reading library copies of Rousseau and Voltaire had also learned from *The Tale of Two Cities* that bloodshed and violence lead only to further violence. Later he read the books about Egypt which flooded the Western market in the fifties and sixties: those by Tom Little, Jean and Simonne Lacouture, John Badeau, Wilton Wynn, and Peter Mansfield.

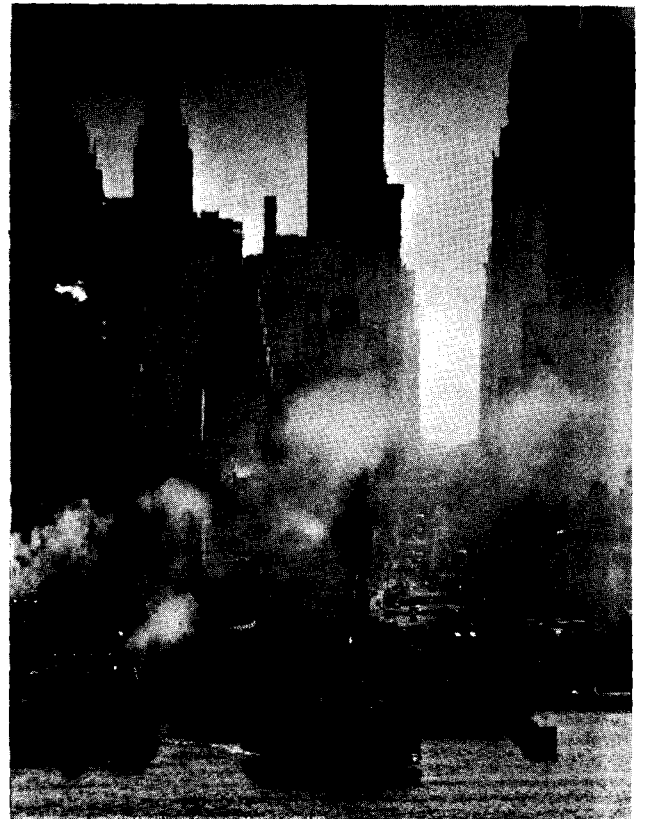
Nasser's friend Hassanein Heikal has resigned his job as Minister of Guidance to remain editor of *Al Ahram*, and to write the chronicle of his great confidant and of the revolution. It cannot fail to be the story of not only a hero and a patriot, but a man of his time and people to the last. □

N. Y., N. Y., 1970

Three Poems by L. E. Sissman

I. Cock Robbins Opens in New York

Cock Robbins opens in New York: an amp
Big as the Empire State and a reverb
Vast as an echo up the Hudson make
Him and his downy nestlings known, if non-
Grata, to citizens who swarm and hive
In marble halls beclouded by the fads
Of our days, stammered, tense, sensational,
Chameleonic, inescapable.
These ruffian boys late out of Eastcheap, in
Buffoonish finery, dundrearies, grins
That mock our laws of gravity, repeal
The compacts that compound our commonweal,
Try our rough justice and convict it of
Malfeasance, beat on every town-house door
In inquisition on our small hours, prove
Our age and majesty a legal fraud,
Pull down our high estate and kid our god,
Commence to play on the great stage of our
Most ornate music hall. The young arise
By rote with indiscriminating cries
To greet them; we retain our costly seats
And look on, exiled, as the music beats
Its way into our hearts, and the loud words
Reduce us to the pygmy status of
Outlanders in the land we sprang out of,
Unearthly excommunicants of love.



II. First N. Y. Showing

Think of those homosexuals at the Park-Bryant, think of them
At the All-Male Film Festival, Continuous 9:45 A.M.
To Midnite. Think of them in a transport of being received
By their kith, their kind, in being invited to
A show of their own, a show of their flag; of being deceived
By the tempter, the pander, the spectacled speculant who
Bids on, at lost-property auctions, the shape of their self—
Their only shape, really, preoccupation with self—
In brown-paper wrappings and ticketed, there on that shelf.

III. Lieder Eines Fahrenden Gesellen

Jesus, is Schimmer a flaky son of a bitch.
Listen what happened Friday. This is rich.
Friday he threw a party in his pent-
House. East End Avenue. Invitations went
Out one month early. All embossed, addressed
By secretaries, with—get this—a crest—
His monogram, for Christ's sake—on the flap.
Maida and I, we put on all this crap—
A costume party, *you* know. I was Gen-
Ghis Khan, she was the fair Maid Marian
In a green doublet slashed right down the front.
You should of seen it. Anyway, we went.
Got there right on the tick. Big hullabaloo
Already under way. Celebs. Champagne.
An eight-piece folk-rock combo. At least two
Bars in each room, pouring booze like rain.
And right in the sunken conversation pit
In the living room, there was this thing, floodlit
From up above: a funk-art statue of
A cop in a crash hat, standing above
A dead kid tangled in his motorbike,
All one side blood. I never seen the like,
It was so real. So still. It shook us up.
But we got over it and had a cup
Of Schimmer's punch and looked at his Jim Dines.
All of a sudden hell broke loose. At nine,
The dead-kid statue suddenly stood up,
Climbed on his bike and started it. The cop
Whipped out his gun and fired it as the kid
Took off out through the foyer. Panic! Did
That party ever come to a sudden stop!
Of course, it was a put-on. Schimmer hired
A couple actors. The bullets the cop fired
Were blanks. The blood was phony, too. What some
Wise bastards won't do just to have some fun.



WHO IS MAD? WHO IS SANE?

R. D. Laing: In search of a new psychiatry

by James S. Gordon

“To increasing numbers of readers—psychiatrists as well as patients; political activists and dropouts; the hardly literate, searching young; as well as middle-class artists and intellectuals—R. D. Laing is the guide who most clearly elucidates the disordered surfaces and depths of their own lives.”

In a working-class area of London's East End, near where the River Lem flows over marshes, past the gasworks, and into the Thames, stands a three-story, sixty-year-old, dusty brick building called Kingsley Hall. Nearby are dismal rows of modern apartments. The rest of the neighborhood is composed of Victorian homes, converted to multiple dwellings. A few blocks away are pubs, grocery stores, and other shops. Across the street from the Hall, which stands alone, is a small open space.

Sixty years ago, two wealthy spinster sisters with social-work inclinations established Kingsley Hall as a settlement house. In time, the sisters died and left the building to a foundation, the Kingsley Hall Association. Over the years the building served as a center for social, religious, and pacifist activities in the East End.

In 1931, while he negotiated India's fate with Britain, Mahatma Gandhi slept on a straw mat in one of the tiny cells on the roof of the building. He kept a goat in his room and milked it for food. Cabinet ministers, puzzled by his choice of location, came there to talk with him. On the wall outside Kingsley Hall, a blue and white plaque commemorates Gandhi's visit.

In 1965 the building was leased to the Philadelphia Association (Philadelphia means, literally, “brotherly love”), a group of Londoners, headed by the Glasgow-born psychiatrist Ronald D. Laing, who are dedicated to “relieving” and investigating “mental illness of all descriptions.” Though the lease ended last May, the consequences of the Philadelphia Association's five-year tenure could be as important for the therapy of schizophrenia, indeed for our conceptions of sanity and madness, as Gandhi's visit was for the future of India.

In January, 1970, I went to London to visit Kingsley Hall and to speak with R. D. Laing and some of his co-workers. I had just been appointed a chief resident (administrator, and instructor of doctors and medical students taking psychiatric training) on a psychiatric ward in New York, and it seemed to be the time to take a trip that had been brewing in me for four years, since I had read Laing's first book, *The Divided Self*.

Four years ago, although he had already written several books, Laing's name was known only to a small number of people who were interested in existential psychiatry and the phenomenology of schizophrenia. It was only with the publication of *The Politics of Experience* in 1967 that he began to be regarded as a major cultural and social critic. Like Norman O. Brown and Herbert Marcuse, he drew on psychoanalytic insights to make a radical critique of Western society. But where Marcuse and Brown are theoretical and speak in generalities, Laing is immediate and personal. He speaks directly from his own experience to that of his readers. He speaks both as a therapist with “mad” patients and as a man groping for sanity in a mad world.

In *The Politics of Experience* the reader is constantly made aware of Laing's own uncertainties.

Illuminations are shadowed by doubt. The book begins by questioning its own existence: "Few books today are forgivable. Black on canvas, silence on the screen, an empty white sheet of paper, are perhaps feasible." After seven chapters which attempt to lay bare the truth of the madman's delusions and the delusions at the heart of accepted truths, the book ends with a series of Blake-like images which Laing calls "The Bird of Paradise." The last incantatory words of this section are as ironic as they are fitting: "If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you I would let you know." Analytic conclusions are embedded in the ambiguous, tortured process of discovery.

In *The Divided Self* Laing observed that "Freud was a hero who descended to the 'Underworld' and met there stark terrors." But, he continues, Freud "carried with him his theory as a Medusa's head which turned these terrors to stone." Laing has set himself the task of "surviving without using a theory that is in some measure an instrument of defense." To increasing numbers of readers—psychiatrists as well as patients; political activists and dropouts; the hardly literate, searching young; as well as middle-class artists and intellectuals—Laing is the guide who most clearly elucidates the disordered surfaces and depths of their own lives.

During my own psychiatric training, I was deeply dissatisfied with the theoretical models psychiatrists applied to their patients and appalled by the supposedly therapeutic techniques that these models dictated or permitted. I was also disturbed by the hospital psychiatrist's institutionalized position as the guardian and enforcer of received social values. In *The Divided Self*, I found a perspective which helped me to understand and experience my patients directly, without the distorting prism of diagnostic classification. In Laing's later works, I began to perceive the outlines of a new, broader conception of sanity and madness and of the role of the psychiatrist. In these books he had begun to examine the familial and societal conditions which produced mental patients. He had come to see individual madness as the distorted reflection of a pervasive social and political madness, of which psychiatry was itself a part. He felt that only through a re-evaluation of our socially and institutionally defined ideas about sanity and madness could he arrive at any conception of true sanity, any true therapy for madness. Only in a new setting, where all previous definitions and roles could be called into question, could this re-evaluation proceed. At Kingsley Hall, for five years, he and his co-workers, together with a number of people who had been "mental patients," were embarked on this venture. I hoped that what

they had learned there could guide me in my own undertaking.

In order to understand the originality and significance of what happened at Kingsley Hall, it is necessary first to present some of the more traditional ideas about madness and its treatment, and the critique that Laing makes of them.

There have always, and in all cultures, been some people whose behavior was regarded by others as different and unusual. But these people, however deviant or "mad," were not always thought to be "sick." It is only during the last two centuries, in Western Europe and America, that the madman—no longer considered as possessed or saintly, annoying or amusing—has come to be seen primarily as sick.

The reasons why madness came to be regarded as a disease are complicated. Thomas Szasz, an American psychiatrist, points to the fact that in the industrial era the traditional Christian categories of sin and salvation were displaced by the scientific-medical ones of disease and health.

Advances in pathology in the nineteenth century did indeed show a relationship between some mad behavior and damage to the brain. Neurosyphilis, chronic alcoholism, and arteriosclerosis all caused people to speak and behave in a mad fashion, and all produced identifiable pathologic lesions. But the brains of people with the most prevalent form of modern madness, schizophrenia (by conservative estimates one to two percent of all Americans will be diagnosed as schizophrenic at some point during their lifetime), show no pathologic lesions. Nor, at this time, has any genetic defect or biochemical abnormality been conclusively demonstrated in their bodies. Nevertheless, psychiatrists treat people who act and speak strangely as if they were diseased. And they look for the signs and symptoms of schizophrenia just as a specialist in internal medicine searches for sugar in the urine of a suspected diabetic.

Madness is a personal experience and social fact. Schizophrenia is a medical artifact. But the assumption that schizophrenia is a disease dictates that physicians declare who has it, and care for those so diagnosed. It provides the rationale for trying to cure the schizophrenic by the medical means of tranquilizers and electroshock therapy and, with fortunately diminishing frequency, surgical intervention in the form of a lobotomy.

The creation of mental hospitals institutionalized this convergence of social fact and medical artifact. In *Madness and Civilization*, French historian of culture Michel Foucault points out that with the decline of leprosy at the end of the Middle Ages, madmen took the place of lepers as social scapegoats. During the Renaissance, madmen were expelled from their native cities and confined to boats, the "ships

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of fools." These ships served to isolate and exclude the socially disruptive and sometimes frightening madman from his fellow citizens. At present, within a medical framework, mental hospitals serve the same function. One half of all the hospital beds in America are in mental hospitals, and more than one half of these beds are occupied by diagnosed schizophrenics.

Medical students and young physicians who are beginning training in psychiatry are taught to classify their most bizarre patients according to categories which owe their origin to a late-nineteenth-century German psychiatrist, Emil Kraepelin. Kraepelin adopted his French contemporary Morel's term "*Démence précoce*" ("precocious or early insanity") and placed under this rubric, catatonic, hebephrenic, and paranoid psychoses. In his discussion he emphasized the onset of these conditions in young people and their usual progression to a state of mental deterioration.

In 1911, the Swiss psychiatrist Eugen Bleuler, emphasizing the patient's state of mind rather than the outcome of his disease, coined the term schizophrenia ("split-mind" or "split-soul"). Bleuler outlined what he called the primary and secondary symptoms of schizophrenia. The primary symptoms include the "4 A's" that still form the basis for first lectures on schizophrenia: distortions of Affect (for example, the patient is laughing when the situation should call for crying); loose Associations (use of words and phrases which do not seem to connect with one another); Ambivalence (a constant uncertainty or changing of mind); and Autism (an apparent preoccupation with internal concerns and a lack of relatedness to the environment). Secondary symptoms, often quite obvious and bizarre, but not essential to the diagnosis, include hallucinations, negativism, delusions, and stupor.

The psychiatrist's initial task involves observing or elucidating these symptoms in a patient and coming to a diagnosis. And a considerable amount of time and energy is devoted to perfecting one's ability in this process. In *The Divided Self*, Laing points out the wrongheadedness of this enterprise. He tries to show how the medical model, with its assumption of the doctor's scientific objectivity, prevents rather than facilitates his understanding of the patient.

Laing sees rigid diagnostic and psychodynamic ways of regarding people as a perpetuation, through the verbal and conceptual means of psychiatry, of the same dehumanizing attitudes which precipitated their emotional dilemmas. He points out that the language of psychiatric description is a "vocabulary of denigration." People who behave and speak in ways the psychiatrist cannot understand are said to be "maladaptive," "out of contact with reality," "lacking in insight." The psychiatrist sees the patient through a filter of diagnostic criteria which do violence to a two-sided interpersonal situation. The

patient is reduced to an organism to be dissected, the psychiatrist to a judgmental anatomist. Bleuler, Laing reminds his reader, stated that "when all is said and done [his patients] were stranger to him than the birds in his garden."

Laing demonstrates the classical clinical psychiatric attitude in his discussions of an interview of Kraepelin's with a boy who would be diagnosed as schizophrenic:

The patient I will show today has almost to be carried into the room . . . [he] sits with his eyes shut and pays no attention to his surroundings. He does not look up even when he is spoken to, but answers beginning in a low tone, and gradually becoming louder and louder. When asked where he is, he says, "You want to know that too? I tell you who is being measured and is measured and shall be measured. I know all that, and could tell you, but I do not want to." When asked his name, he screams, "What is your name? What does he shut? He shuts his eyes. What does he hear? He does not understand; he understands not. How? Who? Where? When? What does he mean? When I tell him to look he does not look properly. You there, just look!"

Kraepelin notes the young man's "inaccessibility" and asserts that his talk was "only a series of unconnected sentences having no relation whatever to the general situation." From Kraepelin's point of view the young man exhibits the "signs of catatonic excitement." (Post-Bleulerian psychiatrists might note inappropriate affect, autism, loose associations, negativism, and perhaps auditory hallucinations.) But Laing suggests that from the young man's perspective, his words are perhaps a "dialogue between his own parodied version of Kraepelin and his own defiant rebelling self." Laing concludes: "What is the boy's experience of Kraepelin? He seems to be tormented and desperate. What is he about in speaking and acting this way? He is objecting to being measured and tested, he wants to be heard." The situation, it seems, has two sides. Kraepelin wants information, the boy wants understanding. They operate at cross-purposes, and potential communication is ruptured.

Freud, who created psychoanalysis, emphasized the necessity for the psychiatrist to understand his patient's experience of the world. Through the medium of free associations the analyst could gain access to the hidden, unconscious parts of his patients' minds. Once brought to light, unconscious conflicts could come under the influence of conscious directive activity. But Freud felt his techniques were not applicable to the treatment of psychotic patients (schizophrenia is the major psychosis). He thought these patients too absorbed in the inner workings of their minds—too narcissistic—to establish a working relationship with a therapist.

In the 1920s, however, a group of American psychiatrists, including William Alanson White and Harry Stack Sullivan, undertook the psychoanalyti-

cally oriented treatment of schizophrenic patients. Sullivan saw his patients' apparently strange speech and behavior not as the signs and symptoms of a disease, but as evidence of "difficulties in living." He felt that the schizophrenic, in the context of a warm interpersonal relationship with a therapist, could come to understand these difficulties. Both he and his followers, including Frieda Fromm-Reichman (the psychiatrist in Hannah Green's celebrated autobiographical novel *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*), Harold Searles, and Otto Will, have emphasized the two-sidedness of the therapeutic encounter. And they were willing to admit, as the medically oriented psychiatric establishment often is

R. D. Laing's most recent book, *Knots* (Pantheon, \$3.95), has just been published in America. It presents in condensed, poetic fashion what Laing calls "some of the tortuosities of human interactions." In his introduction, Laing describes his new work this way: "The patterns delineated here have not yet been classified by a Linnaeus of human bondage. They are all, perhaps, strangely, familiar. I have confined myself to laying out only some of those I actually have seen. Words that come to mind to name them are: knots, tangles, fankles, *impasses*, disjunctions, whirligogs, binds. I could have remained closer to the 'raw' data in which these patterns appear. I could have distilled them further towards an abstract logico-mathematical calculus. . . ."

One of Laing's "knots" appears below; others appear on pages 60 and 65. JSG

Jack knows he does not know.

Jill thinks she knows what Jack does not know, but she does not know he does not know it.

Jack does not know

Jill does not know he does not know, and thinks she knows what he knows he doesn't.

Jack believes Jill.

Jack now does not know he does not know.

One happy ending.

Jack thinks Jack sees what he does not,* and that Jill sees what she does not see.

Jill believes Jack.

She now thinks she sees what Jack thinks Jack sees and that Jack sees it too.

They may now both be completely wrong.

* This is ambiguous. Jack thinks he is seeing an illusion; is he right or wrong? Jack thinks he is not under an illusion. Is he right or wrong? Try it anyway.

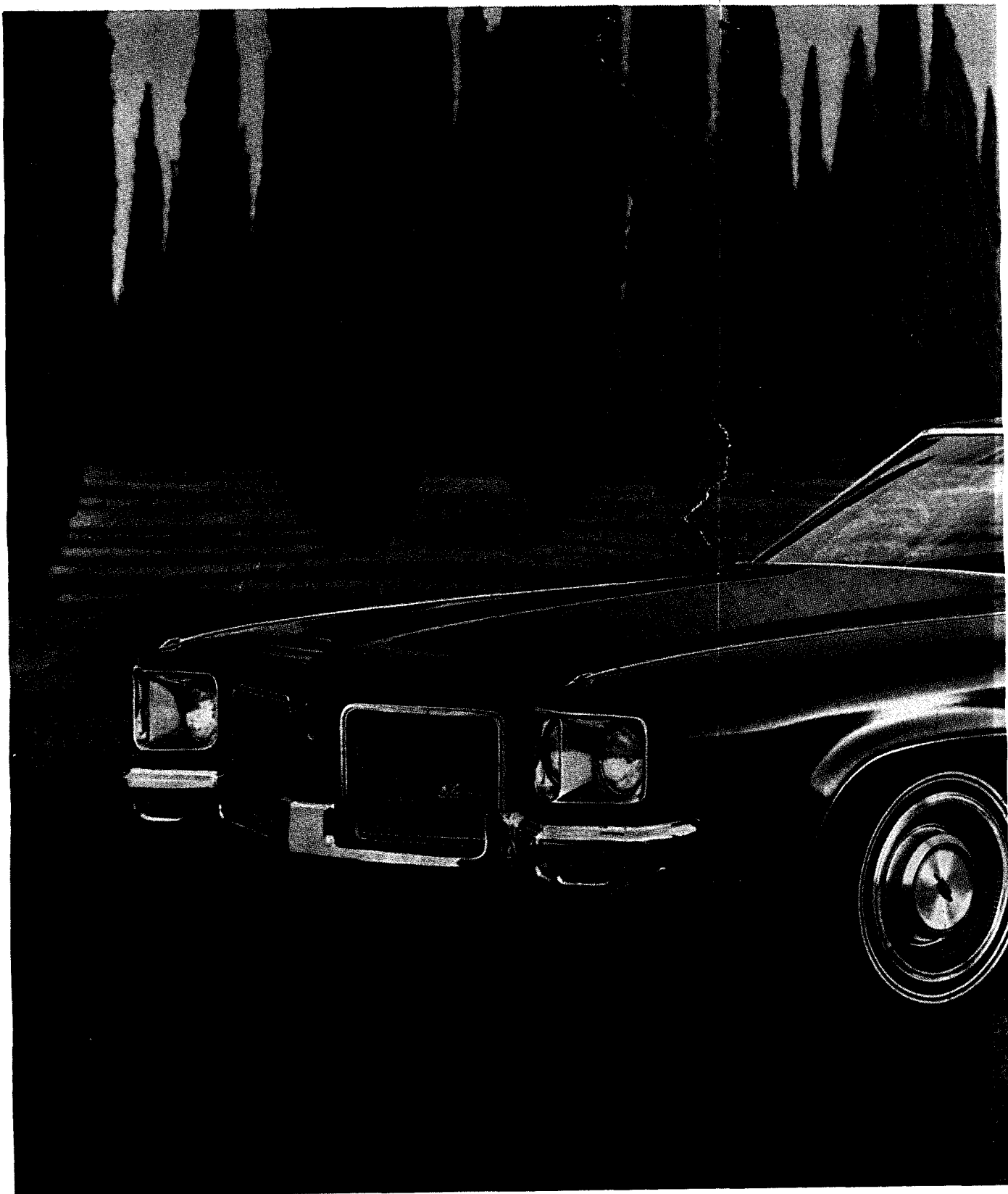
not, that valid insight and experience are not merely the property of the psychiatrist. Fromm-Reichman observed that "mentally disturbed persons who have withdrawn from their environment are refreshingly intolerant of all kinds of cultural compromises. Hence they inevitably hold the mirror of the hypocritical aspects of the culture in front of society."

The mental hospitals I have worked in, as medical student, intern, and psychiatric resident, have had special teaching wards which are among the most "advanced" in this country. Patients received intensive individual therapy, and a great deal of lip service was paid to "understanding" them. At the same time, therapists were told that they really knew better than their patients what was good for the latter. We exercised a power over their daily lives and their thoughts which seemed to contradict our attempts to understand them and win their confidence. We were told not to argue with a patient's hallucinations or delusions. But at the same time, our superiors and ward staff insisted that we give patients tranquilizers to make these symptoms go away. If a patient felt he wanted to leave the hospital, it was up to us to decide whether or not he was ready. If he was speaking or acting bizarrely, we had the power to keep him from leaving. We could lock the ward door, put the patient in a seclusion room, or deprive him of his clothes—all this in his own best interest.

If at any point I resisted using these sanctions, I was told that I was depriving my patients of the best possible care: "Patients need controls"; "Medication improves thought disorders"; "They'll never get better if you don't set limits." I found myself feeling guilty for going along with these measures. And I felt guilty, or at least beleaguered by a frightened and angry ward staff, when I refused.

Under less auspicious circumstances, those that most people who are hospitalized are subjected to, the experience is a disaster from beginning to end. The institutional drama of degradation and misunderstanding often starts in a city hospital emergency room. For example: a man comes in, pursued, as he believes, by demons. A psychiatric resident takes a history from whoever brought him in, the police or perhaps his family, listens politely to the man, and, unable to grasp much of what he is saying, begins to examine his "mental status." To determine whether or not he is "schizophrenic," he is asked to interpret proverbs and to subtract seven from one hundred, and seven from that, and so on. If his thinking is "concrete"—as opposed to abstract—if in the psychiatrist's opinion his affect is "inappropriate" and his associations are loose, he is schizophrenic. The man is terrified, and he is injected with a numbing tranquilizer, deprived of his clothes, and hustled off to a locked ward.

The next morning, in a room with other people



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present, a ward doctor sees the man for ten or fifteen minutes. The doctor asks him a few questions—when were you last in the hospital? are you suicidal? homicidal? do you hear voices? do you think people are after you? is there anyone at home to take care of you?—and dismisses him. The doctor prescribes more medication. For the next few days the man, treated perfunctorily and often condescendingly by the nurses and attendants, wanders around an overcrowded ward in a daze. If at the end of this time he is acting more “normal,” he will probably be sent back to the family which a week before hospitalized him. If not, commitment proceedings will be instituted, and he will be sent to a state hospital.

Laing’s approach to people that psychiatrists describe as schizophrenic presents an important alternative. Drawing on an existential-phenomenological as well as a psychoanalytic framework, he views madness not as a disease to be cured, but as the breakdown of a precariously maintained split between an outer false self and an inner true self. This split and these terms reflect the patient’s own way of experiencing himself, rather than the psychiatrist’s attempts at classification.

In the “sane, schizoid state,” writes Laing, a false outer self has arisen “in compliance with the intentions and expectations of the other or with what one imagines to be the other’s intentions and expectations.” That state is grounded in the body and manifest in action and social intercourse. But the inner, true self feels the perceptions and manifestations of this socially adjusted, outwardly visible, false self to be unreal, alien, and meaningless. The true self, fearful and detached, has retreated from the consequences of being embodied and responsible. It is preoccupied with observation and fantasy, a last refuge of hopes, love, anger, and despair. From a position “transcendent and unembodied” the true self views the behavior of the false self. Terrified of participation in actions that seem like betrayals, the true self gradually becomes more and more isolated from the outer world, which could, potentially, infuse it with life.

Originally, the split arose as a consequence of intolerably conflicted and confusing life situations. It was a means of preserving oneself from the ravages of others, and from the unacceptable reactions they provoked. For instance, a two-year-old who withholds his feces is given frequent and painful enemas by a mother to whom he looks for love and sustenance. The boy gradually detaches himself from the bodily pain and emotional confusion which these assaults provoke. He gives his body up to the mother; he represses the anger which his mother has punished or ignored. Now the mother is violating *only* the child’s body, removing *only* feces; the child’s feelings of anger and resentment, his disappointment at the mother’s hurtfulness, are no longer manifest.

This kind of interaction, repeated innumerable times and in a variety of situations, gives rise to a more or less stable split between outer and inner, false and true self. The child grows into an adult who sees the outer world of his body and other people as necessary but threatening. He relates to it in ways that appear acceptable, but all the while maintains himself aloof from his relatedness. In later life his existential truth may be that he is not having intercourse with another person, even while his body goes through the motions. He is not feeling friendly even though he is smiling.

Laing feels that “what is called psychosis (an acute schizophrenic episode—‘a nervous breakdown’) is sometimes simply the sudden removal of the veil of the false self which had been serving to maintain an outer behavioral normality that may long ago have failed to be any reflection of the state of affairs in the secret self. Then the self [will] pour out accusations of persecution [the observed, though often disguised and distorted, paranoid ideas] at the hands of the person with whom the false self has been complying for years.”

Viewed from this perspective, treatment by tranquilizers, ward restrictions, and “controls” represents an attempt to restore the split between true and false selves, to produce outward compliance and deny the validity and acceptability of the inner self’s accusations and aspirations. In psychiatric jargon, one hopes for “a restoration of the pre-morbid personality.”

Laing, on the other hand, feels the psychotic episode may present an opportunity for a person to begin to heal the division into true and false selves which has deformed his life. Therapy involves encouraging and guiding the person in the exploration of the “inner time and space” into which psychosis has plunged him: “In this journey there are many occasions to lose one’s way, for confusion, partial failure, even final shipwreck; many terrors, demons to be encountered, that may not be overcome. . . . There are very few of us who know the territory in which he is lost, who know how to reach him, and how to find the way back.”

In a paper entitled “Metanoia: Some Experiences at Kingsley Hall” (metanoia is, literally, change of mind), Laing lays the intellectual groundwork for his therapeutic venture:

The setting of a psychiatric clinic and mental hospital promotes in staff and patients the set best designed to turn the metanoiac voyage from a voyage of discovery into self of a potentially revolutionary nature into a catastrophe; into a pathological process from which the person requires to be cured. We asked what could happen if we began by changing our set and setting, to regard what was happening as a potential healing process through which the person may be guided and during which he is guarded.

At Kingsley Hall he and his co-workers “changed

the paradigm: someone is involved in a desperate strategy of liberation within the micro-social situation in which he finds himself. We try to follow the movement of what is called 'an acute schizophrenic episode' instead of arresting it."

A brochure put out by the Philadelphia Association describes some of the features of Kingsley Hall and presents statistics. The reference point is the traditional mental hospital. The statistics represent an attempt to demonstrate the therapeutic success, even in traditional terms, of Kingsley Hall:

At Kingsley Hall everyone's actions could be challenged by anyone.

With no staff and no patients—with the ultimate breakdown of the binary role system of the institution—no resident has been given by any other resident any tranquilizers or sedatives. Experience and behavior which could not be tolerated in most families or psychiatric institutions made heavy but finally tolerable demands on the community.

Members of households [there were several other small communities similar to Kingsley Hall which the Philadelphia Association established in London] determined the structure of their days. The context they thus establish fits their experience rather than that of a superimposed "ideal," and results eventually in people going into society at large. Members of households get up or stay in bed as they wish, eat what they want when they want, stay alone or be with others and generally make their own rules. **DESPITE GLOOMY PREDICTIONS** there have been no suicides to date. [When Kingsley Hall closed there still had been no suicides.] Kingsley Hall accommodates 14 people. From June 1965 to November 30, 1968 104 people have stayed there.

About 85 percent of the residents were between twenty and forty years old, and about two thirds were men. Sixty-five out of the 104 people were classified as patients. More than half of them had been previously hospitalized. Three quarters of all the "patients" who lived there had been diagnosed as schizophrenic. Only nine of the sixty-five have been hospitalized since leaving Kingsley Hall.

But the quality of the lived experience at Kingsley Hall cannot be measured by statistics. Kingsley Hall provided troubled people with an alternative to hospitalization, an opportunity to live and grow through their madness. It was a place for "doctors" and "patients" to shed their restrictive roles and help and learn from one another immediately, without the distorting mediation of a hierarchical medical structure, without coercion. It was a place where people could simply be. It was simultaneously an experiment in psychotherapy and an attempt at communal living.

Going to London was a pilgrimage for me, but one fraught with anxiety and uncertainty. If Laing did not in some way live up

to the profoundly sympathetic voice of his books, if Kingsley Hall were not somehow successful, I felt that the source of much of my own conviction would disappear.

I had written to Laing several weeks before going to England, had told him how important his books were to me, and asked if I could speak with him and visit Kingsley Hall. But I left for London without having received a reply.

It was more than a week before I actually got to Kingsley Hall. To some degree this was because many of the people who lived there had grown tired of having visitors. It was their home, and they had begun to resent the succession of reporters, psychiatrists, and curiosity seekers who wanted to visit.

When I first telephoned I was told that I couldn't possibly understand what the place was about in two weeks. My telling the man at the other end of the phone that I wanted to set up a similar community in an American hospital didn't excite him. He thought that my effort, like that of Laing's colleague David Cooper, who had tried to restructure a mental hospital ward in England, would be doomed. He didn't tell me to come or stay away, just to "keep trying." "Perhaps someone else will invite you." Then I called Laing's office and discovered that I already had an appointment to see him.

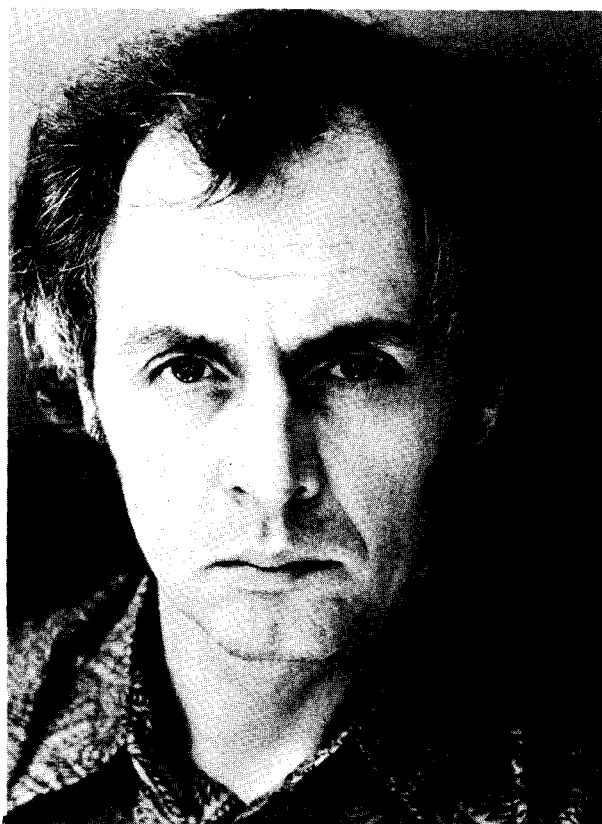
I had heard disturbing rumors about Laing, that he was periodically admitting himself to the mental hospitals that he publicly attacked; that he was likely to be abrupt and inconsiderate, perhaps sloppy drunk. A woman who had met him described him as frightening, "demonic." An American psychoanalyst who knew him fairly well felt that he was a charming man, perhaps the most original and creative psychiatric thinker since Freud. But another, who had met him at the same time, called him "a brilliant and seductive paranoid schizophrenic."

My first surprise was his office. It was in a town house not far from Harley Street, where many of London's rich and fashionable specialists have theirs. It's hard to say what I expected, perhaps an ornate but seedy mansion on a deserted street. Nothing so ordinary and solid. His name, together with several other physicians', was on the door, engraved on a brass plate.

A secretary answered my ring, and showed me into a waiting room on the ground floor. I sat in a straight-backed Victorian chair facing an electric heater that glowed in the fireplace. Across from me an attractive blond girl was reading a fashion magazine.

After a few minutes, R. D. Laing appeared in the doorway. He greeted me, shook hands, and led the way, three steps at a time, up two long winding flights.

Laing's consultation room has none of the studied elegance with which most analysts surround themselves. It is simple, bare, functional. Two well-stuffed armchairs with end tables face each other across



R. D. Laing

several feet of space. On one long wall there is a daybed with a drab spread. On the other, bookshelves with a few dozen titles. I noticed Erik Erikson's book on Gandhi and foreign-language translations of Laing's own books. There is an uncluttered desk near the windows, a hot plate in one corner.

Laing sat back in his chair, crossed his legs, and waited. In his dress there was a kind of careless sobriety: a dark jacket and pants which seemed just to miss matching, a black turtleneck shirt, and scuffed black loafers. In contrast, his face was pale, handsome, rugged, dominated by a high broad forehead; brown hair, longish, graying, strayed in back over his collar. His light, deep-set eyes seemed to gaze somewhere beyond my chair.

I nervously repeated what I had said in my letter to him, then talked about my own discomfort at being there. I lit a cigarette as I spoke, and he held up a pack of Gauloises smiling, showing me we smoked the same brand. His eyes went distant again, as I began to ask questions about Kingsley Hall and his relation to it. After a while I stopped, and he began to talk, slowly at first, then with relish. A strong Scots burr crept into his voice in reflective or ironic moments:

"Seven of us, the original members of the Philadelphia Association, obtained the building five years ago. There were psychiatrists and a social worker. One woman had been a psychiatric nurse, and one of the men was, by profession, a businessman. We planned to live at Kingsley Hall communally and

work things out among ourselves. But even before we took over the building, we began to promise people who were in trouble that they could move in." When the building opened in the summer of 1965, it was already a new kind of community. People who earned their living as therapists lived communally with those who had been legally certified as patients.

When he moved into Kingsley Hall, Laing, like most of the other members of the community, left his family behind. He stayed in a ten-by-sixteen-foot room on the building's ground floor, which was formerly a library and has since served as a meditation room and darkroom. Except for about twenty-five hours each week when he saw patients in his office, he spent virtually all of his time at Kingsley Hall.

Though he felt "at ease" in the place, the physical and emotional pace was torrid. During a typical day Laing would return from seeing private patients, spend time with troubled members of the household, discuss communal problems, and preside over an hours-long dinner discussion which often turned into a seminar or spontaneous theater event. Going to bed at two or three in the morning, he would awaken at six or seven, write for several hours, and return to his office. After more than a year, he felt physically tired, emotionally "drained," and he moved out. He needed more privacy, wanted to devote more time to his theoretical writings. Still, he maintained close contact with Kingsley Hall, was visiting several times a month, publicizing and raising money for the community, and serving as a consultant and adviser in times of stress.

During the first four years of its existence, a number of other therapists lived in Kingsley Hall. Laing mentioned David Cooper, and Aaron Esterson, co-author with him of *Sanity, Madness and the Family*, as well as Sid Briskin, a social worker. Four young psychiatrists, Leon Redler, Joseph Berke, Morton Schatzman, and Jerome Liss, emigrated from America to work with Laing. They lived at Kingsley Hall and stayed on after he left. Psychiatrists, sociologists, poets, painters, writers, and musicians from England, America, and the Continent were visitors for varying periods of time. Seminars in political, social, and therapeutic aspects of psychiatry were held regularly. Dancing, painting, weaving, yoga, poetry reading, lectures, and films were integral parts of life in Kingsley Hall. There was an atmosphere of continual personal, creative, and intellectual quest.

People "on the run" from mental hospitals, about to have a breakdown, or simply interested in taking part in a new experiment in communal living came to Kingsley Hall. They had read Laing's books, or knew someone who lived in Kingsley Hall, or had just heard about the place. The people who lived in the Hall decided, if there was room, who could move in, with preference given to

those who seemed most in need of it. Laing emphasized that he never insisted that a given person be allowed to come, that it was purely the community's decision.

Once there, those who needed help came together with those who felt they could be of help on a basis of personal affinity, without constraint, without fees. Those who felt like it or needed money worked outside during the day. Others lived on National Assistance. All paid about three pounds a week (seven dollars) into a common fund for room and board. Each of the fourteen people who stayed there at any one time had his own tiny room, which he could share if he wanted.

Kingsley Hall, Laing explained, was always changing. He felt that what I would see would be quite different from what it had been like several years ago. That winter there was a general feeling of depression. Friction with neighbors, many of whom regarded the inhabitants of Kingsley Hall as dangerous and subversive, had caused the Kingsley Hall Foundation to refuse to renew the lease. There was little substance to the neighbors' charges, but random incidents disquieted them: a man who, at a neighboring greengrocer's, had a habit of biting into an occasional piece of fruit and replacing it on a pile; another who wandered into peoples' houses and sat in their living rooms. On one Friday night drunken workmen had broken in, shouting obscenities at the "perverts," "loonies," and "layabouts." Boys from the neighborhood once smashed down the front door with an ax. Now the building was in a state of disrepair. Windows broken by children and replaced had been broken again and left unmended. The large rooms were rarely used. In four months the building itself would be vacated.

Laing got up from his chair, put a kettle on the hot plate, and heated water for tea; he opened a bag of dried fruit and placed it on the table next to me. He moved easily around the room, preparing tea, emptying ashtrays, continuing to talk. His careful domesticity puzzled me; I had hardly expected it from the oracular author of *The Politics of Experience*.

I asked Laing about his attitude toward peoples' delusions; toward the ideas they have about themselves and the world, with which virtually everyone else disagrees, and which are often the most obvious and provocative aspect of schizophrenia. For example, someone's belief that he is Christ, or that the television is sending him messages, or that there is a worldwide plot against him.

Laing replied, "I often differ with people, but do not feel that it is incumbent on me to impose a particular viewpoint on anyone." He spoke about the personal and cultural origins of the "delusions" of several people he knew. Then, after asking if I had read the fifteenth-century *Malleus Maleficarum*, he began to tell what first appeared to be an unrelated story about the Inquisition. "It seems that the Inquisition dealt with a number of problems that

are today regarded as the province of psychiatry. They found that the causes of these problems lay in the fact that black magic had been practiced on the sufferer. If a man complained of impotence with his wife, the Inquisition would find the man's former mistress and torture her until she admitted she had practiced black magic. If, however, someone came along and proposed a naturalistic or psychological explanation for the man's impotence, he was regarded as a heretic. Now, however, someone who claims that black magic is being practiced on him is regarded as deluded. His belief is a symptom for which psychiatrists seek a naturalistic explanation, and often prescribe a pharmacological cure."

I listened to his narrative in rapt silence, wondering if he was putting me on. Certainly he was pointing out that ideas which once made up a dominant "therapeutic" ideology, the Inquisition's demonology, would now be regarded as "psychotic delusions." But did he also mean that psychiatric thought was, itself, a delusional system, no different in essence from the Inquisition's demonology? Perhaps he did. I'm still not sure. At any rate, he went on to say that "delusions are as culturally relative as life-style and family structure," and that there was no absolute way of determining their validity. Some were culturally sanctioned and validated, others not. He had, in his story, provided a larger framework for the consideration of the whole problem of delusions, psychiatrists' as well as patients'. The anecdote was a kind of mental judo, turning my question back on itself.

I asked Laing other questions about his own writings. Was the "Bird of Paradise" the record of an LSD trip? I knew that Laing had used LSD and that he found it helpful in psychotherapy and as a means of self-exploration. "No," he replied. "It was merely a description of some of the things that make up my own inner life." He reminded me that Freud in *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* had written about himself, and Laing contrasted his accessibility with the self-imposed anonymity of modern "Freudian" analysts. Freud, Laing added, was still "the best of psychiatric writers."

Before I left the office Laing gave me the names of several people who had spent time at Kingsley Hall, and during the next few days I contacted them.

Somehow, I felt unsatisfied with my first discussion with Laing. I wanted something more from him than a glimpse of how his mind worked and a description of Kingsley Hall. I wasn't exactly sure what it was. Thinking I might get closer to him if I gathered material for a biographical sketch, I asked if I could record our next session. He reluctantly agreed; then, later, changed his mind.

Perhaps Laing sensed my craving for more intimate knowledge, because when I next came to him

he asked if I wanted to sit in on an interview that he was conducting with a family.

The parents were elderly lower-middle-class people, from a provincial town, whose son had been diagnosed as schizophrenic and hospitalized. Through Laing's widely publicized BBC broadcasts on schizophrenia, they had heard of his work and had come to him after a series of resigned, dismal prognoses from local psychiatrists. Their son was currently on large doses of tranquilizers, and saw a doctor once monthly to get them.

The parents, growing old, were worried about what would happen to him after their death. Terribly anxious, heavily medicated, he seemed incapable of caring for himself. The parents sat on the daybed, the son in the chair opposite Laing. The interview was marked by a courteous ease on Laing's part and a remarkable openness in all members of the family. Laing is sometimes regarded as being very hostile to parents and as glorifying the madness of their children. Yet, though his writings depict the absurd and sometimes Christ-like suffering of the children of confused and confusing homes, he does not vilify the parents. His descriptions, as in *Sanity, Madness and the Family*, are quite dispassionate. But the maneuvers by which children are driven mad, the connections between the shape of the resultant madness and the structure of the family interaction, are inescapable. In extreme and untenable situations, extreme measures of evasion and compliance—the signs and symptoms of “mental illness”—are necessary to survive.

Laing enabled each member of the family to tell his side of the story. He asked few questions, yet received much information. He was able, by a shifting glance or direct question, to interrupt what appeared to be deeply ingrained family patterns easily, without challenge or rancor, and without alienating any of the family members. The son had clearly found someone who could understand his predicament, and this understanding helped him build a bridge of communication to his parents. Laing helped him divest his fears and felt inadequacies of their frightening and bizarre quality. They were revealed as responses to family stress which the family could now begin to understand. Laing patiently discussed the details of the son's starting therapy with one of his colleagues. He talked with the parents about train schedules, fees, living accommodations in London, and the possibility of their son's moving into Kingsley Hall.

Afterward, Laing and I talked for a while about the interview. This discussion felt very different from the first one. Laing had let me see how he worked. A degree of intimacy had been broached, one which I hesitantly advanced when I asked him why he hadn't wanted me to use a tape recorder. “I don't want to make a public statement,” he said, “to speak to all people at all times. The message I have to convey is from one person to another. I would rather

speak to *you*, so that when you write something it will be about *your* experience of me and of London.” I wondered whether what he had said was merely a rationalization for not permitting a tape recorder. But it *felt* as if he were helping to transform our meeting from an “interview” into a personal encounter. He didn't seem to have much to hide.

I asked his opinion of the body therapy of Wilhelm Reich and his followers. Laing felt that “one could work with emotional problems by dealing with their physical manifestations.” He mentioned his occasional use of the techniques of sensory awareness and of yoga. He told me about a psychoanalyst in London who believed that an entire analysis could be conducted by dealing with how someone stood up from a chair. While I sat, smilingly surprised, Laing stood up from his own chair, mechanically, emphasizing each movement; then he did so more smoothly. He added that his own interests were, in general, “more verbal and intellectual.” As a young man he had wanted to write stories. At present he is fascinated by attempts to delineate the structures of cultures, by the work of the anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss, and by Michel Foucault's attempt to write a comprehensive intellectual history of the last 300 years in Europe.

At my insistence he spoke of his own career. Laing was born to a poor family in Glasgow in 1927 and grew up there, attending state-supported grammar and secondary schools. He was graduated from Glasgow University with a Doctor of Medicine degree in 1951, and then served in the British Army for two years. After his discharge, he worked as a psychiatrist in a mental hospital. He set about to see whether by changing the way some of his patients were treated he could change the nature of the “mental illness” they were diagnosed as having. At that time, the early 1950s, he still believed schizophrenia was pos-

It is our duty to bring up our children to love,
honour and obey us.
If they don't, they must be punished,
otherwise we would not be doing our duty.

If they grow up to love, honour and obey us
we have been blessed for bringing them up properly.

If they grow up not to love, honour and obey us
either we have brought them up properly
or we have not:
if we have
there must be something the matter with them;
if we have not
there is something the matter with us.

—From *Knots*

sibly a genetic or biochemical disorder or that it was secondary to an innate lowered threshold to certain kinds of stress.

He described, with amused tolerance for his own "scientific procedure," the sociometric process by which he had selected the twelve most "out-of-contact" chronic schizophrenic patients on his ward. He had two nurses each day take the twelve who were chosen to a pleasant room in another part of the hospital. There, with decent occupational and recreational facilities, treated simply as human beings, they could do whatever they pleased. On the first day, the patients, many of whom had hardly moved or spoken in years, had to be wheeled or pushed off the ward. "On the second day," he recalled, "an hour before the ward door opened, they had gathered around it talking, laughing, jumping up and down: it was enormously moving."

Within eighteen months all twelve, many of whom had been hospitalized for ten or fifteen years, were out of the hospital and back to their families. Within another year they were all back in the hospital.

To Laing this suggested, first, that "a change in the way schizophrenics were treated could radically alter the nature of their schizophrenia," and, second, that the family creates the "disease" in the individual. Interest in individual schizophrenics gave way to studies of the families of schizophrenics. He conducted these in association with the psychoanalytically oriented Tavistock Clinic. He went on to an elaboration of a theory of interpersonal relations based on models derived from psychoanalysis, phenomenology, and communications theory.

And this work in turn led to his critiques of a society which, he says, produces, and is maintained by, destructive families and warped interpersonal relations. And ultimately to the creation of Kingsley Hall.

There, in the context of a new family and society, the diagnosed schizophrenic could rediscover and begin to redefine himself. "My interests," he said, "fell into line like a row of skittles." For the present, his interests have taken him somewhat away from Kingsley Hall. He is devoting much of his time to theoretical writings—right now, "an attempt to revise Freud's theory of defenses."

I wanted to get some idea of Laing's politics. How did he reconcile his position as a psychiatrist with his own sweeping criticisms of the society which produces and maintains psychiatrists? Didn't he feel that he—and by implication I and other psychiatrists—should be more directly active in helping to shock what he describes in *The Politics of Experience* as the "often fibrillating heartland of a senescent capitalism"?

Laing spoke only for himself: he said that he was "not an activist in the ordinary sense of the word." "Living in England," he observed, "made radical activism less pressing than in America." Besides, he felt that he was "temperamentally not very

well suited for it." His own energies are devoted to what he calls "microrevolutions," profound changes in individuals, families, hospitals, and other small institutions. These changes may, in turn, bring about others, not through dramatic confrontation but by personal contact. Kingsley Hall, it is clear, is one such microrevolution.

Our time was up, and Laing led me down the stairs to the door. We stood outside for a moment. "You can tell your friends in America," he said, grinning, "that I'm not in a mental hospital." We both laughed. "Good luck in your scene back there."

When I left Laing's office, I felt satisfied. Even if he didn't have "the answers," he was unafraid of pursuing his questions and living with the contradictions they brought. He is a dedicated professional with revolutionary ideas, a staunch opponent of our civilization's "abdication of ecstasy," who produces careful scholarly books; a distant and ironic person who can make intense felt contact with others; a man accustomed to the depths of despair and the many faces of alienation, who prepares tea and treats visitors with politeness. I had no nagging doubts about his "sanity," and the rumors regarding his hospitalizations seemed trivial.

In the days that followed, in speaking to people who were close to Laing, I found no hint of confirmation for these rumors. I can only attribute their persistence, and the fascination they hold for many of Laing's readers, to the degree of discomfort that his ideas have engendered. The parallel that comes to mind is the response of the medical establishment to Freud's early work. Freud pointed out that the intensity with which his contemporaries vilified him and his theories of infantile sexuality was evidence of the strength of their defenses against their own childhood sexual experiences. Laing, who has sought to point out the madness in much of our "normal" life, including accepted psychiatric practice, is suspected by tentative admirers, and accused by his psychiatric colleagues, of being himself mad.

That afternoon I took the long tube ride out to Kingsley Hall. During the preceding week I had telephoned twice more, but couldn't get a definite invitation from the people who answered the phone. Finally, through Laing's colleague Joe Berke, I had contacted Mary Barnes, who cheerfully agreed to talk with me.

By this time I was well prepared for disappointment. Everyone I had spoken to told me that the people at Kingsley Hall were depressed and angry at having to leave the building. One psychiatrist I met thought the building symbolized Laing's body, its present state of neglect the community's fury about what was happening, directed at Laing. On top of that, an article that appeared in the *Evening Standard* had provoked them. When I read it, it seemed simpleminded but generally favorable. But it called

Kingsley Hall a "mental hospital," and some of the people who lived there were outraged.

I paused for a moment outside the building, looked at the plaque commemorating Gandhi's visit and at the array of broken windows. I was reminded of an abandoned parochial school. I sat on a bench across the street and tried to imagine what it would be like inside. A girl came out of the front door and walked in my direction. "You must be here to see Mary," she said. I said I was. "She's left the door open. The bell doesn't work. The children have broken it." She walked away, and I got up, crossed the street, and pushed open the scarred double doors.

I entered a large dark room which was about as cold as the January day outside. It looked as if it had once been a chapel or auditorium, but was now without pews or chairs. On one side, dozens of canvases leaned against the wall; to the right were stone stairs. At the head of the stairs, next to a pay telephone, was a door with a tree painted on it. The branches looked like arms. This was where Mary Barnes had lived for over three years.

While I was wondering whether I had arrived too early, Mary came up behind me. She led the way back downstairs, through the auditorium and into "the library," the room where Laing had lived. "I'll like living in Ronnie's old room," Mary told me. "Besides, it's larger than mine was." She apologized for the condition of the room as we pushed aside piles of clothes, paint tubes, scrapbooks, and glass jars. We sat on the floor, Mary in a pink quilted housecoat and slippers, her thick dark hair, framing a broad, deeply lined face, flowing over her shoulders, her knees drawn up against her chest; me shifting occasionally from one position to another when, during the next three or four hours, my body let me know I was uncomfortable.

There are, in the literature of psychotherapy, some remarkable first-person accounts of human growth achieved through madness. Hannah Green's *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* and Marguerite Sechehaye's and her patient Renee's *Autobiography of a Schizophrenic* are two. To me, the story of Mary Barnes, a forty-seven-year-old Roman Catholic and former nurse, who is now a painter and author of children's stories, is even more striking.

Unlike almost all psychiatric patients, Mary has been allowed and encouraged to experience "the natural healing process" of madness, the "initiation ceremonial through which the person will be guided with full social sanction into inner space and time" of which Laing speaks in *The Politics of Experience*. Mary's experience is crucial to Laing's model of therapy in the same way that Freud's early hysterical patients were to psychoanalysis. It is quite unlikely that it could have taken place anywhere but Kingsley Hall, and even there a great strain was felt by the other inhabitants.

As she talked of the two periods of months during which she was quite mad, of the slow evolution of her

trust in Joe Berke, who became her therapist, and of the discovery of herself as a painter, the light gradually faded from the room until we were sitting in darkness. After a while, Mary lit a candle. In the light of the candle I could see changes flicker across her face as she spoke of her life: the shy child who had been told she was awkward and untalented, the embarrassed adolescent, the constricted nursing instructor barely holding on to her sanity, the frenzied adult smearing feces on the walls, and the gentle wise woman who was able, in the calm born of great suffering, to tell me straightforwardly what she had gone through.

Mary's speech is quiet, direct, melodious, and modest. She uses some expressions often: "going down" for plunges into madness; "it went in on me" for anger that she turned against herself; "baby" as an adjective; "out" for people who are sociable—"he was very out"—and "in" for those who are feeling introspective.

Since I took no notes and want to convey as directly as possible the quality of Mary's experience and her language, some of what follows is quoted from a paper of Laing's, some from Morton Schatzman's chapter "Madness and Morals," included in Joe Berke's book of essays on counterculture, and some directly from Mary's own writing.

Through Dr. James Robertson of the Tavistock Clinic, Mary had gone to Laing in 1963 to ask for help. She had been in a mental hospital in 1953 for a year with a diagnosis of schizophrenia, and had maintained herself since then as a nursing tutor in a general hospital. But she saw her daily life as a rigid, anxiety-laden, and constricted facade. She began to sense "that I had lost myself sometime in my life a long time ago." She felt she was on the verge of another psychotic episode, but this time, instead of the padded cells and shock therapy of the mental hospital, she wanted "to go back to before I was born and come up again." Laing told her that he was trying to establish a place where she could live through this experience, and Mary agreed to try to "hold on" until he could do so. During this time Mary continued to work at her job. Severe anxiety attacks were frequent. At night, with great effort, she pulled herself together for the next day's work. Periodically she visited Laing.

Nineteen months later Kingsley Hall opened, and Mary Barnes moved in: "At first so great was my fear I forgot what I had come for. Quite suddenly, I remembered, 'I've come here to have a breakdown, to go back to before I was born, and come up again.'" She continued to work for two weeks, but each night when she came to Kingsley Hall she "regressed." "Life became quite fantastic. Every night at Kingsley Hall I tore off my clothes, feeling I had to be naked. Lay on the floor with my shits and water, smeared the walls with feces. Was wild and

noisy about the house or sitting in a heap on the kitchen floor. Half aware that I was going mad, there was the terror that I might not know what I was doing, away, outside of Kingsley Hall." She wrote to the hospital resigning her position and then took to bed, "went down" into her madness and back in time to infancy.

"The tempo was increasing. Down, down, oh, God, would I never break?"

She stopped eating solids, was fed milk from a bottle by Joe, by Laing, and by others. She rarely spoke and lay immobile for hours at a time. "In bed I kept my eyes shut so I didn't see people but I heard them. Touch was all important. Sometimes my body seemed apart, a leg or an arm across the room. The wall became hollow, and I seemed to go into it as into a big hole. Vividly aware of people, I was physically isolated in my room."

During this time there were several crises. Joe recalled that at one point Mary stopped sucking, urinating, and defecating; she was returning to a completely womblike state. She lost weight, grew weaker. The community met and decided that they couldn't let her continue this way, and that at Kingsley Hall they felt uneasy about putting in the feeding tube and catheter that would be necessary. They told Mary their decision, and gradually she began to suck again. Somewhat later the smell of the feces she smeared on the walls became annoying: Mary's room was next to the kitchen. Again the community debated. Eventually it was decided to let Mary continue. Each time a crisis came up the members of the community came together to decide what to do. Each step on Mary's journey was also a step in the community's development.

As Mary "came up" out of the madness she put on trousers, played ball, and danced, as she had never been allowed to as a child. Joe gave her some grease crayons, and in November, 1965, after five months at Kingsley Hall, she began to "scribble black breasts all over the walls of the hall. Suddenly a picture emerged, a woman kneeling with a baby at her breast."

"About the house, left over from decorating, were old tins of paints and brushes. On the walls of my room I painted moving figures, on my door twining stems and leaves, and on the table an orange bird appeared. Finding odd lengths of wallpaper I made picture stories. Then on strips of wallpaper backing, and on the walls of the house, I painted big, very big, at high speed. Through the spring of 1966 work poured out, all my insides were loose, the painting, like lightning, was streaking from the storm of me. Joe suggested 'paint the Crucifixion'; I did, again and again; hungry for life I wanted the cross."

Joe was with Mary every day, talking, playing with her, taking her shopping. For a long time she felt "Joe and I are not separate." But there were frequent crises of trust. Mary told me that once when they were eating together, Joe put salt on his food. She

was desolate: "Joe," she said, "what have I done that you had to punish yourself?"

In June, 1966, "feeling it go in on me," Mary took to her bed again, but with the support of the community she was up in a few months. "In the autumn, with oil pastels and a sketchbook, I made more stories with pictures, including 'The Hollow Tree' for Ronnie's birthday and 'The King and the Donkey.'"

Since then, Mary has been painting and writing steadily. She has had four shows of her work and was preparing for another when I saw her. The paintings—dozens of which she showed me after we had talked, on canvas, boards, sheets of wrapping paper, and the walls—reminded me of a hybrid of Munch and Rouault. I bought two from her, vivid, powerful renderings of Saul struck down by God on the way to Damascus, emblems to me of the blinding force of Mary's own transformation.

Laing's introduction to the catalogue of her Camden Art Center exhibits seems apt: "In her painting Mary puts outside herself with a minimum of meditation what is inside her. Paintings are executed with her finger not because she cannot use a brush, but because she prefers (often) not to. She is not professionally proficient in the art of composition, not because of the failure to master the means for this end, but because hers is not the end that this is a means towards. We must take her on her terms. . . ."



Two paintings by Mary Barnes: *Saul Struck Down by God*

Mary still feels that in many ways she is "not very grown up." She continues to see Joe in therapy, continues to learn more about herself. Though she could have lived elsewhere, she preferred, until its closing, to stay at Kingsley Hall, which she regarded as home. There, according to other members of the community, she was a highly valued therapist. Having gone so deeply down and come out, she is unafraid of others' madness. A terrified girl would speak with no one else but came to Mary, slept in her room for days, and drank the mixture of warm milk and honey that Mary prepared for her. When Mary was "down" Joe had given it to her.

After I looked at some of her paintings, Mary showed me around Kingsley Hall: the large rooms, now not regularly used, where communal meals were eaten, seminars and entertainment held; the roof garden; and some of the individual rooms where people I had met had lived. After a while we came to "the flat," a living room on the third story of the house. Several people sat around an electric heater sipping tea, chatting, and reading. Just off this room, in a small kitchen, someone was cooking. Mary introduced me to a couple of people and left to continue her packing.

I sat down close to the heater, beside a young man who held his head in his hands. The wall above him was covered with graffiti. One read "Harold Pinter was here with his friend Franz Kafka." Further up were black three-quarter circles, solid sweeps of pigment, the breasts that Mary had first painted. After a while, the girl I had seen on the street came out of the kitchen and offered me tea. We sat in silence for a while. I grew uncomfortable and asked a polite, inane question. Abruptly, she got up. I felt alone, an awkward snooper.

A meticulously dressed man of about thirty-five came over and introduced himself as David. I told him I recognized his voice from the telephone, and he smiled with satisfaction: "So you've finally got here." He began to talk animatedly about the *Evening Standard* article: "Kingsley Hall is not a hospital, and we are not Laing's patients unless we choose to be." He said he was thinking of suing the *Standard*, and was sending copies of the article to the members of the Philadelphia Association.

David went on to describe the vitriolic public attacks that members of the organic and behaviorist Establishment had recently launched against Laing and Kingsley Hall. He said that William Sargant, the chief psychiatrist at London's St. Thomas's Hospital, and one of those quoted in the *Standard*, had complained of having to "take care of Laing's failures." He also suggested I read "an absurd article" in which the psychologist H. J. Eysenck, long a critic of psychoanalysis, accuses Laing (and David Cooper) of "using these poor suffering victims as a platform for pseudo-philosophical arguments."

A tall young man, long-haired, bearded, wide-

eyed—a figure out of Saxon legends—wandered by, grimacing, folding and unfolding his arms. He said something about "Green helmets" and "Princeton, New Jersey." I sat very seriously, uncomprehending, in my best listener's posture.

Everyone else continued about his business. In the kitchen there was a discussion about the proper way to cook a Christmas pudding. The voices grew louder, more argumentative. An older man left the kitchen, silent, obviously angry. His advice, at first solicited, had been rejected.

David was carefully mounting copies of the *Standard* article on heavy paper. The girl returned to the room, sat down again with a magazine. The man next to me was looking into the electric flame of the heater, warming his hands.

Suddenly the bearded man burst out laughing. I started to laugh too, aware of my own self-conscious seriousness. He told me that he was "in the ionosphere," and that the "air [was] thin." I asked if it was "lonely," and he said, serious now, that it was and that he "could come down but am not sure if I want to." Feeling closer to him, I let go of my psychiatric demeanor, and for a while, through puns, mimicry, and self-caricature, we carried on a conversation. He poured some more tea for me.

During the two day-long visits I made to Kingsley Hall, I spent about half my time with Mary, talking, helping her move five years' of possessions from her old to her new room, and looking at her paintings. The rest of the time I sat around the flat. The people who passed in and out became accustomed to my presence as I relaxed in theirs. I was questioned about psychoanalysis and lectured on electrical energy.

Feeling more comfortable, I asked some people about their attitude toward Laing's theories. A few, like Mary, were unabashedly enthusiastic. But many, to my surprise, were somewhat skeptical. One man wryly observed that "previous encounters with psychiatrists and mental hospitals have numbed me to theoretical arguments."

Kingsley Hall, almost everyone seemed to agree, was a good place—Peter, Mary Barnes's brother, and a newcomer, strenuously objected to the lack of private cooking facilities—a home, or a haven in stormy times. Laing's writings interested people less than Laing himself, toward whom there seemed to be a deep but grudging warmth. Even though he no longer stayed there, and couldn't stop the lease from running out, he, and the rest of the Philadelphia Association, still cared and still fought for Kingsley Hall: against family-sponsored health officers, bent on dragging erring relatives back to mental hospitals; against public attacks from other psychiatrists; and against an often hostile neighborhood.

Mary told me that with the building soon to be vacated, no psychiatrist in residence, and the future uncertain, people were reluctant to "go down." She saw the community as wary, its members self-protective, inclined to keep their defenses up. She said

that several people were in therapy with Laing and the others with psychiatrists who had lived in Kingsley Hall, and that any community member could get help free or at low cost. But it seemed unlikely that anyone would now risk the profound journey into himself that Mary and others took in the earlier years.

Still, the dozen people at Kingsley Hall, many of whom had been diagnosed schizophrenic, some among them having been for long periods on mental hospital back wards, were finding a way to live with one another: free from restraints and coercion, not needing tranquilizers and shock therapy, independent of "ward administrators," and without benefit of rules and regulations.

An American medical student who had been at Kingsley Hall the year before told me that even if *she* couldn't understand what people were saying to each other *they* obviously understood one another. In two days I couldn't really understand what the community was saying to itself. But I knew that it spoke in accents of mutual acceptance and open disagreement, in deeds of kindness and "appropriate" impoliteness—in anguish and humor and guarded hope.

Just before I went to say good-bye to Mary, the young man who sat by the heater told me that he was afraid to loosen his tortured and precarious hold on his "normality" to seek a new, more stable kind of sanity. He said he felt "like a ship on the edge of darkness." The image seemed appropriate for Kingsley Hall as well. Soon the building would be returned to the pacifists who had lent it, five years ago, to Laing and his friends.

But Mary Barnes was pretty sure that new Kingsley Halls would be created, new places, which, as she put it, would be "good enough to take all the shit of all the people." Places where people could

There must be something the matter with him
because he would not be acting as he does
unless there was
therefore he is acting as he is
because there is something the matter with him

He does not think there is anything the matter
with him because
one of the things that is
the matter with him
is that he does not think that there is anything
the matter with him
therefore
we have to help him realize that,
the fact that he does not think there is anything
the matter with him
is one of the things that is
the matter with him

—From *Knots*

go back to where they had "gone wrong" and make a new start. I left her, late at night, looking through a pile of sketches. She told me to "come back anytime."

The Kingsley Hall experience is the central node, Laing the master switch in a "Network" of men and women who are dedicated to practicing and living a new kind of psychiatry. Energy seems to flow from him and his writings, touching in others sources of creativity which spark their own projects. Excitement, discoveries, information are passed in all directions.

The young psychiatrists who lived there over the past five years found at Kingsley Hall the same kinds of possibilities for growth and change as did the former "mental patients" who came there. The psychiatrists' paths of discovery were less agonizing than their patients', but they were more fraught with toe-stubbing ironies. The first problem, very difficult for even the most relaxed acolyte, was to unlearn the role of doctor, to drop the self-protective, self-defeating guise of the sane man in the midst of lunatics.

Joe Berke, the huge black-bearded bear of a man who worked so tirelessly with Mary Barnes, described how this process began for him: when he arrived at Kingsley Hall, recently graduated from medical school, he met a young man named "Andrew" who had spent nine of his twenty-one years in a mental hospital. "Andrew" had been diagnosed as a catatonic schizophrenic and presumed beyond help. He shuffled around Kingsley Hall speaking to himself under his breath. When he wanted to talk to someone, he put his face right up against theirs and spoke, often incomprehensibly. This unnerved Joe, who, for weeks, in spite of his good intentions, had continued to regard "Andrew" as "that nut." One morning Joe rose early and went down to the dining room. "Andrew" came in at about the same time. Standing there, in the early morning light, half asleep, off-guard, they smiled at each other. After that, "Andrew" was just Andrew, and he and Joe began to get to know one another.

The others described similar experiences, meetings, and friendships with people who had been previously given up by psychiatrists as "hopelessly dilapidated, burnt-out schizophrenics." Sometimes their relationships turned into somewhat more formal psychotherapeutic ones, often not.

When I visited last January, none of the psychiatrists lived at Kingsley Hall anymore. Cramped, cold quarters and the arrival of wives who felt the need for more privacy precipitated their leaving. But all were still actively involved in Kingsley Hall.

To Leon, whose wife had just had a child, Kingsley Hall was itself a "baby," with whose growth and development he was intimately concerned. Like Laing, and Mary Barnes, he viewed its closing in May as merely the end of its first phase.

When Kingsley Hall did close, Mary Barnes took an apartment of her own, the first she has ever had, and there she paints and writes. Most of the others whom I met in January moved into two condemned buildings which Leon managed to rent from the local council. Joe and Morty are in the process of organizing another household, and Laing himself described plans for eventually opening up a larger, more comfortable therapeutic center to which psychiatrists and others could come for training.

But the Network has spread well beyond this central core. It comprises eighty to a hundred other people, predominately in England, but also on the Continent and in America. Leon, who edits the *Network Newsletter*, described it in the first issue as a "London-based group of people concerned with liberation particularly in the context of human experience and behavior; of making sense of one's experience of oneself, the other, the world; of liberation from institutional psychiatric thought and practice; of healing and making whole, mind-body-soul; of being."

Already two new households on the Kingsley Hall model are in the process of opening in America, one in New Haven, the other in San Jose, California. Members of the Network have begun to publish books on their experience. Leon is editing a book of writings by people who stayed at Kingsley Hall. Joe and Mary are finishing a book entitled *Mary Barnes: Two Accounts of a Journey Through Madness*, which will be published here this year. Others who spent time at Kingsley Hall are writing about it and trying to set up similar communities.

As I spent time with members of the Network, I began for the first time to feel part of a larger personal and professional context which made sense to me. In spite of geographical and professional isolation, I had really been part of it for several years. Joe said, half-jokingly, that "if the Network is in you, you are in it." I was reminded, first, of the

League in Hesse's *Journey to the East* and then, more concretely, of the missionary excitement that pervaded Freud's early circle.

A new way of looking at madness has given birth to a new kind of therapy. Patients' and therapists' strategies of liberation have begun to coincide. New places for them to "work things out," to "discover the wholeness of being human between them," are being created. The insights won from understanding madness are being used to transform the social worlds of the "mad" patient and the "sane" doctor. Kingsley Hall, the Network, and the new communities in America are among the first of these transformations. These new developments in psychiatric theory and practice, sometimes referred to as Anti-Psychiatry, parallel and catalyze developments in the larger society.

At Kingsley Hall the barrier between the "sane" doctor and the "mad" patient was removed. In his writings, Laing, starting with an attempt to describe madness, ultimately questions the sanity of the society which erected this barrier: "A little girl of seventeen told me she was terrified because the Atom Bomb was inside her. That is a delusion. The statesmen of the world who boast and threaten that they have Doomsday weapons are far more dangerous and far more estranged from 'reality' than any of the people to whom the label 'psychotic' is affixed."

Laing holds up to his readers a vision of a world in which all of us are "bemused and crazed creatures, strangers to our true selves, to one another, and to the spiritual and material world." He insists that the way out of this pervasive madness is through profound personal and social transformation.

The metanoiac voyage that took place at Kingsley Hall must become possible for all who need and wish to embark on it. Perhaps "mental hospitals," reversing history, can become ships of sanity. □

THE HOLLOW TREE

by Mary Barnes (for Ronnie's Birthday)

There was once a tree in the forest who felt very sad and lonely for her trunk was hollow and her head was lost in mist. Sometimes, the mist seemed so thick that her head felt divided from her trunk. To the other trees, she appeared quite strong but rather aloof, for no wind ever bent her branches to them. She felt if she bent she would break yet she grew so tired of standing straight. So it was with relief that in a mighty storm, she was thrown to the ground. The tree was split, her branches scattered, her roots torn up and her bark was charred and blackened.

She felt stunned and though her head was clear of the mist she felt her sap dry as she felt her deadness revealed when the hollow of her trunk was open

to the sky. The other trees looked down and gasped and didn't know whether to turn their branches politely away or whether to try and cover her emptiness and blackness with their green and brown. The tree moaned for her own life and feared to be suffocated by theirs. She felt she wanted to lay bare, and open, to the wind and the rain and the sun, and that in time she would grow up again, full and brown from the ground. So it was, that with the wetness of the rain, she put down new roots and by the warmth of the sun she stretched forth new wood.

In the wind her branches bent to other trees and as their leaves rustled and whispered, in the dark and in the light, the tree felt loved and laughed with life.

DOCTOR BRODIE'S REPORT

A story by Jorge Luis Borges

Among the pages of one of the volumes of Lane's *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* (London, 1839), a set of which my dear friend Paul Keins turned up for me, we made the discovery of the manuscript I am about to transcribe below. The neat handwriting—an art which typewriters are now helping us to forget—suggests that it was composed some time around that same date. Lane's work, as is well known, is lavish with extensive explanatory notes; in the margins of my copy there are a number of annotations, interrogation marks, and now and then emendations written in the same hand as the manuscript. We may surmise that the wondrous tales of Sharazad interested the annotator less than the customs of the Mohammedans. Of David Brodie, D.D., whose signature adorns the bottom of the last page with a fine flourish, I have been unable to uncover any information except that he was a Scottish missionary, born in Aberdeen, who preached the Christian faith first in the heart of Africa and later on in certain backlying regions of Brazil, a land he was probably led to by his knowledge of Portuguese. I am unaware of the place and date of his death. The manuscript, as far as I know, was never given to the press.

What follows is a faithful transcription of his report, composed in a rather colorless English, with no other omissions than two or three Bible verses jotted in the margins and a curious passage concerning the sexual practices of the Yahoos, which our

good Presbyterian discreetly committed to Latin. The first page is missing.

... of the region infested by Ape-men dwell the "Mlch,"* whom I shall call Yahoos so that my readers will be reminded of their bestial nature and also because, given the total absence of vowels in their harsh language, an exact transliteration is virtually impossible. Including the "Nr," who dwell farther to the south in the thorn-bush, the numbers of the tribe do not, I believe, exceed seven hundred. The cipher which I propose is a mere conjecture, since, save for the king and queen and the witch doctors, the Yahoos sleep in no fixed abode but wherever night overtakes them. Swamp fever and the continual incursions of the Ape-men diminish their number. Only a very few individuals have names. In order to address one another, it is their custom to fling a small handful of mud. I have also noticed Yahoos who, to attract a friend's attention, throw themselves on the ground and wallow in the dust. Save for their lower foreheads and for having a peculiar copperish hue that reduces their blackness, in other physical respects they do not noticeably differ from the "Kroo." They take their nourishment from fruits, root-stalks, and the smaller reptiles; they imbibe the milk of cats and of chiropterans; and they fish with their hands. While eating, they normally conceal themselves or

* I give the "ch" the value it has in the word "loch."
[Author's note.]

else close their eyes. All other physical habits they perform in open view, much the same as the Cynics of old. . . . So as to partake of their wisdom, they devour the raw corpses of their witch doctors and of the royal family. When I admonished them for this evil custom they touched their lips and their bellies, perhaps to indicate that the dead are also edible, or—but this explanation may be farfetched—in order that I might come to understand that everything we eat becomes, in the long run, human flesh. In their warfare they employ stones, which they gather for that purpose, and magical spells and incantations. They go about quite naked, the arts of clothing and tattooing being altogether unknown to them.

It is worthy of note that, though they have at hand a wide, grassy plateau on which there are springs of clear water and shade-dispensing trees, they prefer to swarm in the marshlands which surround this eminence, as if delighting in the rigors of the hot climate and the general unwholesomeness. The slopes of the plateau are steep and could easily be utilized as a natural bulwark against the onslaughts of the Ape-men. The clans of Scotland, in similar circumstances, erected their castles on the summits of hills; I advised the witch doctors to adopt this simple defensive measure, but my words were of no avail. They allowed me, however, to build for myself a hut on higher ground, where the night air is cooler.

The tribe is ruled over by a king, whose power is absolute, but it is my suspicion that the true rulers are the witch doctors, who administer to him and who have chosen him. Every male born into the tribe is subjected to a painstaking examination; if he exhibits certain stigmata, the nature of which were not revealed to me, he is elevated to the rank of king of the Yahoos. So that the physical world may not lead him from the paths of wisdom, he is gelded on the spot, his eyes are burned, and his hands and feet are amputated. Thereafter, he lives confined in a cavern called the Castle ("Qzi"), into which only the four witch doctors and the two slave women who attend him and anoint him with dung are permitted entrance. Should war arise, the witch doctors remove him from his cavern, display him to the tribe to excite their courage, and bear him, lifted onto their shoulders after the manner of a flag or a talisman, to the thick of the fight. In such cases, he dies almost immediately under the hail of stones flung at him by the Ape-men.

In another Castle lives the queen, who is not permitted to see her king. During my sojourn, this lady was kind enough to receive me; she was smiling, young, and, insofar as her race allowed, graceful. Bracelets of metalwork and of ivory and necklaces of teeth adorned her nakedness. She inspected me,

sniffed me, and, after touching me with a finger, ended by offering herself to me in the presence of all her retinue. My cloth and my ethics, however, forbade me that honor, which commonly she grants only to the witch doctors and to the slave hunters, for the most part Muslims, whose caravans journey across the kingdom. Twice or thrice she sank a gold pin into my flesh; such prickings being tokens of royal favor, the number of Yahoos who stick themselves with pins to encourage the belief that the queen herself pricked them are more than a few. The ornaments she wore, and which I have described, come from other regions. Since they lack the capacity to fashion the simplest object, the Yahoos regard such ornaments as natural. To the tribe my hut was a tree, despite the fact that many of them saw me construct it and even lent me their aid. Amongst a number of other items, I had in my possession a watch, a cork helmet, a mariner's compass, and a Bible. The Yahoos stared at them, weighed them in their hands, and wanted to know where I had found them. They customarily reached for my cutlass not by the hilt but by the blade, seeing it, undoubtedly, in their own way, which causes me to wonder to what degree they would be able to perceive a chair. A house of several rooms would strike them as a maze, though perhaps they might find their way inside it in the manner of the cat, though the cat does not imagine the house. My beard, which then was red, was a source of wonderment to them all, and it was with obvious fondness that they stroked it.

The Yahoos are insensitive to pain and pleasure, save for the relishment they get from raw and rancid meat and evil-smelling things. An utter lack of imagination moves them to cruelty.

I have spoken of the queen and the king; I shall speak now of the witch doctors. I have already recorded that they are four, this number being the largest that their arithmetic spans. On their fingers they count thus: one, two, three, four, *many*. Infinity begins at the thumb. The same, I am informed, occurs among the Indian tribes who roam in the vicinity of Buenos-Ayres on the South American continent. In spite of the fact that four is the highest number at their disposal, the Arabs who trade with them do not swindle them, because in the bartering everything is divided into lots—which each of the traders piles by his side—of one, two, three, and four. Such transactions are cumbersome, but they do not admit of error or fraudulence. Of the entire nation of the Yahoos, the witch doctors are the only persons who have aroused my interest. The tribesmen attribute to them the power of transforming into ants or into turtles anyone who so desires; one individual, who detected my disbelief, pointed out an ant-hill to me, as though that constituted a proof.

Memory is greatly defective among the Yahoos, or perhaps is altogether nonexistent. They speak of the havoc wrought by an invasion of leopards, but do not know who witnessed the event, they or their

The works of the Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges have become widely known to an American audience only within the past decade. His latest book in translation is *The Aleph and Other Stories*.

fathers, nor do they know whether they are recounting a dream. The witch doctors show some signs of memory, albeit to a reduced degree; they are able to recollect in the evening things which took place that morning or the preceding evening. They are also endowed with the faculty of foresight, and can state with quiet confidence what will happen ten or fifteen minutes hence. They convey, for example, that "A fly will graze the nape of my neck," or "In a moment we shall hear the song of a bird." Hundreds of times I have borne witness to this curious gift, and I have also reflected upon it at length. Knowing that past, present, and future already exist, detail upon detail, in God's prophetic memory, in His Eternity, what baffles me is that men, while they can look indefinitely backward, are not allowed to look one whit forward. If I am able to remember in all vividness that towering four-master from Norway which I saw when I was scarcely four, why am I taken aback by the fact that man may be capable of foreseeing what is about to happen? To the philosophical mind, memory is as much a wonder as divination; tomorrow morning is closer to us than the crossing of the Red Sea by the Hebrews, which, nevertheless, we remember.

The tribesmen are proscribed from lifting their gaze to the stars, a privilege accorded only to the witch doctors. Each witch doctor has a disciple, whom he instructs from childhood in secret lore and who succeeds him upon his death. In this wise they are always four, a number of magical properties, since it is the highest to which the Yahoo mind attains. They profess, in their own fashion, the doctrines of heaven and hell. Both places are subterranean. Hell, which is dry and filled with light, harbours the sick, the aged, the ill-treated, the Ape-men, the Arabs, and the leopards; heaven, which is depicted as marshy and beclouded, is the dwelling-place of the king and queen, the witch doctors, and those who have been happy, merciless, and blood-thirsty on earth. They worship as well a god whose name is "Dung," and whom possibly they have conceived in the image and semblance of the king; he is a blind, mutilated, stunted being, and enjoys limitless powers. Dung is wont to take the form of an ant or a serpent.

After the foregoing remarks, it should cause no one to wonder that during my long stay among them I did not contrive to convert a single Yahoo. The words "Our father," owing to the fact that they have no notion of fatherhood, left them puzzled. They cannot, it seems, accept a cause so remote and so unlikely, and are therefore uncomprehending that an act carried out several months before may bear relation to the birth of a child. Moreover, all the women engage in carnal commerce, and not all are mothers.

The Yahoo language is complex, having affinities with no others of which I have any knowledge. We cannot speak even of parts of speech, for there are no parts. Each monosyllabic word corresponds to a

general idea whose specific meaning depends on the context or upon accompanying grimaces. The word "nrz," for example, suggests dispersion or spots, and may stand for the starry sky, a leopard, a flock of birds, smallpox, something bespattered, the act of scattering, or the flight that follows defeat in warfare. "Hrl," on the other hand, means something compact or dense. It may stand for the tribe, a tree trunk, a stone, a heap of stones, the act of heaping stones, the gathering of the four witch doctors, carnal conjunction, or a forest. Pronounced in another manner or accompanied by other grimaces, each word may hold an opposite meaning. Let us not be unduly amazed; in our own tongue, the verb "to cleave" means both to divide asunder and to adhere. Of course, among the Yahoos, there are no sentences, nor even short phrases.

The intellectual power to draw abstractions which such a language assumes has led me to believe that the Yahoos, for all their backwardness, are not a primitive but a degenerate nation. This conjecture is borne out by the inscriptions I discovered on the heights of the plateau and whose characters, which are not unlike the runes carved by our forefathers, are no longer within the tribe's capacity to decipher. It is as though the tribe had forgotten written language and found itself reduced now only to the spoken word.

The diversions of these people are the fights which they stage between trained cats, and capital executions. Someone is accused of an attempt against the queen's chastity, or of having eaten in the sight of another; without either the testimony of witnesses or a confession, the king finds a verdict of guilty. The condemned man suffers tortures that I shall do my best to forget, and then is stoned to death. The queen is privileged to cast the first stone and, what is usually superfluous, the last. The throng applauds her skill and the beauty of her parts, and, all in a frenzy, acclaims her, pelting her with roses and fetid things. The queen, without uttering a sound, smiles.

Another of the tribe's customs is the discovery of poets. Six or seven words, generally enigmatic, may come to a man's mind. He cannot contain himself and shouts them out, standing in the center of a circle formed by the witch doctors and the common people, who are stretched out on the ground. If the poem does not stir them, nothing comes to pass, but if the poet's words strike them they all draw away from him, without a sound, under the command of a holy dread. Feeling then that the spirit has touched him, nobody, not even his own mother, will either speak to him or cast a glance at him. Now he is a man no longer but a god, and anyone has license to kill him. The poet, if he has his wits about him, seeks refuge in the sand-dunes of the North.

I have already described how I came to the land of the Yahoos. It will be recalled that they encircled me, that I discharged my firearm into the air, and that they took the discharge for a kind of magical

thunderclap. In order to foster that error, I strove thereafter to go about without my weapon. One spring morning, at the break of day, we were suddenly overrun by the Ape-men; I started down from the highlands, gun in hand, and killed two of these animals. The rest fled in amazement. Shot, it is known, is invisible. For the first time in my life I heard myself cheered. It was then, I believe, that the queen received me. The memory of the Yahoos, as I have mentioned, being undependable, that very afternoon I made good an escape. My subsequent adventures in the jungle are of little account. In due course, I came upon a village of black men who knew how to plough, to sow, and to pray, and with whom I made myself understood in Portuguese. A Romish missionary, Father Fernandes, offered me the hospitality of his hut, and cared for me until I was able to continue on my hard journey. At first I found it revolting to see him open his mouth without the slightest dissimulation and put into it pieces of food. I still covered my mouth with my hand, or averted my eyes; a few days later, however, I had readjusted myself. I recall with distinct pleasure our debates in topics theological, but I had no success in turning him to the true faith of Jesus.

I set down this account now in Glasgow. I have told of my visit among the Yahoos, but have not dwelt upon the essential horror of the experience, which never ceases entirely to be with me, and which visits me yet in dreams. In the street, upon occasion, I feel that they still surround me. Only too well do I know the Yahoos to be a barbarous nation, perhaps the most barbarous to be found upon the face of the earth, but it would be unjust to overlook certain traits which redeem them. They have institutions of their own; they enjoy a king; they employ a language based upon abstract concepts; they believe, like the Hebrews and the Greeks, in the divine nature of poetry; and they surmise that the soul survives the death of the body. They also uphold the truth of punishments and rewards. After their fashion, they stand for civilization much as we ourselves do, in spite of our many transgressions. I do not repent having fought in their ranks against the Ape-men. Not only is it our duty to save their souls, but it is my fervent prayer that the Government of Her Majesty will not ignore what this report makes bold to suggest. □

(Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the author.)

NIGHT LETTER TO REGINA

Theft became a necessary gift.
When I stole the car and drove
off into the darkness like a mythic
Jesuit, it was for you. To give
you something poor. You have
rubies, hearts, and poems,

but not a car stolen by a priest
who has to see you or go blind.
It was the fairy at the wedding
did it, lighting cigarettes
and smiling, smiling at me—
the poor priest who does not guess

love's secrets. I do not guess;
I know. It was not me but you
that he blasphemed. Sweet,
I am no mythic Jesuit. I am
the thief they never catch. Yet
I swing nightly on the gallows.

by John L'Heureux

A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS LOSES THREE OF THEM THROUGH CONTACT WITH A NATION OF VIOLENCE

by Calvin Trillin

CYRIL CRENSHAW, STATIONER, 1905-1970

Crenshaw, a stationer of Knightsbridge, London SW2, perished in the attempt of Harvey R. ("Give-away") Gordon, a Pontiac dealer from Indianapolis, Indiana, to purchase a ball-point pen. Gordon needed the pen in order to write his congressman that a country whose businessmen had no more initiative than British shopkeepers demonstrated should be cut off Marshall Plan aid immediately.

As the Metropolitan Police pieced the story together, Gordon's irritation at British business methods began on his first evening in London when, trying to relax from the flight over, he attempted to purchase a ticket at a Kensington cinema fourteen seconds after the final showing of the feature film had begun. The ticket seller informed Gordon that the box office was closing. When he tried to press his money upon her, she reminded him that he would not have received a fair return for it anyway, having already missed not only fourteen seconds of credits in the feature film but two trailers for coming attractions, a newsreel featuring a Manchester apprentice school's unique program for training Kenyan welders, and seven minutes of Horlicks advertisements. Gordon—who, on those occasions when he had to work on his books until three or four in the morning at Giveaway Gordon's Garden of Pontiacs, always kept all the showroom lights on just in case an insomniac station-wagon prospect wandered by—stormed into the theater, flinging a handful of coins at the ticket seller. Two police constables later agreed to remove Gordon physically from a seat in the front stalls, on the grounds not only that he entered when the box office was closing but also that he was improperly seated, hav-



ing flung a total of ten shillings, the price for the loges (plus a house key), at the ticket seller and then taken a seven-shilling seat.

The following morning Gordon appeared to be less hostile. When the proprietor of a Saville Row clothing store warned him that the two-hundred-dollar cashmere sport coat he was about to buy might not wear terribly well, Gordon, who had once persuaded a mildly alcoholic machine-tool heiress to buy a Pontiac with eighty-seven thousand four hundred dollars' worth of extras, merely suggested to the clothier that he seek medical attention. But that afternoon, Gordon himself has admitted, there was another throwing incident, this time involving a greengrocer near Victoria Station. Gordon told the greengrocer that he wanted four peaches, and then began to pick them out.

"I'll get them for you, sir, thanks very much," the greengrocer said.

"That's all right, I'll get them," Gordon replied.

"But you'll take all large ones," the greengrocer said.

"Well, of course I'll take all large ones," Gordon said.

"Well, that's hardly fair to the next chap, is it?" the greengrocer said.

"Fair!" Gordon said. "If you were interested in being fair you should have gone into refereeing."

"We can't all be picking out our own peaches, sir," the greengrocer said, whereupon Gordon picked out four of his own peaches, all large ones, and threw them at the greengrocer. The greengrocer and three of the peaches were bruised.

On the same day, Gordon apparently failed to arrange the mending of a shirt, having been told by one laundry that it didn't do small holes and by the laundry next door that it was not equipped for major mending unless Gordon wanted to book three weeks in advance. Two days later, Gordon threatened violence in a shop—the Minimum Delay Cleaners on Brompton Road. Gordon, noticing that the suit he had just had pressed was about to be taken off the hanger and folded up into a paper bag by the clerk, asked to take the suit on the hanger.

"But we would have to charge you tuppence for the hanger, sir," the clerk replied.

"Sold," said Gordon, who had, within a matter of seconds, calculated that paying tuppence for the hanger would be cheaper in the long run than paying to have the suit repressed after it became wrinkled in the paper bag.

"But you could buy hangers across the road for a penny each, sir," the clerk said.

Gordon stared at the clerk. "I'll give you fourpence for your hanger," he finally said. "But not a penny more."

"Oh, tuppence will be quite all right sir," the clerk said, not quite certain that he had understood Gordon correctly. The clerk then put the suit back on the hanger and started to fold it into the paper bag again. A Mrs. Jeffrey Jowell, who was in the store at the time, has confirmed the clerk's testimony that Gordon snatched the suit from the clerk's hand in a violent motion and, as he threw open the door to leave, threatened the destruction of the shop by arson.

Gordon went directly from the Minimum Delay Cleaners to Crenshaw's stationery shop for a pen, composing the letter in his mind as he walked.

"Terribly sorry, sir," Crenshaw said. "We don't do pens."

"You mean you don't sell them?" Gordon asked.

"I'm afraid not, sir," Crenshaw replied. "Odd—ten, fifteen people a day stop off here wanting to buy pens. I suppose because we sell stationery and greeting cards and all that they expect us to sell pens as well."

"Has it ever occurred to you to begin selling pens?" Gordon said quietly, an odd tightness coming over his voice.

"Oh, no, sir," Crenshaw replied. "We don't do pens."

It was at that point that Gordon reached into his raincoat pocket, pulled out the Magnum automatic he always carried in case anyone came onto the Giveaway Gordon's Garden of Pontiacs lot looking for trouble, and finished off Crenshaw in three quick shots. He later instructed his attorney to base his defense on the claim that the shooting had been a crime of passion.

MARTIN APPLGATE, NEWS DEALER 1911-1970

Applegate, a news dealer on Park Lane, was put to death by LeRoy Bean, a millionaire oilman from Ada, Oklahoma, in the normal course of business. Ironically, the killing was a direct result of Bean's making a special effort to behave courteously to the British. When he wasn't making a special effort to be courteous, Bean made a special effort to be uncouth. He prided himself on his reputation as a crude, self-made wheeler-dealer of the type common in the Southwest—although he was, in fact, a native of Chicago of Latvian descent, a graduate of the University of Illinois in musicology, and a baron of oil only through the happenstance of his wife's father having had control over two hundred and forty-seven million barrels of it.

For years, Bean had been particularly rude to the British, to the intense embarrassment of his wife, who always treated the British with the respect due one's revered ancestors, although all the British she met were live people not related to her. Once, during a reception in Tulsa given by the English Descendants of the Sooner Land Rush, Bean remarked to the British consul that he had by coincidence seen "a whole mess of little-bitty foreigners" downtown that afternoon, knowing full well that the only foreigners who had been downtown were the members of the championship Oxford rugby team who were making a special State Department goodwill tour of eastern Oklahoma. In London, whenever Bean ordered a bartender to bring plenty of ice in his drink, he always added that he realized there were only one hundred seventeen ice cubes in the greater London area at one time. In London restaurants, his orders were always something like, "Bring me one of them chicken pies of yours if you got a crane handy."

After a particularly unpleasant scene in London one night, when Bean insulted the Queen's prize corgi dogs in front of members of the British Natural Gas Association ("Why, in Oklahoma if we ever found a critter that ugly we'd put a bounty on it"), Mrs. Bean announced that if Bean did not make a special effort to be courteous to the British, there would be no more trips out of Ada, a threat she was capable of carrying out, since all of the two hundred and forty-seven million barrels of oil were still in her name.

Calvin Trillin contributes regularly to the *New Yorker*.

It was Applegate's bad luck that Bean's first transaction on the morning after Mrs. Bean's dictum was to buy a *Herald-Tribune* on Park Lane. Bean had resolved to be more courteous than the British themselves; the thought of having to spend more than a few months a year in Ada, Oklahoma, surrounded by crude, self-made wheeler-dealers, filled him with dread. Walking down Park Lane, Bean had stopped in front of the Dorchester Hotel's doorman and said, "You got a real fine country here. Real fine." He had decided that at breakfast he would tell the waiter that only the British were intelligent enough to make breakfast sausages mainly out of bread, thus guarding against early-morning heartburn. When he entered Applegate's shop, he said, "A *Paris Herald-Tribune* please, if you don't mind."

"Thank you," Applegate said. He handed Bean the paper and said "Thank you" again.

"Thank you," said Bean, who, after all, had been the one receiving the item in question.

"Thank you very much," Applegate said, as Bean handed him a pound note—and then added, before Bean was able to reply, "Thank you."

"Thanks a lot," Bean said.

"Thanks awfully," Applegate said, handing Bean his change.

"Thank you. Thank you awfully," Bean said, in a louder voice.

"Thank you very much indeed," Applegate said, somewhat puzzled but trying not to offend a customer.

"Thanks a lot fella—hear?" Bean said. He was almost shouting.

"Thank you, sir," Applegate said. He wondered why Bean was not leaving the store.

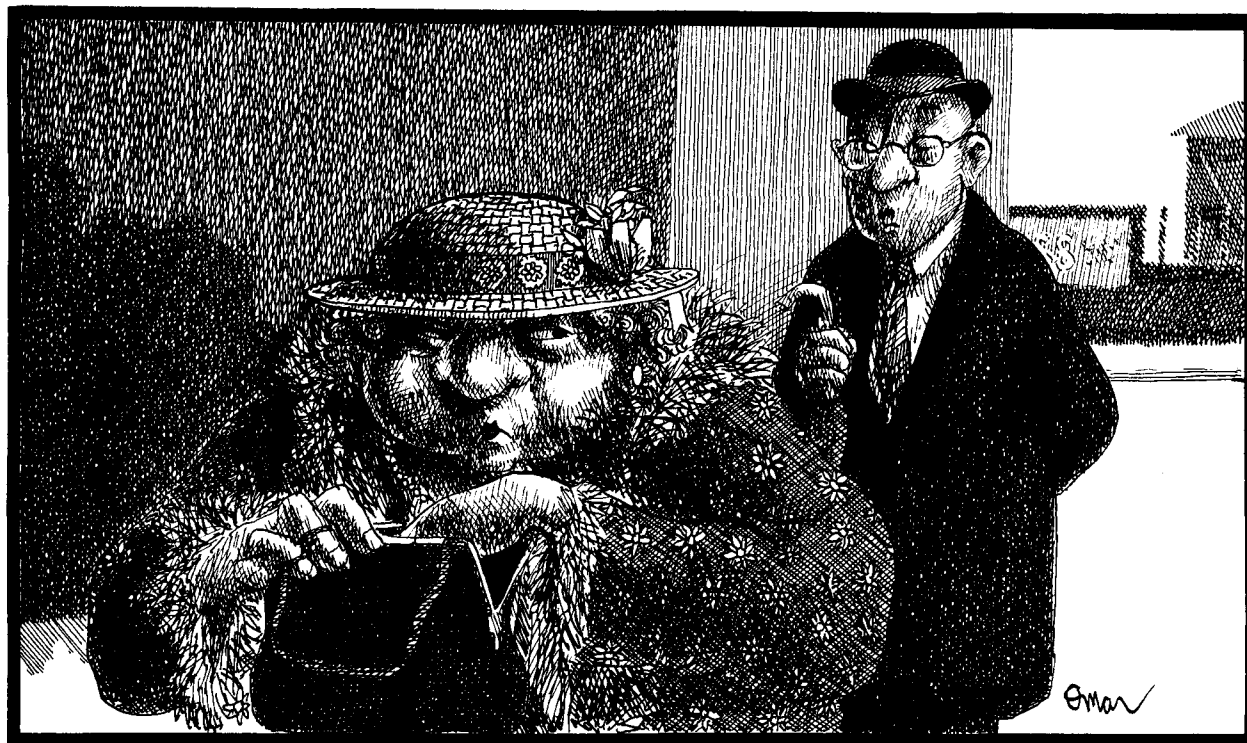
"Thank . . . you . . . sir . . . awfully," Bean said, very slowly.

A man in the bakery next door testified that the conversation went for approximately ten minutes before Bean pulled out a long-barreled, pearl-handled revolver—a souvenir his grandfather had come upon during a border skirmish with the Estonians in 1902—and fired at Applegate. The man in the bakery also testified that when the police constables opened the doors of the police van so that Bean could climb in, Bean said, "Thanks awfully."

TIMOTHY PENFOLD, SWEETSHOP PROPRIETOR, 1902-1970

Penfold, a sweetshop proprietor whose hobby was queuing, had one narrow escape from an American on the same day he eventually met his end at the hands of Myrtle Dougherty of Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

The narrow escape occurred in Penfold's sweetshop. It was a quiet Tuesday morning. Penfold was filling the order of a retired housing inspector who regularly sent a variety of candies in a gift box to the keepers working at a home for worn and misused farm animals in Sussex. It was a complicated order, since the retired housing inspector kept careful notes on the preferences of each keeper, and it often took an hour or so to complete. Penfold and the housing inspector had just spent ten minutes discussing the remarkable fondness of the Deputy Chief Keeper for Mackintosh's Quality Street Toffees when an American walked into the store, picked up a sixpence bag of mixed nuts and raisins from the rack, put a sixpence on the counter in front of Penfold, and said, "OK?"



"Won't keep you a moment, sir," Penfold said to the American, getting right down to adding an eighteen-inch column of figures.

"I'm just leaving this for the nuts and raisins," the American said. He had started out of the shop but had stopped to look at Penfold for an answer.

"I won't be long here, sir, thank you very much," Penfold said, starting to check each candy bar in the box against the numbers in the column.

"But it's the right change," the American said.

Penfold looked up from his figures. "There's a queue, sir," he said, sternly.

Penfold turned back to his figures, and the American reached into his pocket for a .45-caliber pistol he had been carrying for just such occasions. At that point, by chance, the American's wife walked in, reminded him that mixed nuts were high in cholesterol, and led him from the store.

Unaware of his narrow escape, Penfold decided to spend that evening queuing about. He often spent his evenings that way, joining first one queue then another. He had a closetful of items that he had purchased without really needing them, souvenirs of the times when he had been enjoying himself so much that he neglected to leave the queue before arriving at the counter and had to buy something or risk being accused by those behind him of having queued frivolously. Once, on Regent Street, he had been rather embarrassed when he joined what he thought was a short queue toward a shop door but turned out to be a German tourist ducking out of the wind to light a cigarette. But he continued to find queues irresistible, and he often spent an entire evening strolling from bus stops to cinemas to news dealers and back, queuing happily.

There was nothing frivolous about Penfold's presence in the fatal queue. On closing his sweetshop for the evening, he had decided to go to Hammersmith, where there was an Odeon cinema queue he had always found agreeable. He arrived at the bus stop fully intending to take a Number 74 bus to Hammersmith, although he enjoyed thinking that he was also queuing for the Number 31, which used the same stop. As it happened, there was only one person waiting at the bus stop when Penfold arrived—Mrs. Dougherty, who was returning from a beauty parlor that, according to an article on the women's page of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, did the hair of some close friends of Tom Jones, the singer. In Cleveland Heights, Mrs. Dougherty was vice president of her Parent-Teacher Association, recording secretary of the Housewives and Mothers Protection Society Gun Club, and a black belt in karate who had once demonstrated her murderous skill by breaking a Whirlpool washer-dryer with one chop of her bare hand. Penfold stood directly behind Mrs. Dougherty, in the proper queue position. Mrs. Dougherty, sensing someone behind her, moved slightly to the left, in better position if she decided to bring her right elbow back into the

assaulter's windpipe. Penfold, not wanting to appear to be breaking the queue, dutifully moved directly behind her again. Mrs. Dougherty moved to the right, and again Penfold moved behind her, silently congratulating himself on attentive queuing. Believing her suspicions confirmed, Mrs. Dougherty faked a left elbow to the lower abdomen, spun around to a kneel-and-fire position, and shot Penfold four times with a small derringer she kept in her passport wallet. Before he expired, Penfold was heard to say, "I hope you don't think I was trying to push ahead." □

CONTESTS

The Suffering Contest—
Cash prizes.

The Introspectathon
Is its own reward.

The beauty contest
Goes on and on.

Weight lifting: you win the
Weights; you drag them home.

Wrestle the alligator,
Win his swamp.

Cultivate style, not virtue;
Judges have no time for time.

Fail. No one cares that
You can do these things

Could do these things
Did these absurd things.

Don't even try; play it
Close to your vest.

After all, the beauty
Contest goes on and on.

by Paul Hannigan

THE ANATOMY OF PRETENTIOUSNESS

by Robert Evett

Religion and culture seem to be represented by a catholic belief that something is lacking which must be found, but as to what that something is, the keys of heaven, the missing air, genius, the smells of childhood, or a sense of humour, why it is lacking, whether it has been deliberately stolen, or accidentally lost or just hidden for a lark, and who is responsible, ourselves, the social structure, or mysterious wicked powers, there are as many faiths as there are searchers, and clues can be found behind every clock, under every stone, and in every hollow tree to support all of them.—W. H. Auden

One evening last spring, I went to a concert by an excellent high school choir. At one point, the conductor turned to the audience and said, "The performance tonight is dedicated to the memory of the students of Kent State University who were killed today by the Ohio National Guard." This performance happened to be very good, and the repertory—by an odd coincidence—particularly apropos. And no doubt the same gesture was being made in many parts of the country that evening and in the days and weeks to come. A few days later, the Oberlin College Choir—one of the best in the United States—went, at its own not inconsiderable expense, to Washington, and sang the Mozart Requiem at the National Cathedral in honor of the slain. This was a touching and beautiful thing to do, particularly because the choir performs the music well.

But what about the misbegotten gestures? Some university's department of modern dance which,

already on record as having deplored the assassinations of President Kennedy and his brother, of Martin Luther King, Jr., and equally opposed to the horrors of war, poverty, privation, and pollution, feels morally compelled to make it perfectly clear that it will not for one second tolerate the behavior of the National Guard on this occasion. Well, once you establish a moral stance so large, it doesn't much matter what you do with it. As things have fallen out within the last thirty years or more, the thought behind the deed is often so large as to discourage negative criticism, or for that matter, anything touching the long look.

For an example, there was a quasi-mixed-media piece performed at the University of Maryland in July, 1970. The basis of it was an English translation of "*Die Weise von Liebe und Tod des Cornets Rilke*," a work which Rainer Maria Rilke executed, reportedly in a single night, in 1899, when he was twenty-four. "*Die Weise*" could be considered his Opus 1.

For anyone wishing to assume a political stance right now, this is an ideal aid. Rilke's prose poem has to do with a very young (that is, under twenty) collateral figure in his own ancestry, a man riding to his death in a senseless war. That the war took place three hundred years ago makes it seem even more senseless. But Cornet Christopher Rilke emerges, in the poem, as an "Arms and the Boy" figure, the young man up to his nostrils in his own blood, the type of hundreds of thousands reduced to their common humanity by a bullet. Hardly anybody exposed to this treatment of "*Die Weise*" could be insensitive to or unmoved by the subject

matter itself; or so rude as to probe, as I am about to, into the mechanics of the piece.

This is how it went. A nice-looking young man came out onto a lightly decorated stage and, under a play of contrived lighting, read a translation of the text. He had on one of those frilly tux shirts that most men don't like to wear, black riding britches, a handsome pair of oxblood boots, and a big black bow around his neck that looked rather as if he had stolen it from some child in a sailor suit. Just who he was supposed to represent was not clear: Somebody from the seventeenth century? Rainer Maria Rilke? Or just a handsome boy dressed up in a funny costume? There was, I discovered, a previous performance in which the role, if that is what it was, was played by a woman, and this would have complicated the meaning even further.

On stage—and this was a stage without a proscenium arch—they carefully rolled up the rug, which just might have interfered with the visual effect, and fetched out the scenery: five amorphous doodads made of cloth and supported by some sort of frame (a music stand?). An honest-to-god music stand shrouded in black served as a lectern. The doodads, which appeared to be weighted with symbolism to the point of collapse, turned out to have no detectable meaning. The lectern was there, evidently, because Sonny Boy had neglected to learn his lines. As for the lighting, it was anybody's guess. Reading the poem later, I could find no reason whatever that it should be considered a piece for the theater, and none for the staging it received. The poem itself—not bad, but not one on which the author's reputation rests—suffered from this exercise far less than Mona Lisa suffered when Duchamp put a mustache on her. For kids whose hearts are in the right place but don't really know what they are doing, "*Die Weise . . . des Cornets Rilke*" presents a teething toy which will survive considerable chewing.

As for the music—and even to mention the composer by name would be to convey the notion that this is something that might later come to your attention, or to have a life of its own—it was extremely fragmentary but, like the Webern Bagatelles, gave the impression of being cryptic, elliptical, highly distilled, hard to understand, and composed for the attention of the connoisseur. I would say that it was boring, naïve, and obvious. But because it was—and it genuinely was—obscure, there is a chance that it represents an aesthetic trend that was lost on me.

However, the larger game—putting a weight of meaning on an artistic structure that is heavier than the structure will support—is no news. Substantially, it goes like this: where Her Majesty's Royal Ballet Company will offer you a View of Margot Fonteyn's Legs or Rudolph Nureyev's Behind at a price, the Department of Music, or Speech and Drama, or Modern Dance will offer you, for nothing, its View of the Human Condition.

Just what this Condition is, or what view of it an

artist takes, is evidently subject to changes in the intellectual climate. Thus, about thirty years ago—in wartime, and after a period of great social ferment—there was a considerable body of political, leftish art in this country. A favorite novel with college students was Dos Passos' *USA* trilogy, written while the author was still traveling with the Communists and presenting, in what was still a rather startling technique, a shattering portrait of a hypocritical and ugly civilization. Still in were painters of the New York Ashcan School and men like Thomas Hart Benton and the Albright brothers, who presented an unloving view of an unlovely society.

This was not lost on the Department of Speech and Drama, nor on the Department of Modern Dance. Since from that period hardly anything remains in any form except yellowing newspaper notices, I will refer only to something that I saw at Cornell in the spring of 1943 and just happen to remember. This was called *Dustbowl Ballads*, and had been created by three young professional dancers, all of them somehow associated with Bennington College. They were Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, and William Bales, and in place of a composed score, they danced to recordings of Woody Guthrie singing "songs of the people" and accompanying himself on a guitar or a banjo or whatever it was. Whether either the choreography or the dancing was any good I don't remember; I do remember that it was a political gesture and that it was not lost on the audience. Young people of twenty-five who cannot imagine Mama in tights—prancing around the stage—or dances made to fit whatever they sang in those days in place of "We Shall Overcome" should be reminded that it did happen and is all perfectly true.

Well, we are back there again, but the new disguise for the old politics is called "total theater" or "the theater of mixed media" or something of the kind. (Does anybody remember "happenings"?) That the media have been mixed in opera and ballet for hundreds of years barely touches on what I am discussing. However, in 1946 I participated in an early "collaboration" between choreographer-dancer, author, and composer, in the going sense of the word.

The piece was called *Stephen Acrobat*, and my principal collaborators on it were a young poet named Robert Richman and Erick Hawkins, at that time Martha Graham's cavalier ("partner" was the word they used, but because this sounds like business rather than aesthetics, it still sticks in my craw). It had its premiere at what was then the Adelphi Creative Arts Center, in Garden City, New York, where we were all teaching for the summer, and was repeated in New York during the 1947 and 1948 seasons, after which it sank like a stone.

As his basic image, Hawkins selected that of an acrobat (man) and his trainer (god). He got the

idea that this acrobat could disobey his trainer by eating from "The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil," though how the acrobat and his trainer, on one hand, and a tree of living fruit, on the other, were to be related was not clear. When the thing reached the Broadway stage, there they were: a handsome set by Isamu Noguchi, with a stylized trapeze, I think it was, on one side of the stage and Adam's Apple on the other. The burden of the show was that the acrobat, having tasted of the Tree of Knowledge, would somehow untaste it. "Well, I can't stand there and vomit it in the middle of the stage," he said. In the end, it was decided that he would "uneat" the apple by turning to the audience and explaining that, having uneaten it once, he would continue to uneat it throughout eternity. Thus is primal innocence restored.

But this is not the end of the symbolism. "Stephen," the name of the hero in this dance, was also (do I have to explain *everything*?) the name of the first Christian martyr. So we had to put some rocks on stage to represent?—stand for? symbolize? be an archetypal image of?—the stoning of St. Stephen. Then Hawkins, who had some background in classical languages, stumbled over the woeful intelligence that the Greek root of the name Stephen means "the crowned one." "What am I going to do with my hair?" he wanted to know. "All Martha has to do is put a rat in hers, but I can't do that." So he stormed out. That first crown was a garish wreath of bright green artificial leaves, bought at a dime store, and toned down by a bath of shoe polish or mascara—I don't know what it was. Anyway, when the first performance went on, something more had been added. On his bare skin, in the general area of a shoulder, there was a big, black spot, like the ones you see in old photographs of Nijinsky as the Faun. "What did that mean, Mr. Hawkins?" I overheard one of his pupils ask. "That," he replied, "is for you to find out."

What Hawkins wanted for his show was some free-wheeling composer, probably John Cage. What he got, in me, was somebody who, like Aaron Copland, Carlos Chavez, William Schuman, and others who worked for Miss Graham, wrote a rather unyielding music in a conservative style. Many young composers of that day thought that a great way to get famous in a hurry was to appear on Graham's New York series. Some did, some didn't. For my part, I turned in a job that I am genuinely ashamed of, even a generation later. It was a sententious bore in one act, contrived at great expense of time and money, by several hands. Was it hissed off the stage? No, not in a country where everybody knows that if he can't understand the later *Cantos* of Ezra Pound, the trouble is in himself rather than the author. The

audience must have been mystified, but the reviews, though mixed, were not uniformly bad. If something arrests your attention, you may want to analyze it to find out what made it work. But nobody goes very deeply into flops; it is hard to find out precisely what is bad about a bad work of art if it has a family relationship to good works of art and its pretensions seem honorable.

The word here is "pretension," and for a working definition, I propose that "pretentiousness" in art consists in arrogantly and ignorantly attempting to do more than you can, in biting off more than you can chew. This is a dangerous definition because the history of the arts in the West is full of pieces such as Michelangelo's *David* or the *Waldstein* Sonata or Nabokov's *Pale Fire*, which posed technical and stylistic problems that the artist did not know, in advance, that he could solve. To try to excel yourself is natural; but to try to palm off on the public what should have been discarded while it was in the works—that is pretentiousness.

Large themes can be excellent themes in the right hands. But whether you will find those hands in the Department of Musical Composition or the Department of Modern Dance is something else.

As a background for what goes into the teaching of the arts, there is an attitude approached by Jung and further defined by the likes of the late Sir Herbert Read and by A. S. Neil, the founder of Summerhill School, which assumes that there is a spark of creativity in every living being which, in Western civilization, comes out best in children and schizophrenics—people who, for one reason or another, have not fitted themselves to the conformist patterns of a repressive society. This means that every goddamned finger painting ever made represents that part of the divine spark that resides in the child. This leads almost directly to the view that there is something in Western civilization basically unsympathetic to creativity; that the emphasis since the Renaissance on the achieving of superiority by privileged individuals, on attaining permanence and durability in form, on work as opposed to play, on the clear separation of the artist and his audience, is a perversion of the creative drive; and that, to get back what we have lost, we must divest ourselves of a large chunk of Western tradition.

Now, if this theory were carried to its ultimate conclusion—by eliminating the spectator altogether—I don't see how anybody could object. But the artists who have come close to getting rid of the shackles of Western tradition, and John Cage is a good example, seem to be hopelessly fettered to the idea of retaining an audience at all costs. Well, if this much of the Western tradition is worth preserving, it might at least be worth looking at some of the rest of it before flushing it down the *oubliette* of history.

First, there is a very real question of how much of

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the substance of a civilization is reflected in its arts. Do the moral and ethical principles of a legal system show up in sculpture and architecture? Is there a linking together of situations and events that produces a sort of cultural mass guilt? Can a civilization that produced a Mozart be all bad? Well, why not? The eighteenth-century civilization that produced Mozart was bad in so many ways that it would be hard to find anything good to say about it except that it produced a great deal of great art and some good science and philosophy; and that in these fields the pressure of the civilization was felt—for instance, in the arts, where style and content conformed to the social contract between the patron and the artist; which proves nothing at all except that art and life are not the same and never have been.

As for the divine spark of creativity, perhaps it does exist in everybody. Certain creative acts—making pottery or jewelry, or cooking delicious food—can give pleasure not only to the creator but to other people as well, and these modest arts are within the grasp of almost anybody. Is the creativity that goes into making a soufflé the same as what goes into a piano concerto? It would be hard to answer this question with any finality, because it takes not only a different kind of technique but a lot more of it to write a piece of music than it does to cook a dish. But in cookery, you can do it well by doing it right; the composer has to have not only enough technique to execute a work but enough imagination to conceive it, and there is no indication whatever that these two indispensable elements are normally found together. Unless they are found together, there is no reason to assume that someone has a vocation to or a talent for musical composition.

The literary marketplace is inundated year after year by the work of no-talents from Creative Writing workshops, and what can be done for these poor souls is a moral problem about as large as the one touching the vanity presses and the correspondence schools. But whereas the Creative Writing workshops are attended by people who have at least some basic equipment, it is not unusual for a girl taking a course in modern dance to arrive at the first class knowing nothing at all but to appear in public within a few months and to do choreography while she is still in school. One of the great misfortunes of the modern dance movement is that it has no repertory. People do not perform each other's choreography, they perform their own. The result is that even with the advantage of a superlative technique, which, the Lord knows, is uncommon, the modern dancer must be either a choreographer or at the service of a choreographer. This explains, I suppose, why so many dancers who have never read a word of Jung or Herbert Read think that every dancer is a choreographer waiting only for the chance to create something; it's everything you need to know about why, when those creations are bad, they are so very bad.

In a letter written in 1949, Schoenberg remarked:

... One is astonished if one sees lists of American composers, and one is astonished by the production. ... Technically, they all suffer from a lack of education.

This sweeping statement is unfair to many composers whose work Schoenberg undoubtedly did not know, but many of the composers whose work he *did* know were, indeed, deficient in technique. Having overwhelmed the academy by sheer numbers, and by awarding each other advanced degrees, they have become so many pedagogical Typhoid Marys, transmitting their ignorance to the youngsters who come to them for training.

Whether or not there is any justification for teaching courses in musical composition, it is becoming increasingly difficult to acquire a technique. A student, even a very gifted one, has no way of knowing what he is not being taught; if he did, he wouldn't be a student. So, if he is incapacitated from the outset by the lack of a technique adequate for his needs, he will start looking for a substitute—and this can be any stance that is socially acceptable to whatever group he is in, any aesthetic position, any technique that proves useful. Particularly attractive are postures that do not require work of any great distinction. Thus, the composer who felt, in the thirties, that he had to write fugues; in the early forties, sweet-tempered, folksy music; in the later forties, music with a heavy saturation of dissonance; in the early fifties, what they called “twelve-tone” music, which was as often as not a parody of Schoenberg; in the late fifties, pointillistic music in imitation of Webern; then, in the sixties, aleatoric music, electronic music; and now, mixed-media stuff—this composer, though few of his kidney have continued this long, finds his gratification in being one of the faceless horde on the treadmill to oblivion. What the young people don't realize is that there is room for all on this treadmill, and that you don't have to push the old folks off to find a place on it for yourself.

A cornerstone of the twentieth-century academy is the dogma that trend and progress are synonymous, thus reducing the composer to the position of a cipher. Good composers are understandably reluctant to be cut down to this size. Hindemith once said:

... Strangely enough, music before 1750 is seldom cited as proof of the constantly growing complexity of style in composition. There is a very simple reason for this: The evolutionist theory of music's unceasing development towards higher goals is untenable.

And Stravinsky, much later and at a much more advanced age, remarked that

... The true purpose of linear historicism is simply to open up more Midwestern territories of the mind to Ph.D. candidates...

Which means what?

In the long run, probably very little, but in the short run a great deal. Here and now, it means that the principal creative arts have fallen into the hands of an academy which has, in turn, fallen into the hands of teachers who don't have any very clear idea of what they are teaching. And that whether what comes out of the schools shows an overemphasis on technique or on play, the underlying theory, that All God's Chillun have a creative potential that can be realized, is one that will support no scrutiny at all. It means that the people who go through each new trend like a dose of salts are, in the main, people who have no authority to decide that any part of their own tradition is worn out and even less to decide what is coming next. And that incompetence and pretentiousness, hand in hand, are the most conspicuous characteristics of the creative work being done in schools and colleges throughout the country.

As for the mixed media, there is no reason whatever that they should not succeed spectacularly well when some Wagner comes along who can handle them. At present, however, and at the academic level in particular, they represent more often than not either the work of one person who is, at some point, out of his depth—as in the case of the pretty good composer who makes home movies and does his own bad choreography to mix with his media—or the work of several hands, in which case the more individual incompetents you have, the worse the mix.

It could be argued that the artists engaged in non-directive play are really a modest lot and cannot be accused of pretentiousness. Well, if what they think they are doing is dancing on the grave of the Western artistic heritage they are the most pretentious of them all. As for the ones who are trying to make some relevant social commentary (and why is it that these statements are always from the left? I'm sure that there is a rule that a modern dancer caught voting Republican would have to turn in her leotard), a kid with a guitar and a vocabulary of precisely three chords with which to accompany himself in a song is in a better position to make a meaningful statement than another kid with an actor, some dancers, a Moog synthesizer, a string quartet, a movie projector, and no very clear idea of how any of them works.

How much real damage is this doing?

I suspect, not much. In the days when the academy was a locked repository of tradition, it had the reputation of being death on talent. No doubt it was destroying potential artists a hundred years ago, just as it is now. And no doubt many of the really gifted young people will go on to do excellent work when they mature, even though they do it on terms that, at the moment, are not subject to any going criteria.

For the immediate future, a great many of these people can be expected to be involved in great causes. Since they will stop no wars, right no wrongs, and reach a very little public, their social resonance will be small. Still, it beats being sprayed with MACE. □

MAB

A landscape hung with the laundry
of the newly dead.

I am no longer young,
but you? A crone, her thick legs red
with the cold, stands
bent above a tub, scrubbing at a skin
like mad. Her mouth
is full of clothespins; her hair,
once honey-colored,
now thin and white as snow. When,
twisting out the one she's done,
she hangs it up to dry,
the line she pegs it on to flap its arms
and legs against the winter sky
is taut gut. Oh, how the flayed things flap!
Angry newborn babies screaming to be fed.
Stomping across the frozen mud,
she heads back to her shack,
brushes two weathered hides aside
that serve her for a door,
then picks another body up
to plunge it in the steam.
Holding the nape so hard
that her knuckles bulge out white,
she whacks it against the board,
then scrubs the dead man out.
She wrings out each last dream,
then hangs him up to dry,
another wind-flapped baby
screaming to be fed. I
touch this crone, who turns,
who asks me to lie down,
who whispers who I am,
who kisses shut each eye.

My love, your work is never done,
nor will you ever die.

by Jon Swan

NORMAL LOVE

A story by Joyce Carol Oates

Downtown

I park my car in a high-rise garage, three floors up. Everything is silent. The garage is gray, the color of concrete blocks and metal. Many cars are parked here, in silence, but no one is around. A small tension rises in me, an alarm. Is there anyone around? Anyone? Our city is not a large city, there is no danger. There might be danger late at night for a woman alone. Now it is a winter afternoon, a weekday, overcast, too cold for anyone to make trouble. . . . I lock the car door, I put the keys in my purse, I walk quickly to the elevator and press the button for down.

The elevator is slow. Is it out of order? Why is there no one around? A sudden noise behind me . . . behind me a man is walking this way, putting something in his pocket. Car keys, probably. His footsteps make brisk noises on the concrete. The air is cold. My heart begins to pound absurdly; I know there is no danger, and yet my muscles stiffen as if in expectation of danger. The man waits with me for the elevator. I don't look at him. He doesn't look at me. He is wearing a fairly good overcoat, he is no danger to me. There is no danger in this city; the very coldness of the air on this December day makes everything abrupt and undramatic; there is no tension, nothing. The elevator comes. The door opens. I step inside, the man steps quickly inside; for a moment I feel a sense of panic, as if inside me a door were opening suddenly upon nothing, upon blackness. The elevator takes us down. The man says nothing, makes no movement, does not take his hands out of his pockets as if . . . as if to take them out would be a sign and he dare not make a sign. I wait with my heart hammering. I wait. The elevator stops, the door opens, a woman and some children are waiting to get inside. I step out quickly and escape. . . .

I spend the afternoon shopping. I am not followed.

My husband

sits alone downstairs after we have all gone to bed. Secrets rise in him at this time. If I come to the landing to say, "It's after two o'clock," he will stare up at me, startled. He sits on the sofa with an ashtray beside him. He is smoking and thinking. He is sitting there in a kind of troubled peace, a man of forty, six feet two and lean, unmuscular, a city man with dark hair thinning on top, the tension and

bewilderment of the city in the lines of his face. He is thinking, dreaming, a terrible sadness fills him, he is sitting there alone and will glance up at me, startled, if I come to the landing. The newspaper is out back, folded to be thrown out tomorrow, the newspaper with the story about the missing girl.

My children

are eager to get out of the doors of the house and eager to get back through them again. They jerk one way, scrambling for freedom. Then they are hurrying back. They are hungry. The boys have long unpredictable legs. They are always knocking against tables. They spill milk, drop plates; their nostrils have been raw with colds for weeks. They like hot dogs and hamburgers. The meat comes processed into strange shapes they never notice—tied neatly with a tiny knot of intestine, pink, or ground to an intricate maze of wormlike red tissue. It is all tissue. The boys like this meat very much. One of my daughters is melancholy and selfish, remote and spiteful, thirteen years old . . . the corners of her eyes narrow at things I can't imagine. She is always thinking. She looks like her father, with the same pinched, calculating face; a smile can transform such a face. The other girl is only nine, a good-natured child; she loves us all and can't understand why her father is drifting from us, at the age or forty, a mysterious, stubborn drifting we can't understand.

My neighborhood supermarket

has a tinsel Christmas tree inside. A fluffy angel blows a horn at its very top. The tree is pretty but difficult to look at; the metallic branches catch light and reflect it painfully. A radio is playing "Jingle Bells." Which day of the week is this? I do most of my shopping on Tuesday. But sometimes on Wednesday we have already run out of something, or I forgot to buy something, and I go back to the store. By the time Thursday comes I need something more, usually milk, and on Friday I have my hair done, and the hardresser's is just down the block so it's no trouble to drop in again. Christmas carols are being played now. But the sounds are scrappy, as if the angels singing such songs were distracted, glancing over their shoulders at something. During the week the supermarket is not very crowded. Sometimes I come back again on Saturday and it's crowded then, but more girls are stationed at the check-out counters, so I suppose everything works out.

Most things are familiar—these cans and packages—but still I look carefully, to see if there is any change, to see if there are special things that I want. I have to buy a lot of groceries. Two shopping carts are necessary sometimes, so one of the boys comes along. As long as he doesn't knock anything over he's helpful. I should be proud of him, a son of my own, but I don't have time to be proud

of him. His nose is running, he wipes it on the side of his hand . . . on his sleeve. . . . "Take this," I tell him and give him a Kleenex. He accepts it. He wipes his nose as if his nose had become suddenly delicate.

But I prefer to shop alone. I take my time with everything. I take my time buying meat, inspecting the shapes of meat. The radio is now playing "Let It Snow." Far beyond my hearing are the cries of amazed animals stunned by hammer blows, their hooves skidding in the dirt, their shoulders and heads wrenching to get free of the horns that imprison them—men have hold of these horns! They are herded into trucks. Their flanks and sides are carried frozen out of trucks, big refrigerated trucks so long they can hardly make the turns of our old-fashioned little intersections.

Our house

is on a street that is partly good, partly bad. There are boardinghouses at the corner. This is a college town, quiet and unexciting, a nice place to live, only in the last several years has the crime rate begun to rise, but nothing has happened to us. Students living in those boardinghouses sometimes make trouble, but inside the houses only; they have never bothered us. The street has potholes. I drive automatically around them now, not even seeing them.

The university's president lives a few blocks away, in a large, old home.

Mornings in our house are quiet. All my children go to school now. The telephone rings suddenly, and my mouth goes dry; I hurry to answer the phone, I am anxious, wondering . . . could it be a wrong number? Or is it a friend? Is it someone inviting us out? There is so much cruel power in that person calling me, in his anonymity! But the telephone must ring also when I am not home, and then, then I am the one who is in power, then the caller (probably another wife, like myself) must stand listening sadly to the ringing of a telephone in an empty house, denied a few minutes' conversation. I work around my house thinking to myself about the mystery of a house, the lives dreamt out in it. My children are eager to get away in the morning and eager to come back in the afternoon. I catch myself up quick, dreaming of them, their bouncing impatient limbs somehow inside me, damaging me. . . . Do they want to damage me, my flesh? No. Does my husband want to damage me? No. The house, which I wanted so badly eight years ago, is very silent in the morning. I walk through the rooms, buttoning my car coat, getting ready to go out and shop. . . . I like to shop, I go shopping every day. I cannot locate myself precisely in this house, so I go out. I have bought everything for the rooms myself, choosing the pieces of furniture carefully, worrying over them, studying magazines like *House Beautiful*. Our sofa is dark brown, our rug is light beige. The coffee



table is a long modern oval, of dark walnut. The room used to seem striking to me, even beautiful, but now it looks a little worn and cheap, I don't know why. My husband shows no sign of himself here. He puts everything of his away, as his own father did. Nothing remains of him downstairs; he is a professor at the university, and most of his books are at school; his real life is somewhere else, he is invisible here.

Across the street is a house like this one, of dark red brick, two stories high with a big attic, where, as in our house, two boys have their room. These houses were built in the forties. I look out the front window. It seems to me that something moves against the window of that house—another woman, looking out? Is she looking across the street at me?

The purse

came into our lives by accident. My husband took the car to have the brakes fixed, and on his way home he cut across a vacant lot. I have seen him out walking, alone, and the strength of his walk has always impressed me—a man with somewhere to get to, a stubbornness that women need in men. But he is not really like that. He was wearing his trench coat, a soiled tan coat; his hands were stuck in his pockets, he was walking fast and with his head bowed as usual (thinking of what? of his students? of the bill for the car?), his eyes drifting along the ground . . . and something caught his eye, the corner of his eye.

He saw a woman's purse. It had been thrown into the frozen grass, a few yards from the path, a black patent leather purse. He paused. He leaned over and picked it up. . . .

Around him in the field was frozen milkweed.

"I found this," he said to me, coming in the back door. He looked worried, slightly embarrassed, as if I would blame him for something. Inside the purse was a wallet of some brown cheap plastic material, and inside the wallet some snapshots, a few dollar bills, some change, an identification card.

Linda Slater, 1463 St. Clair. In case of emergency notify Mr. and Mrs. Frank Slater, 1463 St. Clair.

At the dentist's at the hairdresser's
at the supermarket

Betty has three cavities this time. She won't brush her teeth. I check her toothbrush at night: sometimes it is wet, but what does that mean? All my children tell lies.

The dental assistant is about nineteen years old, with her hair in a big frothy mess, bleached. I glance through my checkbook ahead of time and see that I have forgotten already today to record one check

. . . what was that check? A small storm rises in me, irritation and alarm. My husband never makes mistakes with the checkbook or with money or figures of any kind; he does them in his head. He doesn't make much money as a professor, but he never makes mistakes adding up that money or subtracting it.

Outside in the waiting room while I wait for Betty I notice last night's newspaper still here. From across the room I can see the headline on the left-hand side of the page, GIRL MISSING. Last night we read that story. Linda Slater, twenty, was reported missing and her whereabouts not known. Her purse was found in a vacant lot late Monday afternoon by Dr. Norman York, Professor of History at the University. He telephoned her parents. He brought the purse over to them. My eye darted at his name again and again—his name is my name, that is my name in the newspaper, about a man who found a girl's purse. The girl is now missing. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred ten pounds, dark brown hair, blue eyes, I can't remember. . . .

I leaf through a magazine and look at the photographs of food. Christmas is coming. We will all make Christmas cookies, the children and I. I will plan meals, a week of meals for Christmas week, I will make up things ahead of time and freeze them . . . and on Christmas Day we will have a ham, I think, instead of a turkey. . . . The table settings in the magazine are very beautiful, decorated with holly and pine boughs.

Finally I pick up the newspaper and look at her picture again—Linda Slater, twenty, dark hair and firm, staring, curious eyes, a very short upper lip. A posed photograph. It probably exaggerates her beauty.

Friday, the hairdresser's. Glenda pins my hair up in big rollers. There are four chairs before the big mirror, two others occupied, women having their hair pinned up. This place is not very clean, but it is reasonable. The air is chatty and warm. All the girls are friendly. Glenda has a big, robust air about her; I can smell the gum she is chewing. Her diamond ring looks much too big to be real; I know her husband is a factory worker.

"Hey, you ever seen a thalidomide baby?" Glenda asks the girl who is working next to her.

"What kind?"

"Thalidomide, you know—that sleeping pill they had."

"Oh, yeah. No. Where is there one?"

"He's not a baby now, he's pretty grown up."

"Where?"

"My mother-in-law's street, across the street from her."

The woman whose hair is being done next to me twists her head around. I see her here often; she has a bleached-out, staring face, a redhead with pale freckles. She is about my age, forty. "There's a thalidomide girl lives down the street from us," she said.

Joyce Carol Oates is a prizewinning novelist and short-story writer whose novel *Them* won a National Book Award last spring. Her latest book of stories, *The Wheel of Love*, appeared in the fall.

"How old?"

"Twelve."

"This boy, this one I was telling you about, is real nasty. He's maybe six foot tall, he goes to high school already and is a real brat. His mother spoiled him."

"The girl has little arms, real short arms, little flippers."

"He's got flippers. He wears some wool things, like mittens, up around them in the winter. He can use them flippers like they were arms."

"Is he smart?"

"He's a smart aleck."

"The girl is pretty smart, I guess. But she's a show-off too. I seen her once in a store downtown acting up. Her and two other girls. They're about in seventh grade, these girls, and flirting with some guy. This girl's got real short little flippers, just like baby arms, and she was touching some salesguy's chin with one of them. It was a shoe store."

"She was what?"

"She was kidding around, flirting—that guy's face was so red, it wasn't even funny."

"Flirting, she was flirting?"

"Yeah, with those little arms of hers. They say she's real smart, but she's nasty."

"He's nasty. Down at school the girls are just crazy for him, and they call him up all the time, because he's cute, and they don't seem to care about the flippers or anything. But around the house his mother has to do everything for him . . . he can't even go to the bathroom by himself, he thinks he's so smart, but he has to have help. They asked him if he would like some artificial arms but he wouldn't. He said no. They tried to get him to take them but he wouldn't. He gets all this attention because of them short arms. . . ."

At the supermarket I go back to the dairy products and get a carton of milk, lifting it up to see if it's leaking underneath. It seems all right. I carry it pressed up against my chest. At the check-out counter I notice some watery milk on my coat.

Texture of wet snow

The snow is stubborn, won't melt. It has turned gray and wet. I was not always forty years old. I remember looking out the front window of my parents' house in Indiana, watching the rain. I had long blond hair, I always dressed well; I was waiting for something to happen to me, and it happened. Once I went for a walk, alone, when I was visiting my grandmother in West Bend. I went for a walk into a little park. I looked at the roses because they had gone to all that trouble to plant roses, I stopped and looked at a sundial . . . but the sun was not shining, I couldn't see what time it was.

When I get home Susan says, "Betty is sort of sick."

Betty is throwing up in the bathroom upstairs. While I am with her the telephone rings; one of the

children answers it. I wait but no one calls me; it must be for one of the children.

Dinner

always takes place at six. Everyone is ready to eat. My husband has been home since five, has had a drink, has looked through the paper. His name no longer appears in those stories about Linda Slater. I want to ask him about it, how does he feel, what is he thinking . . . ? but his silence baffles me. I resent this silence in him though it has always been in him, since we met twenty years ago.

He comes into the kitchen, when Susan gets him. Susan hangs onto him, teasing. She loves him, and her love is a torment to all of us and to herself, making her forehead rise in childish angry frowns. "Daddy, you're not listening!" she often says, throwing herself around as if trying to damage herself; or she gets up from the table with dignity and walks away, and Norman calls her back, and she says *no*, and he makes a sudden movement to push his chair back and get her, and pretending to be frightened, perhaps a little frightened, she does come back. . . .

We sit. Tonight we are having creamed chicken with carrots and peas. It is a familiar dish, they like it, they are hungry. Now we are beginning dinner at last, sitting around the big kitchen table, all of us eased into our places as if at the start of a boat race . . . floating with difficulty on the element of our lives, which is love. Is it love? We are here, around this particular table, because two people loved each other and got married. On that day I stared at the sundial I was positive no one would marry me . . . but I needn't have worried, like most women. It happened.

Sometimes I lean over the bathroom sink, alone, feeling nauseated, clutching my head and thinking *What is going to happen?* Am I going to throw up? But I never throw up. I can't bring it up out of me, whatever is inside. Even when I was pregnant I had a strong stomach. The nausea passes, and my head is filled suddenly with activity, the pictures of things I must use—the colored sponges I use in the kitchen, one for dishes exclusively and the other for wiping counters and the table; the sheets and pillowcases I must fold, fold, again and again; the beds I must make, the small rugs I must straighten, the cans I must open with the can opener. My head is filled suddenly with a love for these things. Plates, forks, spoons, knives, paper napkins, glasses . . . these achieve a secret meaning, placed on the table. Everyone sits. A Friday night dinner. Do they understand this bouquet of love I have set out for them? What, precisely, do they see? If the carrots were missing from the main dish, and there were only peas in it, along with pepper and salt and a few other spices, would this make any difference? In the salad I have put two kinds of lettuce, tomatoes, radishes, cucumber slices, bits of celery and green pepper. If I had left out the green pepper, would they notice? Do they

notice that it is there? I have made biscuits from a mix. They all put the biscuits on their plates and the chicken and sauce over it, except for Susan, who can't stand soggy things; if the biscuits were missing . . . ? Bobby drops his fork onto the floor. No matter, wipe it off. The dinner has begun. The race is on, no going back. My husband is saying something. Stern, or smiling? He smiles. Good. My husband is saying something to me about this evening. "What time are they coming?" He always asks that question when we have someone over for the evening; they are always invited for eight thirty. "Eight thirty," I tell him. My husband is an intelligent man, and his intelligence is kindly, gentle; he has perfected small attentions over the years while his imagination drifts from me.

What can I say to him?

Friends

come in, smile at us, take off their coats. Norm makes drinks, scotch and water. We sit. Arnold and Brenda look a little tired? No, Brenda looks good. She is wearing those new stockings that have a wet look to them, and her shoes look new too. People sometimes mistake Brenda for me, and me for Brenda, though my hair is lighter than hers and I am taller than she is. I don't mind being mistaken for someone else. We are both faculty wives. Our husbands talk together, we talk together. I look over at Norman to see if he is still so distracted, but I can't tell. He avoids people's eyes, an old habit of his. Around eleven I go out into the kitchen, and Brenda comes with me, carrying her drink. I take slices of cheese and meat out of the refrigerator, which I have prepared earlier and wrapped in cellophane paper. I put some bread in a little wicker basket with a cloth napkin in it. I set out some pickles and olives. Brenda leans her stomach against the counter, looking into her drink. "I'm sorry Arnold is acting so funny tonight," she says. She has creases in her neck that show when she looks down, her chin creasing into her throat. "He started drinking when he got home from school. He thinks they're easing him out. . . ."

Norm and I sleep heavily at night, in the two halves of our bed. Vividly I can remember the past years, those months when I was pregnant. But I can't remember how it came to be that I was pregnant. I can remember being in my earlier twenties, a new wife, sitting in an erotic daze somewhere . . . on a train? . . . my loins dazzled with the memory of our love, the unbearable dazzling of what my young husband had done to me, again and again, but the girl on the train seems to be in a movie, being taken away from me and not me at all . . . she stares dreamily out the window. I am not that girl.

I could never remember why I was pregnant, precisely. It had seemed important, it had seemed sacred, that I remember the precise day, the precise night . . . but I never could. I didn't have time. I

had a small baby, I was going to have another; I had two babies, and I was going to have another; we had to pack, I was pregnant and afraid of a miscarriage, we couldn't afford to pay movers, we spent all day packing dishes and books . . . we drove across the country to a school where Norm taught for one year; then we drove back across the country to another school, where he taught for five years, thinking he had found his place; then he decided that that school wasn't good enough for him, and so we came to this school, nine years ago, or perhaps ten years ago, a school that seems to me precisely like the other two we were at.

"We heard on the radio, coming over, that part of a woman's torso was found on the shore, downriver," Brenda says, making a face. "Some kids found it. Wouldn't that be awful to have one of our own kids find something like that? They were playing down by the river. . . ."

So she is dead.

Saturday

I take Betty to the doctor. Asian flu. That means they will all get it, all the children. Susan goes for her piano lessons. The car heater is broken, I must tell Norman, I am afraid to tell Norman . . . we can't afford to pay for it. I have started to buy Christmas presents. My head is dazzled suddenly with the thought of presents, Christmas presents . . . days of buying presents stretch out before me. And then Christmas week. Some presents I will mail all the way back to Indiana; it is important to keep up these traditions. Even my old uncles, they appreciate being remembered. Everyone appreciates being remembered. It is terrible not to be remembered.

The supermarket is crowded. Everyone is in a hurry, but it is a pleasant hurry. The cans on the shelves stretch up over my head, so many different sizes and colors . . . I put cans in the cart, and then on to the dairy counter—four cartons of milk. On another counter are bathroom things. Pills, hair shampoo, soap, deodorants . . . the pills remind me of an advertisement on television for cold tablets. The capsules detonate gradually over a period of twelve hours, I think. They release themselves in tiny fragments into the bloodstream. I think of the cells of my body with the seeds of my future inside them, unreadable. They have the seeds of cancer inside them, death itself, the particular way in which I will wear out and die, everything contained secretly in them and ready to go off at a certain time. But that time is a secret.

At the drugstore there is a pile of newspapers, and one of the headlines is GIRL'S BODY FOUND IN RIVER. The picture of that girl appears again, a beautiful girl, staring out at the camera with her perky upper lip, lipsticked and pretty, very sure of herself. Parts of a body were found along the river and in the river, a woman's torso, a head. The face mutilated. And so her face is no longer that face, the one in the

paper . . . ? I stare down at her and I feel panic inside me, in the back of my head, behind my knees. What is this threat to me? Am I going to break down? Am I going to scream? A yellowish cell threatens to burst inside me; like sperm it is yellow and living.

A man

in the corner of a woman's eye paralyzes the entire eye. A woman wants to rake her body with her nails, streaming blood, she wants to gash her face so that no man need look at it, she wants to be finished and safe. But why does my heart pound so? We are not at war. Yes, we are at war somewhere, soldiers somewhere "at war," but we ourselves are not at war and should therefore be at peace. Why am I not at peace, being forty years old?

This man has a weak face, he looks very young. The photograph is blurred. Why, he is only a boy, his eyes are a boy's eyes . . . but there is no youth in him, only finality. He has come to the end of something. Identified by a motel proprietor, last seen with Linda Slater on Saturday evening, the two of them came to a certain motel out on the highway and there, in a room, they argued, and then they left. . . . What did they argue about? Why will it never be known precisely what they argued about on that night?

Imagine the strength behind a knife that could sever a head from a body, so beautiful a head! Imagine the torrents of blood that would gush from the throat! There must have been confusion at the end, madness, not love or hate. Things are speeded up as they approach the end of something. The boy must have been hurried, making mistakes, whimpering to himself, everything speeded up and dazzling and crazy beyond his imagination. . . . At one o'clock neither of them, the girl or the boy, knew what would happen at two o'clock. Perhaps they knew that something would happen, some strange thing, but perhaps they had sensed such events earlier in their lives, falsely, when nothing did happen. This time it happened.

He lets the newspaper fall from him. A stunned, vacuous sorrow shows in his face; I watch him from the darkened dining room. I see the dreaminess in him, the stunned clarity of some final perception—I would like to shout in his face, "Why are you surprised? She had to die like everyone else!" But I say nothing. He came home late from school today, looking a little sick. If he gets the flu along with Betty I will have to take care of him as if he were a child, worse than a child, and a stab of pleasure comes to me. . . . I am in a hurry, I can't feel anything. Time is snatched from me in handfuls. The people who laugh over the television set, in the other room, are laughing in a terrible unison like tiny people with tiny lungs, laughing at me. I stand here watching a man I have been married to for many years, and I can never possess him, my husband. I can never be that girl's age. My head and torso are connected. He

will never look at me as he has looked at her, at her photograph.

I have to run out to the store again before six. The metallic Christmas tree looks the same, the angel looks the same; I don't bother with a cart but hurry back to the dairy counter. I pick up a carton of eggs, Grade A eggs I forgot to buy earlier, and a few other things, I hurry back to the check-out counter.

The parking lot is nearly empty at this time of day. Rough ice on the pavement, a white and blue container marked "Salvation Army Pickup," a kid's jalopy idling noisily at the curb, with some high school kids in it, frozen weeds and trash between the parking lot and the sidewalk. . . . I hurry to my car. I am not followed. □

MY GHOST

I held a poor opinion of myself
When young, but never bettered my opinion
(Even by comparison)
Of all my fellow-fools at school or college.

Passage of years induced a tolerance,
Even a near-affection, for myself
Which, when you fell in love with me, amounted
(Though with my tongue kept resolutely tied)
To little short of pride.

Pride brought its punishment: to be well haunted
By my own ghost whom, much to my disquiet,
All would-be friends and open enemies
Boldly identified and certified
As me, including him in anecdotal
Autobiographies.

Love, should you meet him in the newspapers,
In planes, on trains, or at large get-togethers,
I charge you, disregard his foolish capers;
Silence him with a cold unwinking stare
Where he sits opposite you at table
And let all present watch amazed, remarking
On how little you care.

by Robert Graves

CANADA CANADA

by John David Hamilton

To its natives as well as to its neighbors, Canada was the “bush-league vacuum” of North America. A Canadian journalist recounts his country’s sometimes painful, sometimes exhilarating loss of innocence.

Six years ago the *Atlantic* carried a supplement on Canada written by Canadians. We showed up as dull gray, a decent enough society: moderate, fairly cultivated, responsible. We weren’t imperialists, racists, or radicals. Dull, dull, dull . . .

Rereading those articles six years later, I am astounded by the change in us and in the world. Until last October 5, we seemed to be singularly blessed—especially compared with what was going on next door, in the United States. We had totally freed ourselves from our role as British colonials, and we were starting to struggle against American economic and social domination. We had problems, to be sure, but they were not as serious as the Vietnam War, the black-white tragedy, the polarization of left and right, young and old, and the violence afflicting the United States.

The events of October, however—two terrorist kidnappings, the murder of one of the victims, threats of insurrection and assassination, and rumors of revolution—went a long way toward removing our complacency. Within ten days, Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau had invoked the fifty-six-year-old War Measures Act. Civil liberties had been drastically curtailed across the country. Hundreds in the province of Quebec were arrested without warrant and held without bail on suspicion of belonging to the terrorist Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ). Federal troops were guarding foreign diplomats and Canadian politicians in Ottawa, and, to-

gether with the federal Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Quebec Provincial Police, and the Montreal city police, spread through Montreal and Quebec City seeking terrorists. It wasn’t quite martial law, but it was bad enough.

The FLQ kidnappings of British diplomat James Cross and Quebec provincial politician Pierre Laporte were like the proverbial stone thrown into the placid pool—the waves they stirred up went swiftly to every corner of Canada. To a surprising degree, the fabric of Canadian government has been and is being strained by what seemed at first desperate actions by a tiny minority of terrorists.

Are we, in fact, at the stage the United States was in during the nullification debate of the 1830s?

To a Canadian citizen there is a bitter irony about the events in Montreal and Ottawa. As a people, we have always been unsure of ourselves, cursed by self-doubt and diffidence. It seemed to be our destiny to be used and abused by our friends. French Canadians have had a deep sense of betrayal ever since Wolfe took Quebec in 1759. Both French- and English-speaking Canadians became accustomed to Britain’s casual manipulation of Canadian territory and interests in international diplomatic games. The United States—even before it became a nation—was an object of both attraction and suspicion. Arnold and Montgomery unsuccessfully invaded Canada in 1775. President Madison invaded us again in the 1812 War, and there were many incidents and threats from the United States right up until the era of Teddy Roosevelt.

To be sure, the United States also became our best customer, closest friend, protector, and, in recent years, owner. This naturally gave Canadians ambiguous feelings toward Americans.

During the last fifteen years there has been a

decided development of a Canadian national consciousness, and certain events stand out as landmarks. In the middle 1950s, the Liberal government headed by Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent seemed dedicated to the idea of continentalism and to attracting American investment. The Liberals became so arrogant in office that one of them, when questioned in Parliament about the government's actions, replied: "Who's to stop us?" This was a fatal political blunder, and in 1957 John Diefenbaker, a prairie radical in the tradition of William Jennings Bryan and Senator William Borah, caught the imagination of the country with a platform of nationalist evangelism and became Prime Minister. Another milestone on the road to nationalism was the brilliant success of Expo '67 in Montreal. Still another was the meteoric rise of Pierre Elliott Trudeau in 1968 to the leadership of the Liberal Party and the Prime Ministership. If anyone could resolve the bitter suspicion between the English-speaking majority and the French-speaking minority, it was Trudeau, the voters thought. Trudeau understood French Canada and yet was a dedicated federalist. Above all, Trudeau was demonstrably of greater intellectual power and possibly stronger character than any of his other opponents or colleagues. When the federalist-leaning Liberal Party under Robert Bourassa won the election in the province of Quebec in the spring of 1970, the national situation looked better than it had for a generation. Or so it seemed.

Economically, Canada was in a recession, with fairly heavy unemployment, especially in Quebec and the four Atlantic provinces. But wasn't that just a reflection of the American recession? As we tell ourselves repeatedly, "When America sneezes, the whole world catches cold."

The middle of 1970 saw Canada viewing the United States with a mixture of disgust, fear, and superiority. A major debate was going on here about whether Canadians could repatriate the 60 or 70 percent of their industry that was owned by Americans. We had no foreign war or major racial problem to worry about. We were concerned about such things as pollution, the proper use of our natural resources, sovereignty, development of the Canadian Arctic, and the betterment of the third of our population below the poverty line. In short, we were seriously debating the need for what Trudeau called "a just society."

In May, one of our federal cabinet ministers made a speech which caught the spirit of the times:

If a politician should have any gift it is that of hearing, understanding and interpreting the voice of his people. If I have any portion of this gift, it tells me this: that the voice of my people cries out for a unique and distinct Canadian personality which is not the replica of the USA or anyone else.

The Honorable J. J. Greene, Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources, sounded like any politician anywhere, wrapping himself in the flag. But in this case he was speaking on Canadian oil policy to the Independent Petroleum Association of America. American oil operators, incidentally, own 70 percent of Canadian oil.

Greene's speech was a virtual declaration of Canadian independence from American oil policy, which, naturally enough, is designed to assure a constantly adequate supply while offering maximum protection to the American industry. Canada has usually cooperated, even when it hurt. Greene, in effect, was telling the American oil men that they could not expect Canada to accept their demands quietly. Canada, he warned, was no longer an acquiescent partner but a competitor—and this applied to every aspect of Canadian life.

Before Washington decided on angry silence, Jim Aitken, a State Department aide, told reporters: "It was obvious Mr. Greene had the full authority of the Canadian government to proclaim Canada's new attitude. I am greatly concerned. Mr. Greene's speech will be of great concern to all of the American people. There will be a lot of talk between us before this is settled." It isn't "settled" yet, nor does it look as if there will be any settlement for a long time. This is particularly significant in view of President Nixon's desire for a Canadian-American agreement before the end of 1970 on continental joint sharing of power resources. A very big chunk of such resources—petroleum, natural gas, coal, waterpower—is in Canada. The United States needs a lot of them *now*. Canada may need them in a generation, and consequently has been reluctant to accept any blanket agreement, a position which has been hardening even though Canada recently concluded a very large long-term sale of natural gas to the United States.

As far as water is concerned, Canada has postponed any discussion until the completion of a survey of water resources, which will certainly take years and may take decades. And Greene, while expressing the warmest feelings toward the United States, told a television audience on November 1 that Canada will reject *any* overall agreement on the sharing of continental resources. Greene has a political reputation of being a weathercock who turns with the breeze. But the fact remains that he and Trudeau remain firm on resources after many months of American pressure.

Canada's stubborn refusal to send troops to Vietnam, her sharp reduction of her military role in NATO, her public reluctance to give America the water it needs, and her recognition of Communist China reveal a nation that is no longer either a British colony or an American dependent.

One increasing source of irritation to Washington has been Canada's decision to give sanctuary to many thousands of American draft-dodgers, de-

serters, and disaffected university teachers. As might be expected, Canadians are divided in their sympathies. Many have contempt for citizens who refuse to serve in their country's armed forces. Canadian police and immigration officers have sometimes made it as difficult as possible for American exiles to enter or stay in Canada. But Prime Minister Trudeau, along with many sections of the populace, has publicly welcomed American émigrés. Even President Nixon was personally unable to persuade Mr. Trudeau to bar the door to young Americans. Already there are many thousands of draft-dodgers and deserters in Canada; some estimate that there will be 100,000 to 200,000 within two years—unless the United States gets out of Vietnam.

Such friction points contrast with Canada's old role as the only ally and friend the United States never had to worry about—or even think about. Prime Minister Trudeau's recent major overhaul of foreign policy ignores the United States. When a puzzled State Department man asked his opposite number in Ottawa about it, the Canadian said, "You don't think we'd give away our positions on anything that really matters, do you?"

In short, Canada is acting like a sovereign nation rather than a client state.

The process has been going on for a long time, but it has accelerated dramatically in the last half-decade. The *Atlantic's* Canadian supplement in 1964 portrayed a country which was insecure, anxious to be thought well of, unsure of its own identity and purpose, overawed by everything American.

Brian Stock, a Canadian expatriate scholar at Cambridge, wrote:

It is an odd paradox that the standard of physical living in Canada is almost the highest in the world, but the standard of spiritual living is the lowest on earth. Canadians are spiritually poorer than Indians, Cambodians, Siamese, Chinese, or even the Hottentots. The Hottentot at least shakes his spear at the passerby, and he knows damn well who he is; the Canadian sips another rye and ginger ale and tries to pretend that there is no problem.

That kind of hyperbolic self-disgust was typical of Canadian intellectuals, especially Canadian expatriates, from about 1930 to perhaps 1967. American expatriates in Paris in the 1920s criticized and satirized and laughed at America: our Canadian expatriates (and I was one of them for fourteen years) loathed their native land simply for being a bush-league vacuum.

Whether we were novelists, journalists, professors, evangelists, or burlesque dancers, if we wanted to "make good," we went to London or New York or Paris, and we didn't think about coming back. We envied Americans their knowledge of and pride in who they were.

In 1961 I struck up a conversation on a boat in the Aegean with a Harvard Law School student from California. He asked me where I was from,

and I said New York. I also said I carried a Canadian passport. "Yes," he said thoughtfully, "I guess that's just about the most innocuous passport in the world today."

Innocuous, yes: in those days we had the best of all possible worlds. As a responsible, wealthy middle power with no imperial ambitions, we were universally liked. But we had no independence, nor had we ever had independence. First, of course, we had been a British colony, and even after we became a "dominion" a hundred years ago our destiny was very largely decided in Whitehall. Second, all our institutions, from rolling mills to publishers, were powerfully influenced by what happened in the United States. In time, America began to own us.

The struggle to be free of foreign dominance has been a long one, and often less than wholehearted. We lost several minor revolts against the British authority in the nineteenth century. In 1914, when Britain went to war against Germany, Canada didn't even have to make up her mind; the decision was made in London, and thousands of Canadian schoolboys of the 1920s and 1930s remember that stirring painting *Canada's Answer*—a squadron of the Royal Navy carrying Canadian volunteers to fight in Europe in 1914.

But even then it wasn't that simple: some historians estimate that nearly 85 percent of the Canadians who actually fought in the First World War were either British-born or the sons of British-born. Most of the rest of the country, English-speaking as well as French-speaking, stayed home.

Twenty-five years later, when Britain called on Canada to join the war against Hitler, Prime Minister Mackenzie King deliberately delayed declaring war for a whole week. The gesture went unnoticed—except among constitutional historians who realized that Canada at last had shown herself free to make her own decisions regardless of British advice.

(Such gestures may seem futile, but governments take them very seriously indeed. Louis Heren in his book *No Hail, No Farewell* quotes Dean Rusk as telling the *Times* of London in reference to Britain's policy on Vietnam. "All we needed was one regiment. The Black Watch would have done. Just one regiment, but you wouldn't. Well, don't expect us to save you again. They can invade Sussex, and we wouldn't do a damn thing about it.")

Our sense of total inadequacy and anomie no longer exists, and we've generated most of the change ourselves. For instance:

1. Expo '67 made Canadians, much to our own surprise, realize that we were internationally rated as world class. We had started out, most of us, convinced that it was going to be a fizzle, just because

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it was ours. When we saw what we could do, there was no more of our traditional hangdog allowance, "It's pretty good . . . for Canada." Moreover, we had a brand-new flag, the first of our very own. (Some of us fought desperately against it, but it gradually won general acceptance.) The new flag and Expo coincided with a highly successful party celebrating our hundredth birthday as a nation.

2. Quite suddenly, Montreal and Toronto became world cities, well behind New York and London and Paris but ahead of Amsterdam and Copenhagen and San Francisco.

3. Culture—the arts—became important on a national scale for the first time. Painting flourished everywhere: the Toronto School and the Regina School were seriously discussed by New York and Paris critics. Big and medium-sized communities built new theaters and concert halls and supported symphony orchestras, sometimes with world-class conductors, ballet companies that made international tours, repertory theaters. We started making feature films. Canadian actors and directors became highly sought after on Broadway, in Hollywood, London, and Paris—and few of them felt it necessary to slough off their Canadian identity. Canadian folk singers and rock groups reached the top of the charts, and still came home.

4. Pierre Elliott Trudeau, the most unlikely political leader of the century, became Prime Minister and started revolutionizing both the policies and the processes of government.

Trudeau's rise in the Liberal Party, his election victory in 1968, and his record as Prime Minister embody most of the other elements in the Canadian revolution.

To the outside world, and to much of Canada, Trudeau was a swinger, a jet-set bachelor who practiced judo, skin-dived, canoed, drove fast cars, and dated exciting women. Through ancestry, education, and environment, he is the most thorough kind of Canadian. He is French Canadian through his father's line, but his mother came from French-Scottish-Canadian-United-Empire-Loyalist stock. As a boy in Montreal, he had every advantage of the rich, plus a first-class brain and a curiosity which ultimately took him all over the world. After achieving a brilliant academic record, he became involved in radical reform politics, championing the strikers at Asbestos in 1949 and helping to found the radical intellectual magazine *Cité Libre* in the 1940s. He appeared to enter federal politics as a Liberal in 1965 almost as another personal adventure: in all things he was the brilliant dilettante.

As Prime Minister, Trudeau has been a strange combination of philosopher-king and technocrat. He has continued to be a baffling political figure probably because he isn't a politician at all in any recognizable sense. He has none of the traditional

political loyalty to party or to doctrine because he did not rise through the party structure and thus incur all sorts of political, personal, and doctrinal obligations. He remains a free spirit, not particularly awed by his own power or obsessed with the need to keep it.

His achievements in office have been difficult to assess, but they have been formidable. Peter C. Newman, editor of the *Toronto Star*, says that Trudeau has so reduced the power of Parliament that he has turned Canada into a republic. Certainly, he has streamlined government and has assumed prime ministerial powers approaching those of a President.

Historically in Canada, the Prime Minister derived his real power through long service in a political party (either Liberal or Conservative) and domination of the parliamentary caucus of that party's members. His cabinet consisted of regional barons, each commanding his own section of the party and his own entourage of political henchmen. Such cabinet ministers enjoyed a good deal of autonomous power and often became unruly (Diefenbaker's cabinet was notorious for its palace revolts).

Trudeau changed this in the Liberal Party. First of all, he surrounded himself by a group of able advisers and assistants, often young, always outside the party structure. Not only has this cadre strengthened Trudeau's hand in relation to the party and the cabinet, it has also broken the traditional power of the permanent civil service, which virtually controlled continuing policy in the government's departments.

So Trudeau has had considerable room in which to move, though the establishment and consolidation of his system occupied a great deal of time during his first two years in office. It may be because of this that some of his policies have appeared to be haphazard, too slow, or overconservative. For instance, while the recession set in and unemployment grew, Trudeau stubbornly and not too successfully battled against inflation as the prime evil.

After two years in office Trudeau has refused to be stampeded into the kind of government pump priming of the economy which has been built into most democratic societies since Franklin Roosevelt. The public has not yet lost faith in Trudeau, but whether he has the calm temperament and balanced judgment needed in an emergency may be determined in the present continuing crisis. For his success or failure—and possibly that of the whole of Canada—rests on finding a long-term solution for the relationship between French-speaking Quebec and the English-speaking remaining three quarters of the country.

It is not just (or primarily) that French Canada has a deep-rooted, rich, and persistent national culture. The French Canadians have been in North America longer than any other Europeans except the Spanish, and they adapted well to climate, geography, and economics. Montreal was a city before

Toronto existed even as the village of York. The French-speaking, Roman Catholic, totally *Canadian* province of Quebec has always had a unique place in the vast territory which makes up Canada.

But it has had economic as well as cultural problems. Until well into the twentieth century, Quebec was deliberately kept rural and ignorant by an unholy coalition of English-speaking businessmen and French-speaking country squires, village lawyers, and rural clergy. The result was a totally corrupt and backward society. The province of Quebec, biggest of Canada's ten, was actually poor and crowded into a fairly unproductive strip of land along the St. Lawrence River.

Then, generations later than anyone else, Quebec began to industrialize. Textile mills moved in to take advantage of cheap, docile labor and a corrupt government willing to overlook exploitation of workers. The city slums exploded. Quebec, with its *ancien régime* of clergy, squirearchy, and *petite bourgeoisie* fighting every step of the way against progress, found itself without teachers, social workers, or any adequate urban services. The school system, which had concentrated for 200 years on the classic education necessary for training priests, was abominable. The ordinary worker found himself unequipped to compete in the industrial society; even the French he spoke was the broken patois called "*joual*" (the Quebec peasants' pronunciation of "*cheval*"). As slums like Montreal's St. Henri ward grew, so did despair and violence. Bank robberies and armed holdups were frequent. The ruling political party controlled election posts with gangs of thugs. During the Asbestos strike in 1949, strikers turned over and burned police cars, and were in turn beaten by the police.

(Pierre Vallières, the thirty-two-year-old philosopher of the terrorist FLQ and himself a product of Montreal's slums, wrote a popular book in 1967 which referred to French Canadians as the "white negroes" of North America. Actually, French Canadians have always been in a strikingly similar situation to that of poor *white* Southerners in the United States. In Quebec, the reconstruction period lasted longer—from 1759 until perhaps 1935. The Jansenist Roman Catholic hierarchy might be compared with the puritanical Southern Baptist. And textile mills moved into Quebec for exactly the same reason they moved into North Carolina—cheap labor which was suspicious of outside unions.)

It was to this explosive society that the "quiet revolution" of Jean Lesage and René Levesque came in 1960. In five years, Lesage's Liberal government in Quebec accomplished miracles, but it also opened a Pandora's box. Slum people became aware that they needed even more help. Young men like Vallières were given educations which opened their eyes to injustice and the lack of oppor-

tunity. So it was during the reform government of Lesage, in 1963, that the FLQ was born.

There was at the same time a perfectly respectable (and legal) separatist movement, made up of patriotic French Canadians who dreamed of founding their own nation, free from the domination of "*les maudits Anglais*." In five or six years, the separatists consolidated their splinter groups into the Parti Québécois and became a formidable political force that managed to gain 23 percent of the popular vote in the 1970 provincial election.

Trudeau, who feels that Quebec's destiny should remain with that of the rest of Canada, has for a long time tended to equate the separatists with the terrorists. But to most objective observers, it is inconceivable that the Parti Québécois, now led by the enormously popular René Levesque, a former Liberal cabinet minister in Quebec, should be involved in terrorism.

The fact is that neither the federal nor the provincial government could deny the social and economic problems of Quebec. Indeed, the federal Senate has been investigating poverty for the last two years across the country and in 1969 heard this testimony from Mrs. Ruth Keatly, a Montreal mother of three who receives \$180 in welfare every month:

Hunger and oppression breed hatred and violence. Our children are being destroyed by the economic system. Do you expect us to sit idly by and accept your definitions of poverty and your Band-aid solutions?

And Dian Cohen, a Montreal economist, writes:

It would be irresponsible to suggest that there is a clear-cut cause and effect relationship between the current terrorism in Quebec and the unemployment situation there. But it would be equally irresponsible to pretend that such a dismal employment outlook does not contain the seeds of danger to the province's already shaky political stability.

I suspect that the setback in Quebec was part of our growing up, coming of age as a nation, and that the FLQ and the constitutional crisis of October may have been related to the whole process. Without consciously thinking about it, we Canadians seem to have emerged from limbo into the company of independent nations—divided, discontented, confused, frightened; being forced to clean up our own domestic messes by ourselves as well as feeling the right to be proud of our own accomplishments. There's trepidation as well as exhilaration in being an adult and having adult responsibilities (can we wear our trousers rolled? do we dare to eat a peach?). And revolutionary terrorism has come to us as it came to Czarist Russia in the nineteenth century and democratic America in the late twentieth—though not, we hope, as it came to the Congo . . . or Ulster . . . or Indonesia . . . or Algeria.

Resolutely we tell our protector, the United

States, that we *will* be independent; we recognize mainland China while Foggy Bottom glares.

Since the end of the Korean War (when Lester Pearson was External Affairs Minister) Canada has publicly favored recognition of Communist China, along with Peking's entrance into the United Nations. But Washington has always frowned and Ottawa did nothing—except develop a profitable wheat trade with Peking. The prime ministership of Pierre Trudeau began a rationalization of diplomatic policy (as it brought a rationalization of internal administration). Negotiations with Peking were started and lasted twenty months before it was agreed to exchange diplomatic representatives.

All major political parties agree that Canada should recognize mainland China despite continued American opposition, but there have been varying degrees of that reaction: Robert Stanfield, leader of the Progressive Conservatives, deplores breaking relations with Taiwan; Tommy Douglas of the New Democratic Party says Canada would be glad to recognize Taiwan as an independent country and UN member if it didn't insist that it was China. The average Canadian probably supports any policy which will help sell more Canadian products to Asia. American opposition? No longer an issue.

Part of our unprecedented confidence can be attributed to the fact that we have begun to keep our brightest young people at home—and to bring back a good many who have gone abroad. The brain drain was first stopped, then turned around.

It now seems only natural to us that a young television actor in Montreal does not have to go to Paris to find a career; the French network of the CBC is producing more programs than RTF. An ambitious prairie journalist no longer has to yearn for Chicago or New York; he can go to Toronto or Montreal where four English-language newspapers rank among the top twenty on the continent. Nova Scotia factory workers no longer seek their fortunes in Boston. And the word has gone out over the grapevine to the expatriates, "Come on home; something's happened in Canada; better come back and get in on the ground floor." And the homecoming continues; an example is Sydney Newman, just named head of the National Film Board after a brilliant career in the BBC and Granada Television in Britain.

Leathery old Wyoming cattlemen, Goldwaterites to a man, have bought ranches in British Columbia because, they said, Canada didn't interfere with the individual as much as Washington did. Rising scholars in their thirties have moved from UCLA to the University of Toronto, partly to make sure that their sons would escape the bottomless military draft and partly because the University of Toronto paid well, was academically respectable and free, and provided a perfectly livable environment. And many well-educated Americans have become so appalled by what has been going on in their own country that they have sought sanctuary here.

Meanwhile, the bright Canadians who traditionally sought academic careers in the United States—like J. K. Galbraith and S. I. Hayakawa—have been hesitating before taking up appointments at Harvard and Caltech.

This is part of what has been happening in Canada. Since October, however, we Canadians are less sure of our moral superiority over the United States and the rest of the world.

The kidnappings of James Cross and Pierre Laporte had an impact on Canadians everywhere, and the decision of the people to support the hard line against terror taken by Prime Minister Trudeau grew directly out of our fear of what had been happening in the United States in the years since the Kennedy assassination. Those of us who had been most inclined to point the finger at Watts, Newark, Detroit, Chicago, to recoil in horror from the memory of the murders of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, were looking toward Montreal and asking: "Is that us? Surely not!"

A great part of the Canadian Dream has been based on a constant measuring of our own standard of civilization against the American standard. As America declined, we looked even better to ourselves, and Energy Minister Joe Greene could lecture the American oilmen last May:

A part of the cause for the rise of the new Canadian nationalism and determination to build something unique rests in the malaise that exists in your land—what appears to many as the sudden and tragic disappearance of the American Dream which, in some ways, has turned to nightmare.

In November, 1968, Prime Minister Trudeau told a gathering of university students:

I believe that if, in the next half dozen years or so, there were to be great riots and the beginnings of civil war in the U. S., I am quite certain they would overflow the borders and they would perhaps link up with the underprivileged Mexican and the underprivileged Canadian. . . . I am less worried now about what might happen over the Berlin Wall, than what might happen in Chicago, New York and perhaps in our own great cities.

It's a cold, cold world into which we have emerged as a nation. And the events of the last few months have made some of us realize that now the chant of the students in the 1968 Chicago riots applies to us:

"The whole world is watching!"

It's watching to see whether we should indeed be considered as a nation, whether we can suppress political terrorism and rob it of its rationale without drifting into repression or anarchy.

Our new nationhood gives us pride and confidence.

Will it also give us wisdom and restraint and magnanimity? □

LIFE AND LETTERS

IN PURSUIT OF THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

by Louis Kronenberger

THE POTENTATES
by Ben B. Seligman
Dial, \$10.00

In our history and literature, the ordinary businessman tends to be either a prosaic figure or a subject for satire and is, on the whole, reasonably well behaved. The big businessman is frequently something quite different, an outstanding figure of drama who turns marketplaces into bloody battlefields. Thus, the making of the great fortunes, and the makers of them, have had their own kind of merciless plunder and iniquitous charm, and their own prominent role in the making of America; and when the chronicling of their lives goes beyond merely trying to divert or dazzle us, it can be very rewarding. The late Ben B. Seligman's *The Potentates* in great measure has this value. Though the climate he works in and its leading characters and more lurid conquests are often familiar, his portrayal of business from colonial to computer times is the work of an economist who can articulate issues, of a historian who can delineate changes, and of a Labor functionary who wields a formidable measuring stick—or call it birch rod—in administering judgments.

The historian offers four significant changes in the nature of his potentates, characterizing them chronologically as *The Individualists*, *The Masters*, *The Makers*, and *The Procurators*—useful distinctions in terms of *autres temps* but with an overpowering element of *plus ça change*

in the pursuit of profits. Indeed, the more accurate theme of *The Potentates* is a lust after exorbitant profits, after outrageous fortunes. In the period of the Individualists—roughly from the early fur traders to the heyday of the greatest fur trader of them all, John Jacob Astor—this exists, to be sure, on a relatively miniature scale, just as it functions, for much of the way, under a mercantilist system. For Britain permitted the colonies to trade only with the mother country and paid the colonists in merchandise rather than money. This produced, however, an illicit pattern for eluding the prescribed one, whether as outright smuggling or as three-cornered trading—for example, in colonial rum, West African slaves, and West Indian sugar. If the colonial farmer seemed small potatoes, his was yet the root profession, and from living off the land he might acquire a great deal more of it. If the trapper seemed like penny buckshot, a fur trader like William Pynchon could be exporting, by the 1650s, 14,000 pounds of beaver skins.

In the cities, as time passed, merchants grew wealthy and influential; by the mid-eighteenth century Thomas Hancock of Boston had become “wholesaler, retailer, importer, banker and landlord,” his store a kind of premature department store, his interests extending to manufactures and mines. Hancock's fortune passed to his nephew, the famous John, who was in actual fact somewhat infamous, being writ large for smuggling, bribing, and the use of

thugs. As business expanded, its need for manpower brought across the Atlantic indentured servants, then 50,000 British convicts, and finally African slaves, these last the making of New England's first millionaires.

Shipping, real estate, and mercantile activity dominated the North's prerevolutionary economy; a depression in the 1760s, born of British restrictions, set the scene for the Tea Party and Paul Revere, and for a war during which business far from suffered and trading with the enemy was by no means a sin. The rebels could be profiteers as well; supplies were withheld from the Army to force prices up, and our first big moneyman, Robert Morris, as Superintendent of Finance for the Continental Congress, frequently let his friends and himself in on a good thing in the matter of contracts. Despite a term in debtors' prison, Morris was by 1787 the richest man in America; it has often been said that he financed the Revolution; it has also been said that the Revolution financed him. Either way it was largely done with paper money: so great did inflation become that in Philadelphia stockings cost \$400 a pair. After the war, the new sovereign states quarreled so often over commerce as to need, and to create, a Constitution which became “a document intended to advance the common economic interests of men of business.”

During the half-century that followed, business briskly expanded. Poor land in New England sent men to the building of ships and to sail-

ing the seas; to the China trade and the whaling trade; to privateering and piracy; to carrying many kinds of cargo, even ice for hot countries. Manufacturing took hold in New England; elsewhere, John Jacob Astor came to dominate the fur trade by cheating when he bought and overcharging when he sold. By 1816 there were almost 250 state banks, possessing far more currency than specie. Boston's Andrew Dexter got hold of a bank and its banknote plates, ran off bills for himself which he had his cashier sign after work and which he then sold. Getting hold of a second bank, he andrewdextrously fed each with the other, and from a \$45 investment issued \$800,000 in notes.

Business also expanded geographically. The Louisiana Purchase had opened great spaces for farming and prospecting; beyond the Appalachians other great spaces were opened, with speculators trying to buy huge tracts of land, such as a million acres, from Congress. By merely sitting at home Astor bought up all the land on Manhattan Island he could lay his hands on, to become by 1847 the richest man in America. But it was not a stay-at-home era; new transportation—first canals and then railroads—made for travel, emigration, increased business. From a single Staten Island ferryboat Cornelius Vanderbilt had come to own thirty-four steamships and ferries and seventeen ocean liners before his elderly switch to railroads—they to become the greatest and most viciously fought over of nineteenth-century industries. But by then the rough, barefisted Individualists had given way to the ruthless, barefaced Masters.

By the 1840s the railroads had pushed beyond the Appalachians, were carrying the mail, were getting vast federal, state, and local subsidies—every town involved dreamed of becoming a terminus—and great land grants as well. By 1853 the first of the big railroad men, Erastus Corning, had created the New York Central, soon to become the largest corporation in America, and quite large in paper holdings and watered stock. By the time Vanderbilt divested Corning and Dean Richmond of the Central, the great railroad drama—or serial story—had begun. Mr. Seligman has not drawn on Peter Lyon's blasting of the principal railbirds in *To Hell in a Day Coach*, but certainly

he nowhere challenges Lyon's depiction of nineteenth-century railroad history as an epic of rapacity and swindling, with an all-star scoundrel cast that make bit parts of the Jesse Jameses. The century's two most acrimonious clashes came, first in the 1860s over the Erie, in which Vanderbilt got licked by Jay Gould; and then, at the end of the century, in the Northern Pacific-Great Northern war when James J. Hill, J. P. Morgan, *et al.*, fought E. H. Harriman, Jacob H. Schiff, James Stillman, *et al.*—a threatened slaughter that virtually wound up in a standstill. To polish off the Titan among industries, the railroad continued to lead in importance through the first quarter or more of the twentieth century; since then, despite its passenger-be-damned tactics and its tin-cup histrionics, it would seem to have a pretty fair record of profit-making poverty.

For half a century cotton proved of decided importance to business as the South's great staple and even greater export. Tremendously dependent on slave labor, the South, in its need for it, had thoughts of annexing Cuba. Slavery itself, says Mr. Seligman, was not a big issue; indeed, until well into the Civil War it proved economically a workable system, with investment returns running as high as 12 percent. (Slaves also counted politically, with five blacks the equal of three whites in apportioning House seats.) The War, while financially wrecking the South, greatly enriched Northern manufacturers and businessmen. Their war profits led to reckless spending and parvenu ostentation, this the gaudy vestibule to the Gilded Age. War profits hastened the coming of age of the new Masters, whose major geography was East and West rather than North and South. There were all sorts of industrial expansion; of technological innovation, such as the sewing machine; and of new techniques, such as selling the sewing machine on the installment plan. The tactics and antics of the railroad men would be imitated, the sleight of hand with securities proliferated, the new breed in potentates would gladly learn from the old—how, for example, Commodore Vanderbilt boasted of outwitting a friend in business; or, after a squabble over a new house, threw his wife into an insane asylum.

The Masters, though they would

(Advertisement)

January Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



In 1967 the *Atlantic's* first reader singled out four stories from among the nearly 40,000 manuscripts submitted annually and wrote: "A classic case of a diamond in the rough. . . . I'd like to encourage somehow." Although none of the stories finally worked out for the magazine, its editors passed them on to the editors of the Press, one of whom wrote the author: "You might have in your sequence the source material for a novel. Mull this over and then let me hear from you, please."

Some months later a large parcel arrived labeled "Untitled novel by Joseph Wambaugh." In recommending the book for publication a third editor wrote: "This is a novel about police by a policeman. It is a big book, full of incident and insight. In short, with luck, we could have a best-seller here." We were proved lucky, at least, when the Book-of-the-Month Club made it a selection.

THE NEW CENTURIONS dramatizes what is seldom said about big-city policemen, the depravity and abuse to which they are exposed, and the loyalty to each other which sustains them. It will be read and respected for the truth it tells of American life at a time when violence is testing the validity of law enforcement. A writer of Joseph Wambaugh's talent would always find a publisher; but we are happy that our magazine and our press, working together, have assisted him in the giant step of first publication.

THE NEW CENTURIONS

by Joseph Wambaugh

\$6.95 at bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN

establish the huge impersonality of corporation rule, could claim a striking image, an appalling carnage, a robber-baron polity. They robbed the Indians, they cheated the white man, they chucked out the squatters, they squeezed out the farmers, they greased palms, they twisted arms, they knifed one another. With them, a mere eye for an eye would have seemed imbecilic philanthropy. But where "Southerners stole thousands, Northerners took millions." Not everything, to be sure, smacked of railroad yards or Wall Street; there was a big new traffic in, among other things, meat-packing, trolley cars, tobacco, the department store, the five-and-ten-cent store, the mail-order business. Furthermore, two of Mr. Seligman's Big Three among the Masters were to rule over "new" industries: "Steel belonged to Carnegie, oil to Rockefeller," along with Wall Street to J. P. Morgan.

The history of all three is far from unknown, in outline if not in detail: a Rockefeller detail new to me is that John D., Sr.'s father "prided himself on training his sons to be sharp by cheating them whenever he could." His son John, who early in his career was to reject oil as "too wild a business," was to attain through it the "most complete monopoly ever built in America." Monopoly, it seems, was from far back Rockefeller's goal and was granted him, he believed, by divine decree. By the time Standard Oil's enrollment had reached forty companies, Rockefeller, in the manner of a college president, allotted his partners various professorial chairs—in pipelines, contracts, marketing, manufacturing, and finance; his own pet course in the secret rebate, or kickbacks on freight charges, proved an immense success. On and on, and bigger and bigger, went Standard, an international empire declared an illegal monopoly by the Supreme Court in 1892; on and on it blandly continued, undemonopolized, to be excoriated by Henry Demarest Lloyd, exposed by Ida Tarbell, and fined \$29 million by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis (this overturned on appeal), until in 1909 it was ordered dissolved by the Supreme Court. But the family fortune went marching on. Its history is commensurate with its holdings, both of them too vast for easy summarizing.

Andrew Carnegie, who read books

and went to concerts, hobnobbed with Herbert Spencer, and played host to Matthew Arnold, was different: he wore gloves over his brass knucks, displayed crocodile tears along with crocodile jaws, and spouted moral maxims while spreading nasty rumors about his rivals. Nor, we are told, was he a practical iron man or even a true steel one; his forte was salesmanship. His love of the workingman led him to direct the notorious Homestead Strike from abroad, while pretending to know nothing about it. He bought people at the "book price," but when he tried to do this to his wide-awake partner, Henry Clay Frick, Frick stalked out and brought suit, denouncing Carnegie as a fraud and a cheat; what chiefly emerged was the company's enormous profits. Indeed, so enormous by now was Carnegie's fortune that he was as ready to sell out as were his rivals to buy him; in a transaction negotiated by J. P. Morgan, Carnegie stepped aside for almost \$500 million in gold bonds.

Morgan wore no gloves and wielded a mallet. His story also is not easily summarized but can be epitomized as sheer dictatorship; he dealt, it has been said, in ultimatums. He would also float stocks and water them, create crises and settle them; his operations became worldwide: at one time he or his partners held seventy-two directorships in "forty-seven of the larger corporations," and the year before he died he "owned or dominated" twenty-eight railroads. He was a mighty master and scarcely equaled was his masterpiece: the formation of U.S. Steel. Hatefully magnificent, he needed no statue, being cast in marble.

With the corporation fully created by the turn of the century, its enjoyment of limited liability proved an unlimited asset. It had become "the legal device by which a nation's resources could be plundered. . . . [It] hastened the growth of a paper economy, one that dealt in intangibles and promises to pay as a major form of wealth." All this found a gospel in versions of *laissez-faire* and in Social Darwinism, an economic survival of the fittest. It had lawyers invoking that previously radical document, the Declaration of Independence, and judges discovering that the "pursuit of happiness" meant the right to enjoy property as one saw fit.

By now the Makers were supplementing the Masters; they were inventors, adapters, and the like, who did not forget to invent a suitable symbol, the cash register. With Edison and others as pacesetters, there was a kind of technological gold rush: some inventions wore huge price tags, others were up for grabs, and by hook or by crook, by perjure or merger, all sorts of potential sources of profit changed ownership. One of these, the automobile, changed American life, and to some extent, its economy. In it, says Mr. Seligman, steel found its biggest customer; and certainly oil and rubber must have been made happy also. Though European-born, the automobile was by 1903 being top produced in America. What was needed for mass production was an assembly-line technique; what was needed from it was a good low-priced car. Henry Ford soon turned out a very successful one for \$850; in 1908 he turned out, for \$850, his sturdy indestructible Model T, which put Ford far in the lead of his competitors—by 1912 there were 7000 Ford dealers. To achieve such success Ford merely converted the worker into part of the machinery, with a job that seemed to take place in a jail. Ford's famous five-dollar "profit-sharing" day—a benefaction that won him the name of a radical—was actually denied to a large percentage of workers, and simply drove even harder, on the assembly line, those who were granted it. His career as a leading Maker, and, with his anti-Semitism and antilabor tactics, a trouble-maker, ended in a senility from which his grandson Henry II rescued the business. The other big pioneer automobile man, W. C. Durant, would early merge Buick, Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Pontiac-to-be, and much else as General Motors. Having created an empire, he got into financial trouble with it and, though he held on, first Walter P. Chrysler, then Chevrolet, and finally du Pont managed or took control of it.

Mr. Seligman includes the du Ponts and the Mellons among the Makers, and certainly the du Ponts are. What with their tremendous expansion from a gunpowder start—dynamite, chemicals, paints, plastics, Nylon (which their chief chemist discovered), 1200 items in all by 1958—theirs is a great laboratory fortune, estimated at \$7 billion. But the Mel-

lons—at any rate their Maker, Andrew—were really Masters. They too boast a great many items, if industries can be called items—steel, oil, aluminum, coal, coke, carborundum, trolley cars, shipbuilding, plate glass, banks; but there is nothing resembling a laboratory. Indeed, Andrew Mellon did a good deal of business with the old Masters—Frick, Carnegie, Rockefeller; he also conspicuously promoted the interests of business while three times Secretary of the Treasury; and he had gone many times to court before going to the Court of St. James's. When Mellon's big Aluminum Corporation was enjoined from monopolistic practices in 1912, "the proscription was blithely ignored." When monopolistic charges were renewed in the 1920s, and the Attorney General, Harlan Fiske Stone, was ready to prosecute, he was hurriedly elevated to the Supreme Court, and the company totally exonerated by a Justice Department examiner who was not a lawyer, not an economist, not even an accountant, but merely a former clerk. In his elegantly icy and greedy way Andrew W. Mellon seems perhaps the least "sympathetic" potentate of them all.

With our last group, the Procurators, we are bumping up against today's realities. Mr. Seligman is treating of "representatives" who, within a corporation structure, have taken over one company after another; is treating of corporations that have taken over one industry after another; and again of corporations that have moved into one country after another. "The Procurators" carries us from the Boom and the Crash (the Guaranty Trust judged the market collapse "a favorable development") through the Depression (Mencken thought FDR the weakest man the Democrats could have nominated) into the explosive prosperity following World War II. In size and dollar signs alike, almost everything doubled in less than twenty years. Millions, by the sixties, had become mere pocket money; business talked in billions—as the assets of more than thirty utilities, the deposits in close to fifty banks, the sales of over a hundred industrial firms. The economy was corporation-rampant and corporation-run, while still to come was the mammoth era of mergers—almost 3000 in the year 1967. In his final chapter on the Procurators Mr.

Seligman sums up the period economically as the Age of Space, which is to say of commercial air travel from its early mail-carrying through passenger-carrying to military-industrial and astronaut days.

A quite long book, *The Potentates* covers a great deal of ground in all parts of America and all periods of its history; treats of a great many businesses and a vast gallery—a virtual rogues' gallery—of businessmen. There is a good deal, also, of the role that government and the law have played in our business history. All this is done at the sound level of *haute vulgarisation*, of channeling knowledge into applied rather than abstract economics, of brightening analysis with anecdote, and of largely elucidating the "principles" of big business through the practices of big businessmen.

Doubtless economists and historians will question some of Mr. Seligman's interpretations and judgments, which have behind them something of Veblen, Gustavus Myers, Charles Beard, and others; but the book is free of the suppressions of the "authorized" biographies and the shoddiness of the overpopularized ones. There are minor matters to cavil at. The last third of the book suffers from a literal *embarras de richesses*, its clutter of fortunes making for a certain effect of sprawl, and some of its biographical sketches seeming pretty perfunctory. The book can also be rather jumpy in its chronology—thus AT & T precedes Alexander Graham Bell, and Henry Ford has lived and died before Thomas Edison comes on the scene. The only omission I would complain about is TV. True, the book deals earlier, though briefly, with radio; but TV is surely the most pervasive element in today's cultural life, and in the most commercial form. It is all the worse big business because it should never have become big business, but should, after the British fashion, have been chiefly a public service. As it stands, it is big business operating in a lackey relationship with bigger business. It has about it nothing of the great potentates' bullying or swagger; with its vulgarizing, its compromising, its bowdlerizing, it recalls, in cultural terms, Disraeli's crack about O'Connell, that he "committed every crime that does not require courage."

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NEW SOUNDS, NEW SILENCES

by Peter Davison

Confucius wrote: "Without knowing the force of words, it is impossible to know men." Perhaps the primary social function of poetry—especially in periods of volatile social change, which have a vile effect on language—is to help restore the purity and the force of words.

In such times words, especially abstractions, coined or renewed as fuel for idealism, leap into notoriety, then get dizzy and lose their way. For example, how revoltingly every interested party misuses "peace": the Soviets in Hungary, the Americans in Vietnam, the Weathermen in post offices. "The free world" includes any country which will take our money. "Law and order" in last fall's election ceased even to be three distinct words: it was shortened into "lawnorder," with an unholy suburban overtone reminiscent of Scott's Catalogue, as though the opposition were crabgrass, to be mowed, poisoned, or edged out. "Racism" and "genocide," relatively new but useful words invented to describe systematic policies of racial segregation, imprisonment, and mass murder, have been converted into the most casual of sidewalk imprecations. Yet in a pair of lines a poet can instantly reverse the contamination of common speech:

The best lack all conviction, while
the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
(Yeats)

or:

It is dangerous to read newspapers.

Each time I hit a key
on my electric typewriter,
speaking of peaceful trees,

another village explodes.
(Margaret Atwood)

Poets have often turned us back toward simplicity, but at times the effort meets with incomprehension, as it did when Wordsworth and Coleridge published *Lyrical Ballads* after the French Revolution, or when Pound began his *Cantos* and Cummings strove for precision in punctu-

ation after the Russian Revolution. Simplicity in poetic speech creates discomfort. The sounds are new, but so are the silences, for the rests between the notes fall in unfamiliar places. Poetry, rushing into the darkness of our emotional and spiritual lives, touches nerves and feeds hunger we didn't know we had, arouses senses so long neglected that we imagined them to be animal rather than human. When poetry strikes up new sounds inside, it leaves new silences outside, where there was once plenty of palaver but where there is now little left to say.

This is not a matter of fashion. Fashion pursues, it does not explore. It invents costumes and makes conversation. True innovation in poetry strips off clothes and has no fear of posing silence in places where fashion, self-conscious, would nervously supply amenities or clichés. To see how one of the best of our younger poets uses silence, compare two passages: the first from Milton, in which the words are arranged with great complexity of temporal and conditional distinction (and with what grammarians call hypotaxis) in order to achieve intellectual discrimination; the second, from W. S. Merwin in *The Carrier of Ladders* (Atheneum, \$3.95), where hypotaxis is sacrificed in favor of evocation and uncertainty. Notice how much Merwin leaves out; but, even more important, what *manner* of material is omitted: the very elements of time and probability that Milton exerted all his resources of rhythm and grammar to supply. Moreover, Merwin (deliberately and skillfully) omits all punctuation, capitalization, rhyme, and meter.

Milton:

When I consider how my light is
spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark
world and wide,
And that one talent which is death
to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my
soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and
present
My true account, lest He returning
chide;

"Doth God exact day-labor, light
denied?"

I fondly ask. . . .

And Merwin:

come out then
the light is not yet
divided
it is a long way
to the first
anything
come even so
we will start
bring your nights with you

Time has all but vanished for Merwin, and this is his greatest strength (as well as his weakness). There are no words, like Milton's *when, ere, though, lest*, and *fondly*, to guide the reader from present to past, from actual to conditional, from declaration to evaluation. The technical resources required to omit all that equipment are daunting indeed. Merwin, now forty-three (Milton's age at the time he wrote "When I consider . . ."), has passed through a series of transformations and self-instruction which have left him with perhaps the most unerring ear and the most formidable technique of his generation. He is a master of sound, as Picasso is a master of drawing, and he uses it to maneuver the rhythms of his poems so that their literal meaning is unmistakable.

That does not make the ninety-two poems in his new collection "easy"—far from it. As Merwin's title reveals, the man who carries a ladder holds not only the rungs and sidepieces but the spaces between them, and the ladder enables us to use those very spaces to rise. Understanding the silences is sometimes extremely difficult, since these poems inhabit an undifferentiated landscape and are written, even more than most contemporary work, for the ear. They move in the spasmodic rhythms of a speech that is groping for pebbles in the dark and naming what its fingers feel. They almost require reading aloud to be understood.

at the end
birds lead something down to me
it is silence

they leave it with me
in the dark
it is from them

that I am descended

Merwin's poems are concerned

with the divisions of reality (like speech and silence, rungs and spaces, light and dark) and with bringing these divisions under control in a unity of consciousness. When he faces this unity he can produce tiny poems that have the flavor of the finest *haiku*:

Silent rivers
fall toward us
without explaining

or:

Men
until they enter that building

Poems like these are as concise and expressive as calligraphy. At the other end of the scale, a long poem, "Fear," is remarkable as Gerard Manley Hopkins' "The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo" is remarkable—a tour de force.

Mark Strand, ten years younger than Merwin, has apparently learned much from him, but his tense, spare poems have a more moral and humane content than the chilly spaces of Merwin's. The poems in his second full collection, *Darker* (Atheneum, \$2.95), contribute to a poetry of the self, not a poetry of existence like Merwin's. They have an intimacy and a humor which make them handy to quote in short passages:

The rock is pleasure
and it opens
and we enter it
as we enter ourselves
each night.

The title comes from another short poem in the same sequence:

I have a key
so I open the door and walk in.
It is dark and I walk in.
It is darker and I walk in.

Some of Strand's best work echoes Christopher Smart, as in the wise, witty poem that opens the collection, "The New Poetry Handbook." ("If a man publicly denounces poetry,/ his shoes will fill with urine." Or in two litanies: "Let the great sow of state grow strong./Let those in office search under their clothes for the private life./They will find nothing.") Most impressive is the closing section of the book, "My Life By Somebody Else," in which, like so many other artists, he cannot imagine who it is who wrote these poems the world calls his.

If Merwin has mobilized the language to evoke our inner panics and vacancies, if Strand has undertaken to stalk the self in its cave, A. R. Ammons is more austere in his self-imposed limitations than either. Judging from his latest collection alone (his seventh, and he is Merwin's age), Ammons is as serious about the exploration of reality as Merwin is, but his curiosity isn't much piqued by the internal world of fantasies and distortions. *Uplands* (Norton, \$5.00) does not deal often with people. Ammons is manifestly and primarily interested in naming and ordering the external world, and the best of his poems engage words directly with the motions of natural processes. Ammons devotes meticulous attention to the names of flowers and geological or biological phenomena, but always as a poet, not a naturalist:

knowledge is lovely
but some of it shivers
into the blood stream
and undermines the
requirements of the moment. . . .

His irony is rewarded with a breeziness of tone which, when his poems are working well and his words are falling into place, makes for a delicious equilibrium between speech and silence, between the understood and the unknown. His title suits his book perfectly: landscape, aspiration, and grammatical structure all echo the drama and motion of high country, mountains, and water, and in such a setting the poems can get down swiftly to their serious work of finding the way the external world works:

Up this high and far north
it's shale and woodsless snow:
small willows and alder brush

mark out melt streams on the
opposite slope and the wind talks
as much as it can before freeze

takes the gleeful, glimmering
tongues away: whips and sticks
will scream and screech then

all winter over the deaf heights. . . .

Ammons' is a poetry of process, of the passage of time, of how one appearance turns into another, of the relation between sensations and cognition, between experience and expectation. Such matters are not investigated without stretching the language, but how are we to locate the unity

between nature and man in words without stretching the point?

and next if you're not careful
you'll be
arriving at ways
water survives its motions.

Ammons has that rare combination of modesty and confidence that makes poetry possible, and as a result his language is fully exercised and brings every muscle into play as it moves around in space and time.

The materials are very different in *Collecting Evidence* (Yale University Press, \$5.00 and \$1.75) by Hugh Seidman, the latest winner in the Yale Series of Younger Poets competition. Trained as a scientist, an altogether urban man, he draws his images mainly from art, from the city, from scientific disciplines, from the disorder of self-absorbed desire and questioned identity. In his initial book he has achieved the first necessary thing as a poet: faced down his feelings. It is exciting to see someone discovering the essential materials of poetry and, often, mastering them. His work is full of frustration, anger, images of desecration and rebellion. If, too often, he has included poems whose materials have not altogether been transmuted into poetry (it's a long book, thirty-seven poems, including one of over five hundred lines), he shows immense promise in the courage with which he enters into the streets of his life and in the ingenuity with which he expresses his alienation:

watcher of events and men
expresser of disparity
man of the inward force

for whom everything is closed
soldier of anger
who is shut in solitude.

In passages like this, Seidman speaks for his generation. Intelligent, technological in training but psychoanalytical in outlook, he has yet to discover some of the ways in which a poem can transcend, by assimilating into its very language, the chaotic material of the emotions. Frontal assault is not the only tactic. But he is on the very edge of this discovery himself, and one looks forward to the consequences when reading, in his last longish poem, "The Making of Colors":

The goldbeaters place a thin square at the center of parchment and over this more parchment and metal—hammered until the gold spreads to the edges—cut and the process repeated—for the finest leaf, a sheet of ox intestines—goldbeater's skin.

John Hall Wheelock, now in his eighties, is two generations older than any of these other poets. His latest, collected, poems, *By Daylight and In Dream* (Scribner's, \$6.95 and \$2.45), contains a few poems published as long ago as 1905, and some, perhaps the very best, published last year. His early work evokes that rhapsodic pessimism of the *fin de siècle*, that threnody of despair that we hear in the work of Trumbull Stickney and some of his contemporaries; but, as the years lengthened, Wheelock's sometimes facile pessimism deepened into something more valuable, as the gum of trees with the passing of geologic time turns into amber.

The finest of his work is in his long poems, but occasionally its savor can be caught even in a short passage:

O cruel and beautiful,
O unchanging sea,
All passes, you alone remain:
How bitter is the truth,
How bitter our mortality.

Wheelock's unassuming poetry is one of elegy and mourning; and the newest poems, written in his seventies and eighties, evidence a strength—of mind, of heart, and of language—that more innovative younger poets have yet to achieve. Its strength, ultimately, lies not in its variety, for Wheelock is not versatile; nor in its inventiveness, for he is the most traditional good poet writing; but in its loyalty to the language, which he serves in his own way by nurturing its capacity for compassion, unashamedness, and mystery.

Space does not allow the quotation of examples from his long poems, but Wheelock is unabashed to use elevated speech as it has always been used. He ignites in apparently familiar patterns of language a fire that once more transmutes them into poetry. Poems like "By Daylight and In Dream," "Morning After Rain," "Amagansett Beach Revisited" tell something of themselves in their titles. They are composed in long, musical, hypotactic cadences which ruminate on survival, the order of things, loss, and death, and which in their mastery of craft give old words new life. In this he is as true to poetry as any poet can be—less innovative, but just as true and just as unfashionable as W. S. Merwin or A. R. Ammons.

China that children begin to learn the meaning of these traditions when they are taught their table training at a very young age. In the beginning they are seated at separate tables, and it is only when they are skilled in the delicacies of table comportment, which is usually at about the age of twelve, that they may join the adults. Young girls growing up in China, particularly in the prerevolution days before 1949, learned to cook, sew, and write poems, and while the boys were seldom allowed in the kitchen, the leading chefs in China were always men!

One quaint, old Chinese ceremony requires newlyweds to move in with the girl's in-laws three days after the start of the honeymoon. The bride must go into the kitchen, cook a meal, and serve it to her mother-in-law as a test of her success as a bride-wife. Also, meals are generally served family-style, which is the reason why restaurants you visit today serve family-style.

Unfortunately, many of the traditions were practiced only until the Communist purge in the late 1940s, but the influence of these, and many other traditions, lingers on. Ironically some of the best Chinese cooking today is found outside China. (I am not referring to the many American "Cantonese Chinese" restaurants, most of whose owners have never been to China.) Traditions must transcend not only time but the boundaries between countries, home and public domain as well.

The authors of this volume respect the traditions and have assembled a broad range of recipes and information that will aid not only the beginning cook at home but also even the experienced restaurant chef. In fact, the recipe for Drunken Chicken Shanghai-style (an enticing title in itself) is excellent and reminded me of how it was prepared in China when I was a child.

DRUNKEN CHICKEN

Jwei Gee: Shanghai

- A. 2-lb. fryer or Cornish hen (or 4 chicken breasts)
 - B. 1 scallion
 - C. 2 slices ginger
 - D. 1 tablespoon salt
 - E. ½ cup dry sherry or whiskey
- PREPARATION:
- I. Wash A well.
 - II. Stuff B, C in cavity.

COOKING UNDER CHINESE SIGNS

by Cecilia Chiang

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF
CHINESE FOOD AND COOKING
by Wonona W. and Irving B. Chang,
Helene W. and Austin H. Kutscher
Crown, \$17.50

True Chinese cuisine is not merely pork chow mein and egg rolls with hot tea on the side. It is a delicate and extremely varied food that has met the test of man's senses for thousands of years, and man has been waiting almost that long to discover a comprehensive and instructional guide to a way of preparing food that has largely been either misinterpreted or, at best, misunderstood. *An Encyclopedia of Chinese Food and Cooking* should reverse the trend and, in my opinion, introduce new and exciting methods for American households to

enjoy a Chinese dish in its full color and splendor. An expertly prepared Chinese meal should appeal not only to your taste but to all your other senses as well. The "red cooking" of Shanghai, the fiery pepper recipes of Szechwan, the spicy but sophisticated specialties of Peking, and the delicate varieties of Canton are all delightfully described in this incredible collection of hundreds of recipes.

It is difficult for the Westerner to conceive fully the traditions which influence the mastering of Chinese cooking. For every meal or dish there are traditions and symbolisms of great meaning to the Chinese—from good health to good luck to prosperity. The Chinese "signs" are always present.

I remember from my childhood in

COOKING:

1. Cover A with warm water, bring to boil; lower heat, simmer, turning over once, 10 minutes. Remove from heat and leave A in water 5 more minutes.
2. Remove A from water. Cool.
3. Quarter A.
4. Rub prepared A with D; pour E on top. Place in covered container.
5. Refrigerate at least 1 to 2 days. Turn pieces over at least once a day.
6. Cut A into bite-size pieces. Serve.

The memory of this fine dish has prompted me to introduce it at my restaurant in San Francisco. Another dish which we have been serving for some time is Peking Duck, and the Chang recipe is of excellent quality and accuracy. This is very representative of the Peking style of cooking and by all means should be tried in American kitchens.

Much of *An Encyclopedia of Chinese Food and Cooking* is compiled on the premise that a good cook "achieves his knowledge not only from cookbooks . . . but from a lifetime of experience with taste, feel, smell and appearance of food. . . ." If the reader detects omissions in detail or descriptions in this book, he must also recognize the challenge in filling the gaps, because this is where invention and creativity take place. No book can be so complete that it can guide one to create absolutely perfect Chinese cuisine. There must be room for experimentation in arriving at a tasty and attractive Chinese dish.

For example, the chapter dealing with seasoning is not extensive enough to illustrate accurately the variety of spices used in Chinese cooking. Szechwan pepper is not discussed, nor are the uses of coriander. And more details are needed for the use of ginger, soy, chile pepper, and anise seed. It should be understood that spices have varying purposes when used in Chinese cooking, the principal and obvious ones being to accent flavor, to change the flavor, or to cover an animal or fishy flavor by creating a new one. Spices are extremely important to Chinese cuisine because it is the cook's touch with these that puts much artistry into the cooking. But instead of thinking of these omissions as shortcomings, accept the challenge

of finding new ways to experiment, innovate, and create.

One good test of a Chinese cookbook is the attention it gives to the preparation and cooking of rice. Rice may not seem to be the most exciting or sophisticated part of Chinese cuisine, but it certainly is one of the most important and basic ingredients required for a complete meal. It has a strength of its own, which is well acknowledged in China. Its treatment in *An Encyclopedia of Chinese Food and Cooking* is excellent, giving short shrift to the American travesty called minute rice and describing in great detail the preparation and cooking of authentic rice dishes.

The chapters on making salads, sauces, and dressings are also excel-

lent. Most people do not realize that a salad is part of a Chinese meal, and one of the most popular is the chicken salad, which is included in this collection of recipes. However, the authors should have noted that for a truly fine dish, you *pull* the chicken meat apart, instead of cutting it.

In all, there is a broad range of recipes, descriptive information about ingredients (with photographic illustrations in color), well thought out menus, a guide to marketing, and even some very interesting and useful diabetic recipes. You have to adapt many of your own cooking techniques when you follow *An Encyclopedia of Chinese Food and Cooking*, but the book is a welcome addition to the literature of Chinese cuisine.

MOVIES

CONTRADICTIONS

by David Denby

CROMWELL
directed by Ken Hughes
Columbia

BURN!
directed by Gillo Pontecorvo
United Artists

Cromwell is a classic of hollow prestige, an earnest, rigid, and not very bright exercise in the great-confrontations-of-British-history genre; its conception of history as something heroic, dignified, and unspeakably *important* is exactly what one remembers from dull high school texts. In school the solemnity was intended to make the students study and respect their teachers; here, the filmmakers hope that the importance they ascribe to history will rub off on the movie, will make the movie an epoch-making, award-winning event you can't afford to miss. But as written and directed by Ken Hughes, *Cromwell* lumbers from set piece to set piece without any development of character or ideas (but plenty of emphatic repetition), and despite all the speeches and theatrical "rage," the language never develops the excitement or individuality that would make us even want to believe that history was ever like this.

Although the publicity claims that the director's researches "covered 120 books as well as lengthy sessions spent in museums and Record Offices," the presentation of the issues and leading characters of the Great Civil War is shallow and misleading. You would never guess that the Puritans wanted parliamentary rule, among other reasons, to further their economic interests (or even that they had any); on the evidence of the movie they were simply less corrupt than the Cavaliers, and this personal decency had something vaguely to do with their trusting "the people."

Authenticity may not be so terribly important in movies like this, but here the historical whitewash makes for a dull show. The real Cromwell was undoubtedly a great leader, but he was also a brilliant opportunist with the useful habit of claiming for every decision the inspiration of God. The movie *Cromwell* isn't self-righteous; he's simply right, and he doesn't have a trace of personal vanity or ambition—which makes him a lot less interesting than the man who is supposed to have said, "None goes so far as he who knows not whither he is going." The movie *Cromwell* is fantastic at building and using personal power, yet he also professes to loathe power,

a contradiction Hughes might have explored if he had any interest in character and the courage to present a Cromwell who was less than straightforwardly honest. As it stands, the contradiction is flatly unbelievable.

The endless scenes in the House of Commons, whether set in what we know (from outside the movie) to be the innovative and productive early years of the Long Parliament or the later, stagnant ones, all reveal a collection of blithering idiots who stand about shouting "Hear! Hear!" until Cromwell or someone else tells them what to do. It's standard for historical movies to make almost everyone but the hero seem stupid, but in this case it backfires, since we can't imagine why on earth Cromwell would fight a civil war to give these imbeciles a chance to govern the state.

Nino Novarese's costumes and John Stoll's sets are excellent, and indeed the timid staging and academic photography seem to have been designed principally to show them off. Most of the time we're left hanging back from the action so we can admire the handsome, static pictures. Camera positioning is strictly conventional (with never an interesting angle), and Hughes maintains the mediocre symmetry of his spatial arrangements by keeping movement within many shots down to a minimum; since the camera also rarely moves, the editing can only shift mechanically from one view to another.

And what of the acting, usually the one reliable pleasure of British movies no matter how badly directed? In the title role Richard Harris pounds away with his usual dour persistence, and although his voice may rise in every speech from a sour, cracked whisper to a singing roar, the performance, conceptually, is all on the same level. His Cromwell has a bull-necked simplicity which is grossly insufficient as a background for what this character accomplishes; the performance as well as the script is innocent of interpretation. Alec Guinness keeps the sad, dishonest Charles I within a narrower dynamic range, but his work has much greater energy, and he gives us one marvelous moment: as the powerless King enters the High Court of Parliament, a body whose authority to try him for treason he refuses to recognize, Guinness holds his walking stick out in front,

slowly twisting it in circles as he moves; it's an affectation, a silly, arrogant gesture that serves to remind everyone—precisely by its decorative pointlessness—that he is still King and they are subjects.

Some of the supporting performances are rather odd: Dorothy Tutin is wooden and rather withdrawn as Charles's Catholic queen, Henrietta Maria, which makes her famous influence over him difficult to accept; the superb Frank Finlay has his ear cut off and is later hanged, but otherwise is given nothing to do; and Robert Morley, flaunting his immense jowls and epicene wit, seems to have stepped out of a Restoration comedy. However, the young Tim Dalton, who looks like Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., enlivens the battle sequences as an oddly heroic popinjay, and I suppose the extras in that asinine Parliament should be complimented for all the strenuous confusion they manage to produce.

For an utterly different kind of historical movie, consider *Burn!* Some of the images in this picture are as frightening and powerful as anything viewed in recent movies: the execution of a black revolutionary leader, seen in close-up, as his throat is crushed by a Portuguese garrote; terrified black guerrillas fleeing from burning sugarcane fields, only to be shot out in the open by British redcoats calmly kneeling with muskets at the ready; black soldiers in uniform advancing through burned-out land past the charred bodies of other black men caught in the fires. *Burn!* was made by Gillo Pontecorvo, an Italian leftist whose previous movie, *The Battle of Algiers* (1965), was one of the greatest of the last decade. With these two films Pontecorvo has established himself as a pictorial master of modern political violence—of riot, assassination, execution, and terror—equal, in this respect, to Sergei Eisenstein and the contemporary Hungarian director, Miklos Jansco.

Yet despite the magnificent moments and scenes, *Burn!* is miles below *The Battle of Algiers*. Pontecorvo and his screen writers, Franco Solinas and Giorgio Arlorio, advance their story in awkward jerks; their language is pallid compared to the visual material, and the ideological intentions are somewhat at odds with one

another. Most destructive of all, they have indulged Marlon Brando, an actor of extraordinary vanity and singularity, in some of his worst fallen-genius meanderings. It's a failed great movie.

Several recent American films have given us revolutionary attitudes and catchwords; *Burn!* and *The Battle of Algiers* give us the *process* of revolutionary struggle. *Burn!* also offers a skeletal Marxist interpretation, derived from Fanon and other third-world revolutionaries, of a period in the nineteenth century when the old colonialism gave way to modern imperialism. Finally, it is a work of contemporary propaganda. Pontecorvo and his writers have arranged their fictional moment in history to demonstrate the continuity of exploitation and oppression.

The plot is complicated—a political shaggy-dog story. On the fictional Portuguese-held island of Queimada, one of the Lesser Antilles in the Caribbean, a rather shabby English gentleman (Brando) arrives in the early 1840s with the intention of stirring up the black slave population against its masters. First Brando has to find a leader, a man unafraid of whites, and he brutally taunts the courage of a strong-looking black porter (Evaristo Marquez), until the man fights back. Brando convinces Marquez and his friends to rob a Portuguese bank and then immediately denounces them to the authorities, an act which forces the blacks to defend themselves and their village (with guns that Brando provides) against Portuguese reprisals. Having transformed the group into protorevolutionaries, Brando leaves Marquez to develop the movement in the hills, while he convinces the Portuguese planters to overthrow the colonial administration and declare Queimada an independent republic. Only at this point does he reveal that he's a secret agent of the British Admiralty, working to destroy the Portuguese monopoly on the island's sugar crop in the interests of "free" (that is, British) trade.

After the Portuguese have been pushed out and slavery ended, Brando persuades Marquez and his now huge black army to disarm and let the planters rule for the economic benefit of the island. He then leaves for another mission "in a place called Indochina." In the succeeding ten

years, the planters allow a large British company to gain control of the sugar monopoly. While they continue to rule as the company's puppets, the blacks, who have as little freedom as they ever did, are divided between loyal dependence on the administration and renewed guerrilla agitation in the hills.

Brando returns—this time in the employ of the sugar company—to wipe out the guerrilla movement; he does this (with the aid of British troops sent to protect the company's investments) systematically and viciously, burning down the mountain villages on which the guerrillas depend for support and the sugarcane fields in which they hide. These actions create a mass of starving black refugees. After the movement has been crushed and Marquez hanged, Brando prepares to leave again—only to be knifed on the docks by one of Marquez's followers. The movie concludes with a long silent pan across hostile black faces.

The propaganda bound into this story is full of the kind of bitter irony that Marxists love. When Brando and the British troops bring in the captured black revolutionary, Marquez, they are cheered by black soldiers working for the white puppet government. "Why aren't you in the hills with the others?" Brando had asked one of these soldiers earlier, and later another gives him the answer: as long as the guerrilla movement is alive, he draws pay by fighting it. An extremely sophisticated CIA agent might pose the same question to a South Vietnamese working for the Thieu government; at any rate, there's no doubt that by showing imperialist whites getting native nonwhites to fight against each other, as well as by the tactics the whites use, Pontecorvo intends a parallel with the American role in Vietnam. Another such moment: the decent, stupid governor of Queimada offers the starving blacks some bread during the antiguerrilla war. A riot ensues, and the governor has to flee; later he is shot by his own men. There's no way for the well-meaning and ineffectual (read liberals) to function in Pontecorvo's scheme: one is either a revolutionary or a counterrevolutionary.

Yet Pontecorvo's implied command to choose sides may not allow an actual choice for everyone; *Burn!* carefully demonstrates (with a nod

to third-world revolutionaries) that blacks must go it alone, that they will be betrayed by white allies. Pontecorvo, who is white, doubtless wants to remain in favor with nonwhite revolutionary and nationalist groups, so he takes the "correct" line of warning whites to stay out. This, I assume, is the significance of the concluding shot.

Yet I certainly can't imagine blacks taking much satisfaction in the film. Marquez looks dignified, but he seems quite stupid as a leader, and his enunciation of the goals of the movement is the worst kind of revolutionary baby talk. It is Brando, the duplicitous white secret agent, who is shown doing all the successful organizing and thinking. In *The Battle of Algiers*, Pontecorvo successfully dramatized the workings of a collective revolutionary unit, vividly bringing to life, with a few quick strokes, a whole group of interdependent people. But in *Burn!* no black person is individualized or brought to life except Marquez (and he only intermittently); indeed, far too much of the film consists of masses of anonymous black faces in scenes of celebration, repose, or silent anger, scenes which might have been taken from some old documentary. Pontecorvo treats the blacks as a mob; as a result of his laziness and the star treatment given to Marquez, we get the impression of a completely hero-centered movement, rather than a revolutionary community. If that's the reason the movement fails, the point certainly hasn't been dramatized. I would say that Pontecorvo, his writers, and Brando have quite a time indulging their fantasies about whites leading black revolutions while demonstrating that such a thing is impossible.

Brando's famous perversity, the clowning and private joking, may be satisfying in bad movies, where, as Pauline Kael pointed out in her essay on his career, it amounts to a kind of desperate revolt against the material. But in *Burn!* his confusion and obstinacy become truly offensive. We can't say for sure whether he or the screen writers are most at fault (Pontecorvo has blamed the movie's failings on Brando), but his performance certainly doesn't bring the character into focus. His secret agent turns this way and that without coherent motivation, and we finally conclude that any available excuse for

keeping him in the center of the movie was considered good enough. In the latter part of the movie, for instance, we are supposed to appreciate that a *duel* is taking place between Brando and Marquez, that Brando performs all these atrocities to defeat the revolutionary he once created. Needless to say, this explanation of a sentimental personal rivalry, borrowed from dozens of bad

THE WRITERS

Louis Kronenberger's latest book is a collection of literary memorabilia entitled *The Cutting Edge*. For more about this book, see page 4.

Peter Davison has three books of poetry to his credit: *The City and the Island*, *The Breaking of the Day*, and his most recent, *Pretending to Be Asleep*.

Cecilia Chiang, a native of Peking, now lives in San Francisco, where she owns and watches over The Mandarin Restaurant in Ghiradelli Square.

David Denby, a frequent reviewer of movies for the *Atlantic*, writes out of New York.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams contribute book reviews regularly to this column.

L. E. Sissman (page 48), whose latest book of poems is called *Scattered Returns*, is also the regular contributor of the column "Innocent Bystander" (page 26).

John L'Heureux (page 70) will have his new book of poetry published this month. It is entitled *No Place for Hiding*.

Paul Hannigan (page 74) is a young poet and author of a recent collection, *Laughing*.

Jon Swan (page 79) is a poet and playwright whose work has appeared in several magazines and on the off-Broadway stage.

Robert Graves (page 85) is renowned for his classical scholarship as well as his poetry.

movies, is completely inadequate for the grand-movements-of-history framework, with its impressive piling up of corpses, that the rest of the movie tries to establish. At another point Brando makes a pathetic little speech, asserting that as a thorough professional he always sees a job (such as mass murder?) "through to the end." We can accept a moral professionalism, but not in a man who earlier seemed to love the people he now exterminates.

If his conversion to the counter-revolutionary side were shown as an inevitable consequence of his being part of a white, economically dominant elite, this would have given the character a certain tragic misery and strengthened the movie thematically. But no, Brando is some kind of murderous sport, superior to everyone else, and thus free to amuse himself in his usual manner by making a display of the *oddity* that goes with superior intelligence. He may play a complete bastard, but it's not going to be a *straight* complete bastard. And with his long blond hair, his soiled white suits, and hilarious Fletcher Christian accent, he certainly makes a very peculiar and absurd gentleman-scoundrel.

As a part-time two-bit Lawrence of Arabia he is occasionally allowed to assume the voice of historical consciousness with such grandiose mumbo jumbo as "Very often, gentlemen, between one historical period and another, ten years might be enough to reveal the contradictions of a century." This line produces a rather depressed sigh, but when he says, "I don't really know what I'm doing here," the audience laughs appreciatively. This brilliant, crazy Brando, with his mixture of conceit and self-disgust—will he ever again find a role he doesn't fight?

Despite these oddities and confusions, *Burn!* is one of the most impressive movies of the year. In scenes of devastation and ruin, of fighting men moving across terrain, of execution and terror, Pontecorvo works with a precision and control that are often quite beautiful. The repeated shots of buzzards circling overhead, a motif that would be pretentious in almost any other movie, seems perfectly appropriate as the one "poetic" comment in a very grim piece of work. This man knows the look of violence and death.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE ROYAL PALACES
by Philip Howard
Gambit, \$10.00

The Royal Palaces by Philip Howard is a most agreeable, most human and witty story of where and how the Kings of England built their homes and of what went on within them in their heyday. The book begins with the latest discovery, a six-acre palace of Roman design as big as any palace of Nero's Rome, which came to light in 1960 just west of Chichester. Without parallel outside the heart of the Roman world, it was built about 75 A.D., with bright intricate mosaics and Gorgonzola marbles imported from as far away as Greece; built, so the historians deduce, for Rex Cogidubnus, king of the local tribes, who gave the entering Romans a firm base on the south coast for their legions. There are formal gardens, a guest wing with plenty of room for bodyguards, and a bath suite larger than the public baths at Roman Silchester.

During the Dark Ages the palaces were first a fortress, second a prison, and, with the darkness, the cold, and the stinking rushes on the floor, incidentally a home; they are symbolized for us by the Tower of London. "Its amenities," writes Mr. Howard, "as a place to live, never great, were not improved by the grisly and interminable executions." It was Edward the Confessor who built himself a residence at Westminster and who "introduced the revolutionary idea of having a separate bedroom to sleep in." But privacy came at a price: Henry I's ewerer was paid a penny a day for drying the King's clothes after a journey or hunting, but fourpence on those rare occasions—Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun—when the King took a bath. It was not until the reign of Richard II that the King in 1380 installed hot and cold taps in his bath at Westminster. By then the palace was the seat of government, of the court and the arts, providing 20,000 souls with board and lodging, arms—and boudoirs.

Fire from within was a greater danger than a siege. William the Con-

queror, in his hurry to secure the domain, threw up eighty-five castles in twenty years—all of wood and vulnerable to the careless flame. Windsor was his stronghold, and thanks to his great-grandson, Henry II, the wooden stockades were rebuilt of great blocks of stone brought from Bagshot. But what fire could do to even the most durable palace was seen at Westminster in 1834. The Exchequer decided to destroy the vast pile of wooden tallies on which clerks had notched their accounts from time immemorial, and they were shoveled into a stove in the House of Lords, once the bedroom of medieval kings. The red-hot stove set fire to the paneling, and in turn to the House of Lords, St. Stephen's Chapel, and the Painted Chamber, and all the old palace, with memories and masonry reaching back eight hundred years, went up in smoke!

Among the greatest of the builders were the Tudors, Henry VII and Henry VIII, and their palaces "proliferate around the banks of the Thames partly because for centuries it was the quickest and most comfortable main road in the kingdom"; Greenwich was their nautical residence, Hampton Court a favorite spot, and upstream in wooded solitude, Richmond. In all, Henry VIII either built or remodeled thirteen palaces, of which the most bizarre was Nonsuch.

The first two Georges disliked Windsor and let it slip into decay; George III, on the other hand, wanted it for his country retreat, but shunning grandeur, remodeled Queen Anne's "neat house on the Castle Hill," naming it "Queen's Lodge," and lived in it as a royal farmer. As he lapsed into insanity and blindness, the author tells us, he would be taken with spells while driving with the Queen in Great Park, once jumping out of the carriage to shake hands with the branch of an oak tree and engaging in a long cordial conversation. He had the recurring belief that he was no longer married to the Queen, who, as a courtier remarked, had become so fat that she looked as

if she were having all her fifteen children simultaneously.

The more modern dwellings are the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, in which the prodigious Prince Regent indulged his Oriental fantasies, and the much more restrained Osborne and Balmoral, where after Albert's death Victoria was ruled by her Scottish gillie, John Brown. In Mr. Howard's social history, with its gay touches, we glimpse the decorum, the legends, the fierceness of the rivalry, the passion, and the boredom which composed the life of those great edifices before they became museums.

INSIDE THE THIRD REICH

by Albert Speer

Macmillan, \$12.50

That Adolf Hitler in 1925 was making pencil sketches of the enormous arch of triumph to commemorate his military victories to come is one of the many remarkable disclosures in the Memoirs of Albert Speer.

Speer's father was a prominent architect in Mannheim, and the son had been well trained in the same profession. The family had suffered from the Depression, but young Speer had given no thought to politics until he first heard Hitler speak in 1931. What attracted him was the personality of this man, the blueprints for Germany's recovery, and the incredible opportunity which fell into his lap when Hitler became Chancellor. Speer was twenty-eight when he was admitted to Hitler's inner circle; he was thirty-two when he was given the unlimited power to plan the stadiums, the state buildings, and the super cities which were intended to transmit Hitler's time and spirit to posterity. When war came he was promoted to Minister of Armaments and War Production and for a considerable period was the second most important man in the Reich, a task he administered with great competence, averting his eyes from what he did not want to see. He devoted twelve years to the Führer and after the Nuremberg trials spent twenty years in the Spandau Prison, brooding and writing.

Speer was by far the youngest of Hitler's lieutenants, which explains why he was so impressionable and why his recollections have been recorded with a vitality the prison could not sap. As he comes on stage he is a well-educated idealist, dismayed by

his reading of Spengler and eager to prove himself. Economic conditions had cut off any prospect of commissions in his Mannheim office, but as a new member of the Party he was given the chance to rebuild Goebbels's ministry; he made a brilliant design for the decorations at a night rally at Tempelhof Field that led to Nuremberg. He was amazed by the intensity of Hitler's interest and his memory for detail, and he found himself given *carte blanche*, not with praise, but with the single crisp word, "Agreed."

His reputation for speed sometimes betrayed him. At the funeral ceremonies for Hindenburg in East Prussia, the towers of Tannenberg and the inner courtyard were draped with black crepe, and even the fresh wooden benches were painted black. Then it rained and rained. Bales of black cloth were flown up from Berlin to cover the seats for the mighty, but the wet paint soaked through.

Speer had misgivings, but he enjoyed being a part of the hero's worship; he was quite aware that his preference for classic simplicity was being contaminated by Hitler's love for vast proportions. The colossal plans for the reshaping, the regutting of Berlin have to be read to be believed: fortunately for the book we have reproductions of Speer's models and Hitler's drawings. During this period, when Speer was aware of the persecution of the Jews, and later, when he was in command of the slave labor, his attitude is revealed by this admission: "An American historian has said of me that I loved machines more than people. He is not wrong . . . the sight of suffering people influenced only my emotions, but not my conduct."

The most dramatic chapters are those which follow the landing in Normandy. Speer had already shown his extraordinary capacity as an administrator; now he had to improvise as the bombings dislocated his network of plants and as hard-driven gauleiters simply appropriated what they needed. After Remagen the odds were desperate: Goebbels stepped up his propaganda about secret weapons; there was speculation on the use of poison gas; Hitler insisted on the Ardennes offensive, believing that the Americans would panic, and when Patton stopped it there was no place to go but the bunker under Speer's

once ornate Chancellery in Berlin. At the Nuremberg trials Speer said, "I suppose if Adolf Hitler had ever had a friend, I would have been that friend," and his closeness to the Führer carried with it the envy, fear, and respect of his elder rivals. No contemporary will ever draw Hess, Goebbels, Himmler, Göring, and Eva Braun so closely, nor portray so truly the delusions from which all but Eva and Speer suffered at the end.

BRILL AMONG THE RUINS

by Vance Bourjaily

Dial, \$6.95

The man to watch in Vance Bourjaily's new novel is Robert Brill, a strapping, sexy, sandy-haired lawyer who at the age of forty-two has come to the crossroads in the small town of Rosetta, Illinois. He has always been a free-swinging, too outspoken to serve in the legislature for long, a tough-minded independent liked and respected by the academics in the nearby University City. Now, with the accumulation of the years, life is closing in on Bob Brill; his legal practice has palled, and he no longer trusts his partner; since her operation, Pat, his wife, has surrendered to alcohol, sipping sherry, reading novels in bed; his son Cal is a conscientious objector serving as a medic in Vietnam; and his cabin in the woods, his hideout for sex or for hunting, is about to be invaded by a gas line.

What offers Brill an out are his connections in University City, where a young archaeologist, Gary Pederson, invites him down to Mexico to visit the dig near Tehuacan. What sparks his trip is his sudden infatuation with a hot-blooded coed, Gabby Light, who comes to his office seeking a divorce, and catching the response in his eye, leads him on. With Gabby as his bed-mate and an ardent one, he runs away from his problems in Rosetta.

The question which the story poses midway is, Will Brill remain among the ruins of ancient Oaxaca, forsaking the ruins he has left at home? Unresolved, he is called back to Illinois to help extricate his partner from a tax scandal, to find himself confronted with Cal, who is home on leave, a sergeant now, and a very changed boy indeed (this confrontation of father and son is one of the very best passages in the book). But the Mexican

adventure still beckons, and when he flies back, it is with the thought that there he may find his "Goddamn last chance." Will he take it?

Mr. Bourjaily's characterization of Brill is all of a piece, rugged and likable. Unfortunately, in his work on the dig, Brill, partly in insomnia, begins to invent a mythical odyssey of the ancient days in which he himself played a part—and I find it goofy. The parts of this book—and there are many good ones—are better than the whole; one expects it to turn into Dostoevsky, but it never quite does.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

INDONESIA IS A HAPPENING by Christopher Lucas. Walker, \$5.95. Equipped with five sharp senses and the nerve to face anything, including alleged cannibals, Mr. Lucas rattled around Indonesia under official auspices which ran to noninterference and erratic transport. He saw beauties and horrors, suffered surprises and clichés. He had a wonderful time and drags the reader with him by means of fast-moving, frankly adjective-ridden, not always grammatical prose. Victor Englebert's color photographs are a great help in the enterprise. Maps, glossary, and a terse summary of Indonesia's history.

ERTE by Charles Spencer. Clarkson Potter, \$15.95. Covers for fashion magazines and movie stars, stage sets and costumes, hats, muffs, jewelry, ball gowns and bathing suits, furs and fantasies—Erté (born Romain de Tiroff in St. Petersburg) designed them all; and during the twenties his delicately swirling line and opulent color—part Beardsley, part Byzantium—were the ultimate in chic. He was so chic, in fact, that he was rarely considered an artist at all, snobbery that Mr. Spencer's lavishly illustrated study takes steps to correct.

THE FRYING PAN by Tony Parker. Basic Books, \$6.95. At Grendon Underwood, England's first and deliberately experimental psychiatric prison, Mr. Parker tape-recorded interviews with inmates and staff members. He was not able to get anything

from the doctors working at the place, which leaves it up to the reader to estimate how much sincerity underlay the protestations of remorse and intent to reform which poured from the prisoners. Sincere or not, Mr. Parker's convicts are an unexpectedly interesting crew. Their comments on the methods of treatment and control applied to them indicate that something is happening, although possibly not what the prisoners think or the authorities hope. My own favorite character is an old lag, an expert veteran burglar who finds his professional dignity insulted by incarceration with rapists, kleptomaniacs, and such like amateur riffraff.

ASIMOV'S GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE by Isaac Asimov. Doubleday, \$25.00. Two volumes, boxed. Perhaps because his own field is science, Dr. Asimov has done what would never occur to a scholar in English literature; he has collected and presented in textual sequence the mythical and historical information necessary for complete understanding of the references in thirty-eight plays and two poems, each work treated individually. Since this is not original scholarship, Dr. Asimov expects no glory for it, but who can fail to respect an enormous and useful labor of love? Discounting some odd omissions and rather too much plot summary, what Dr. Asimov has pulled together would otherwise have to be hunted by the earnest reader through footnotes, appendices, and a dozen reference books. Extensive index but no bibliography; anybody wishing to nitpick Dr. Asimov's facts will have to rummage for his sources.

COLLECTED POEMS: 1916-1970 by Conrad Aiken. Oxford, \$15.00. The currently complete work of one of the masters of our time, a poet who can charm, surprise, enlighten, or terrify, varying but never losing a harpsichordist's elegance of touch.

STREET KIDS by Larry Cole. Grossman, \$6.95. Mr. Cole was a founder of LEAP, an organization for obtaining justice for young people in a New York slum. There he met Ralph Romero, Pauli Vizzio, Eddie Burgos, and Charlie Galletti. The book is largely their troubles, told by the boys with more verve than coherence but producing a sharp picture of the of-

ficial malignity and stupidity directed against ghetto youth.

HARPOON OF THE HUNTER by Markoosie. Illustrations by Germaine Arnaktauyok. McGill-Queen's University, \$4.95. Antique Eskimo life as a modern Eskimo, who is a bush pilot first and a writer afterwards, reconstructs it. The story is a blunt matter of courage against hopeless odds, grim, bloody, and totally absorbing because the suspense grows with each twist of luck and weather.

THE PLEASURES OF ARCHAEOLOGY by Karl Meyer. Atheneum, \$12.95. Mr. Meyer is an abandoned archaeological buff; he rambles, quite literally, all around the map, examining that which interests him and cheerfully ignoring that which does not, and readers with similar interests will find him an amusing, sympathetic guide.

THEY BECAME WHAT THEY BEHELD by Edmund Carpenter, with photographs by Ken Heyman. Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, \$8.95. Cultural analysis, arbitrarily disjointed, scattershot, and mildly hampered by the lack of established terminology for some of the points under consideration, most of which have to do with the end of a society based on reading and the detached view, and a return to tribal organization and immediate, constant communal sensations. Interesting even if one sees Mr. Carpenter's projected Utopia as relapse to finger paints and the tantrum.

BY THE POLITICAL SEA by Katie Louchheim. Doubleday, \$7.95. After years of political activity in Washington, Mrs. Louchheim has written what is less a memoir than a series of amiable portraits of distinguished Democrats. Pretty clearly, she has followed the advice once given her by Harry Truman: "Never forget a favor and never bear a grudge."

WILD FLOWERS OF THE UNITED STATES by Harold William Rickett. McGraw-Hill, \$52.50. Here is volume four (in three parts, boxed) of this monumentally impressive botanical census. It covers the Southwestern states—Arizona, Southern California, and New Mexico. Beautiful, uncountable illustrations; lucid drawings; even the necessarily technical text has style and humor.

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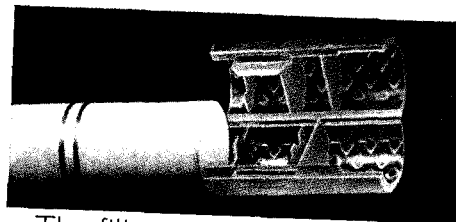
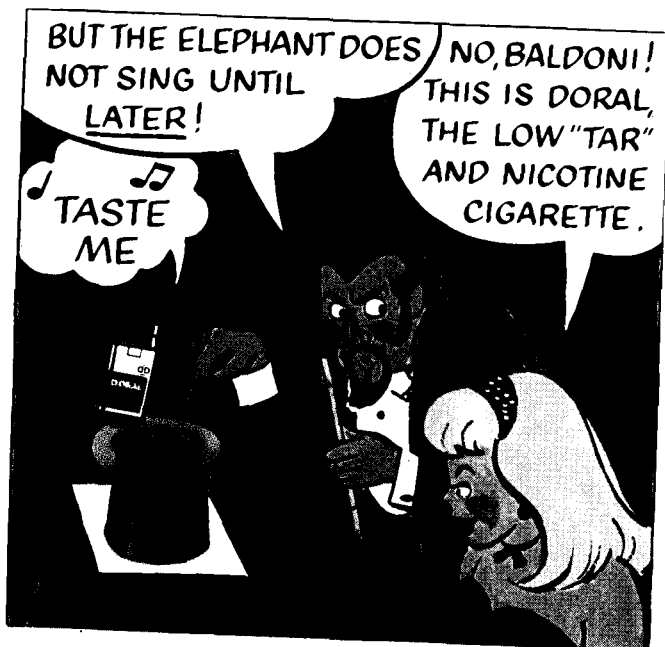
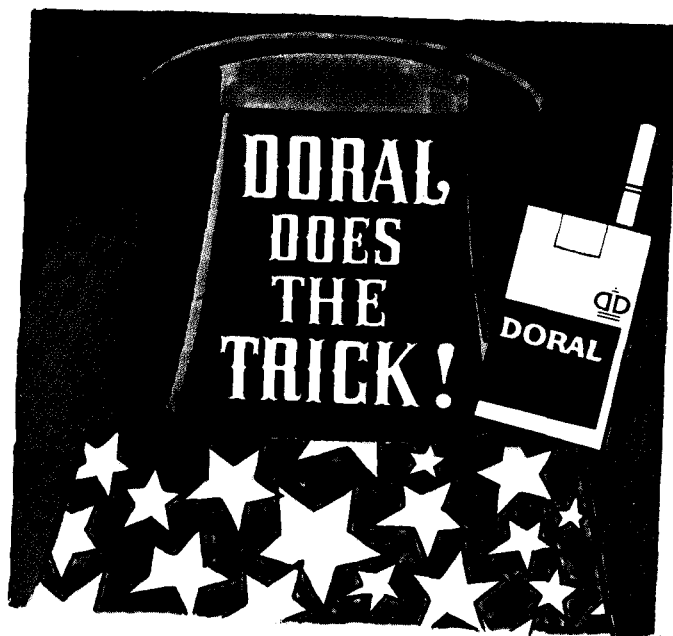
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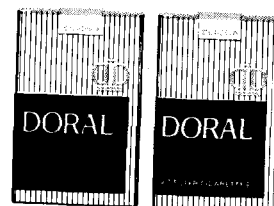
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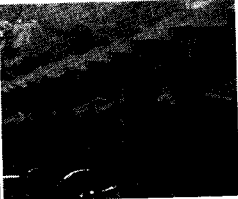


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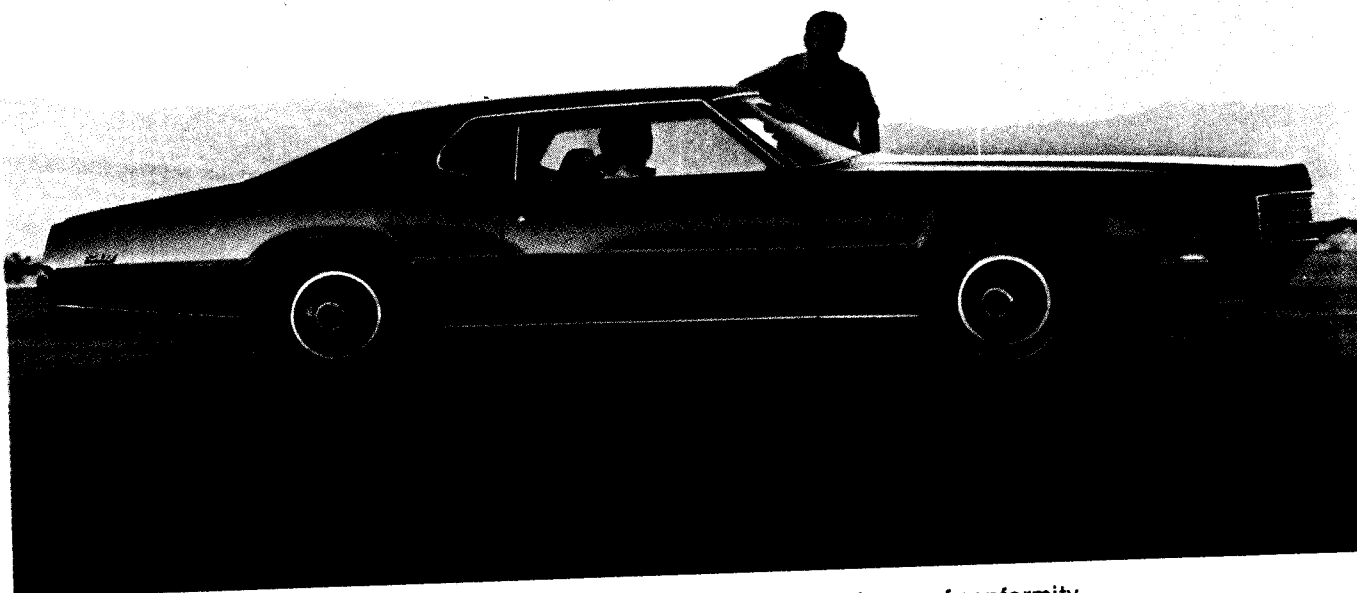


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